DOES RADIO RULE WOMEN VOTERS?—FANNIE HURST

Radio Stars

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Earl Christy

JACK BENNY

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

When you feel the desire to conquer..

Let your lips be savagely red . . . warmly moist like dew . . . and tenderly soft . . . so soft that to touch them is to forever surrender all desire for any lips but yours! Nothing is so tempting as the pagan, junglish reds of Savage Lipstick . . . and nothing is so sure to conquer as lips that have the thrilling softness that only this lipstick can give them. Savage is truly indelible, too; it clings savagely as long as you wish your lips to lure...and longer. None other is like Savage!

TANGERINE • FLAME • NATURAL • BLUSH • JUNGLE

AT ALL TEN CENT STORES

20¢

. . then let your lips be
savagely red
warmly moist
tenderly soft

SAVAGE

The highly indelible lipstick

Girl with Glamour

She evades close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

HERE'S loveliness and youth—a vision to stop and hold the admiring eye. And her smile, when you see it, *should* put a final, flashing highlight upon that youthful charm and loveliness.

But if it doesn't . . . if her smile reveals a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums—how quickly that loveliness disappears!

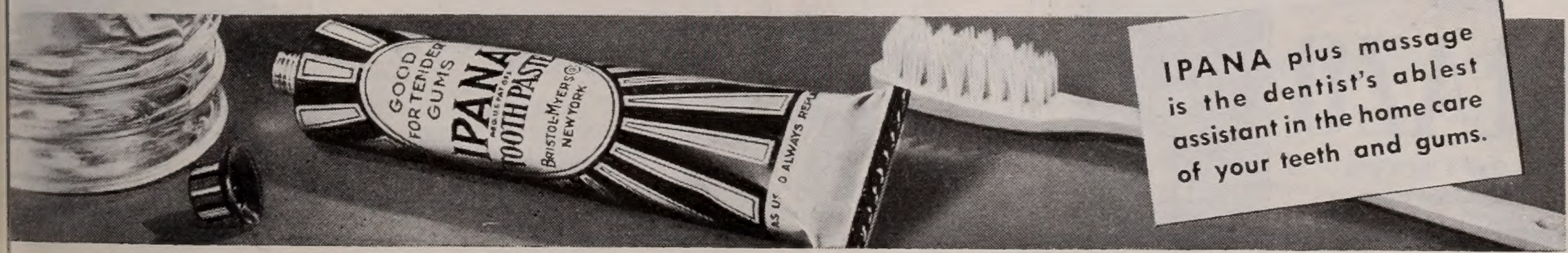
"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" IS A SERIOUS WARNING

Never ignore "pink tooth brush"—never dismiss as trifling that warning "tinge of pink." When you see it—see your dentist promptly. It can mean trouble—a serious gum disorder. But usually it only means gums robbed of exercise and work—the victims of our modern soft foods—gums that will quickly respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

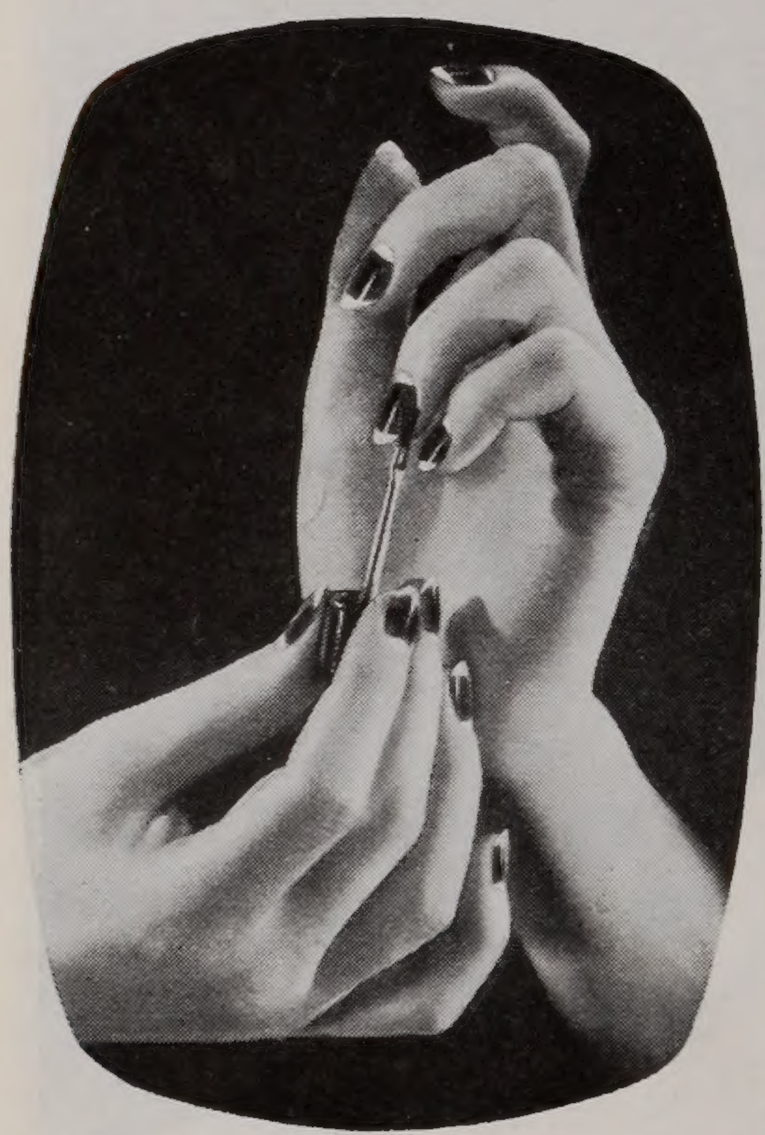
Today dental science repeatedly stresses the threat to our gums of our modern soft food menus. Gums grow flabby and tender simply through lack of exercise. And modern dental practice turns naturally to Ipana and massage to supply the exercise they need—the stimulation they must have.

Ipana Tooth Paste is especially made to benefit your gums as well as your teeth. Every time you clean your teeth, rub a little extra Ipana briskly into your gums, with brush or fingertip. You'll feel them grow livelier, firmer, more resistant. New circulation brings them new life. They feel better. They look better.

Change today to this simple, easy routine. Give your gums the advantages of this better care. Keep "pink tooth brush" a stranger. Keep the really serious gum diseases far in the background. Build better oral health, find new beauty in your smile, make yourself a more attractive person—with Ipana and massage.



You've never **worn a polish like new GLAZO**



Glazo creates new polish far lovelier, far superior

WITH this new-type Glazo formula, even evaporation has been so reduced that you can use the polish down to the last brushful.

The new Glazo provides a richness of beauty and sheen that has been beyond the realm of old-type polishes. Be among the first to wear Suntan, Russet, and Poppy Red—stunning new "misty" reds, and the latest additions to Glazo's range of authentic fashion-approved shades.

This new Glazo wears *extra* days . . . its brilliant surface unmarred by chipping, peeling or cracking. So easily does it float on, without streaking, that there's never a nail in need of re-doing.

For even a day, don't deny your finger-tips the luxury of this new perfected Glazo. Still only 20 cents each—at toilet goods counters all over the world.

It's new it's perfect

GLAZO

20 CENTS

(25 cents in Canada)

RADIO STARS

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28 STORIES, FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS

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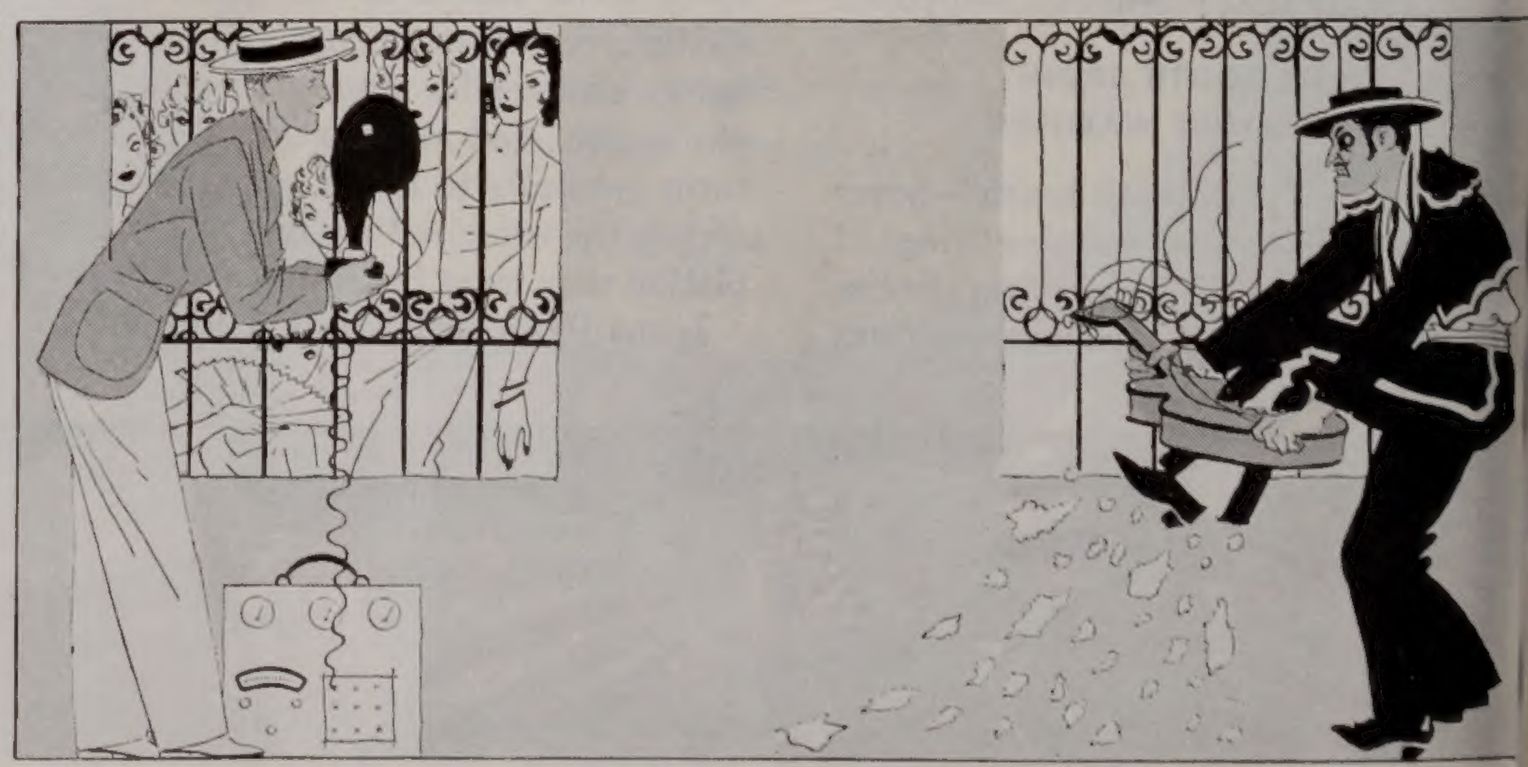

The M-G-M Lion is the Symbol that signifies Joy on the Screen. Miss Entertainment picks Leo to ride to victory!

THE WINNER!

METRO · GOLDWYN · MAYER

We're taking space in this magazine to tell you to keep your eye on Leo, the M-G-M Lion!

He's had the best year of his career what with grand entertainments like "Mutiny on the Bounty", "China Seas", "Broadway Melody of '36", "A Night at the Opera", "Rose Marie" and all the other great M-G-M hits! And of course there's "The Great Ziegfeld", now playing in selected cities as a road-show attraction and not to be shown otherwise this season.

But *(pardon his Southern accent)* Leo says: "You ain't seen nuthin' yet!"... On this page is just part of the happy M-G-M family of stars. Look them over. You'll find most of the screen's famed personalities and great talents on Leo's list. They will appear in the big Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions that are now in the making and planned for months to come.

Ask the Manager of the theatre that plays M-G-M pictures about the marvelous entertainments he is arranging to show. And when Leo roars, settle back in your seat for real enjoyment!

Norma Shearer

Joan Crawford

Greta Garbo

Clark Gable

William Powell

Myrna Loy

Jeanette MacDonald

Nelson Eddy

Luise Rainer

Jean Harlow

Wallace Beery

Robt. Montgomery

Eleanor Powell

Freddie Bartholomew

Robert Taylor

The Marx Brothers

Charles Laughton

Laurel & Hardy

Jackie Cooper

Lionel Barrymore

John Barrymore

Spencer Tracy

WATCH FOR THEM!
Norma Shearer
Leslie Howard
in "Romeo and Juliet"
Clark Gable
Jeanette MacDonald
in "San Francisco"
Jean Harlow
Franchot Tone *in* "Suzy"
Robert Montgomery
Myrna Loy
in "Love on the Run"
And M-G-M's Big Road Show
"THE GREAT ZIEGFELD"

SORRY! WE DIDN'T HAVE SPACE FOR THEIR PHOTOS! MORE M-G-M STARS

Franchot Tone, Robert Young, Rosalind Russell, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver, Reginald Owen, Virginia Bruce, Nat Pendleton, Lewis Stone, Johnny Weissmuller, Jean Hersholt, Ted Healy, Allan Jones, Buddy Ebsen, Joseph Calleia, Maureen O'Sullivan, Una Merkel, Chester Morris, Stuart Erwin, Bruce Cabot, Elizabeth Allan, Brian Aherne, Charles Butterworth, Madge Evans, Frances Langford, Eric Linden, June Knight, Ann Loring, Robert Benchley, Jean Parker, May Robson, Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Harvey Stephens, etc.

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Oscar H. Fernbach
San Francisco Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

HOW DO YOUR FAVORITES RANK IN THE RATINGS?

1. THE PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY SOCIETY OF NEW YORK (CBS) 89.7
Consistently the most popular program with our Board of Review.

2. GENERAL MOTORS CONCERTS (NBC) ... 86.4
Soul-stirring symphonic masterpieces.

3. JACK BENNY, MARY LIVINGSTONE, KENNY BAKER AND JOHNNY GREEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC) 86.1
Radio's outstanding comic.

4. MARCH OF TIME (CBS) 81.6
Flawless dramatizations of the news of the world.

5. FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR (CBS) ... 81.3
The Ford program has done much to improve the nation's appreciation of classical music.

6. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA (NBC) 81.3
Starring Jessica Dragonette, queen of the air.

7. FLEISCHMANN HOUR (NBC) 80.7
Rudy Vallee and his guests. Never disappointing. Variety entertainment as it should be presented.

8. TOWN HALL TONIGHT (NBC) 78.4
Hilarious Fred Allen who works so hard to make you happy, merrily supported by Portland Hoffa, the Mighty Allen Art Players and Peter van Steeden's music.

9. RAY NOBLE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS) ... 78.4
A Britisher conducts America's favorite dance band—deservedly best.

10. FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS (CBS) (NBC) 78.0
The air's most versatile organization.

11. LUX RADIO THEATRE (CBS) 77.6
Broadway stage plays condensed to an hour's entertainment. Well done, but most of the plays were popular too many years ago.

12. CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM (CBS) .. 77.5
Nino Martini, Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra. They more than satisfy.

13. CAMEL CARAVAN (CBS) 77.0
Current winner of our Distinguished Service Award.

14. VOICE OF FIRESTONE (NBC) 76.8
Margaret Speaks, Nelson Eddy, Richard Crooks and William Daly's orchestra. Always in good taste.

OUR NEW SYSTEM

The Board of Review bases its percentages on the assumption that all radio programs are divided into four basic parts: material, artists, presentation and announcements, each consisting of 25%, and making the perfect program of 100%. These ratings are a consensus of opinions of our Board of Review and do not necessarily agree with the editorial opinion of RADIO STARS Magazine. Programs outstanding as to artists and material, often suffer because of poor presentation or announcements.

15. BING CROSBY WITH BOB BURNS AND JIMMY DORSEY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC). ... 76.4
Good-natured, informal Bing. Top-notch guest stars, with Bing always making them feel very much at home. There's no better humor than Bob's on the air.

16. ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC) 76.0
Radio's most popular continued story.

17. WOODBURY PRESENTS PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSICAL VARIETIES (NBC) .. 75.7
Provided with the Whiteman type of entertainment, Radio always will remain supreme.

18. BOAKE CARTER (CBS) 75.5
He doesn't mind stepping on toes when they deserve it.

19. BEN BERNIE AND ALL THE LADS (NBC) 75.0
Truly a memorable personality. Isn't it a shame he can't give some of his broadcasting charm to his pal, Walter Winchell?

20. LOWELL THOMAS (NBC) 74.5
The world's news, pointedly told, but no toe-steppings here.

21. EDWIN C. HILL—HUMAN SIDE OF THE NEWS (NBC) 74.4
The hard, cold facts considerably warmed up.

22. THE MAGIC KEY OF RCA (NBC) .. 74.2
With which the unbelievable is accomplished.

23. JACK HYLTON AND HIS CONTINENTAL REVUE (NBC) 73.9
These Britishers are an entertaining lot.

24. HOUR OF CHARM (CBS) 73.3
Phil Spitalny and his remarkable all-girl orchestra. Charm personified.

25. MUSIC BY RICHARD HIMBER (NBC) ... 73.0
Distinctive. Equally enjoyable, dancing or sitting out.

26. ZIEGFELD FOLLIES (CBS) 73.0
Last month's winner of our Distinguished Service Award.

27. PHIL BAKER WITH HAL KEMP'S ORCHESTRA (CBS) 72.5
Beetle and Bottle, as well. Variable material.

28. EASY ACES (NBC) 72.5
Jane and Goodman Ace. Laughter guaranteed.

29. AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC (NBC) 72.3
Frank Munn, Lucy Monroe and Gus Haenschen's orchestra. You've heard all the tunes before, but never quite as delightfully.

30. THE BAKERS' BROADCAST (NBC) ... 71.6
Bob Ripley, Hariett Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson's music. Once you listen you'll never miss tuning in again.

31. AMOS 'N' ANDY (NBC) 71.4
The grandaddy of 'em all.

32. SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN (CBS) 71.1
Soul soother. Every Sunday.

33. EDDIE CANTOR (CBS) 71.0
Bobby Breen, Parkyakarkus, Jimmy Wallington and a generous supply of gags.

34. BURNS AND ALLEN (CBS) 70.8
Gracie Allen's as funny as ever with her dumb-dora answers.

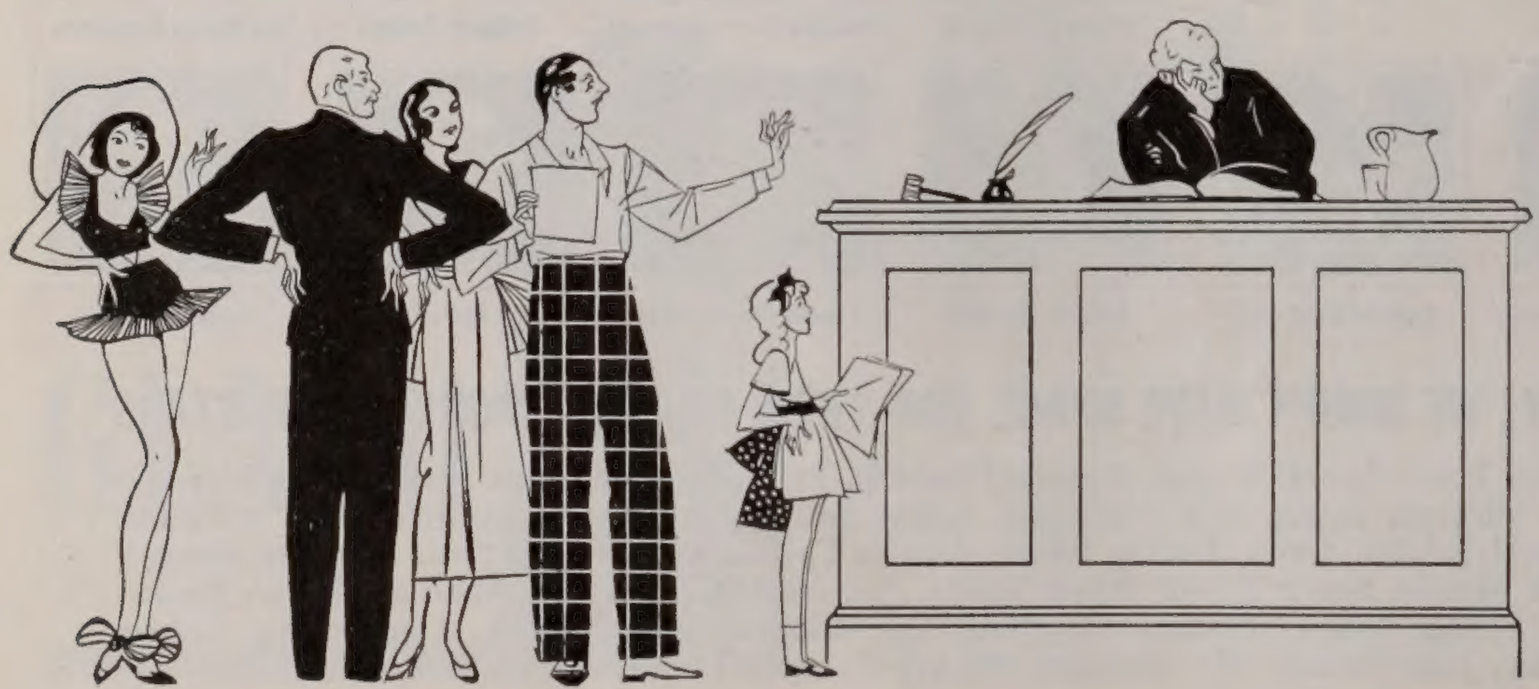
35. JOHN CHARLES THOMAS (NBC) .. 70.6
Fireside favorite.

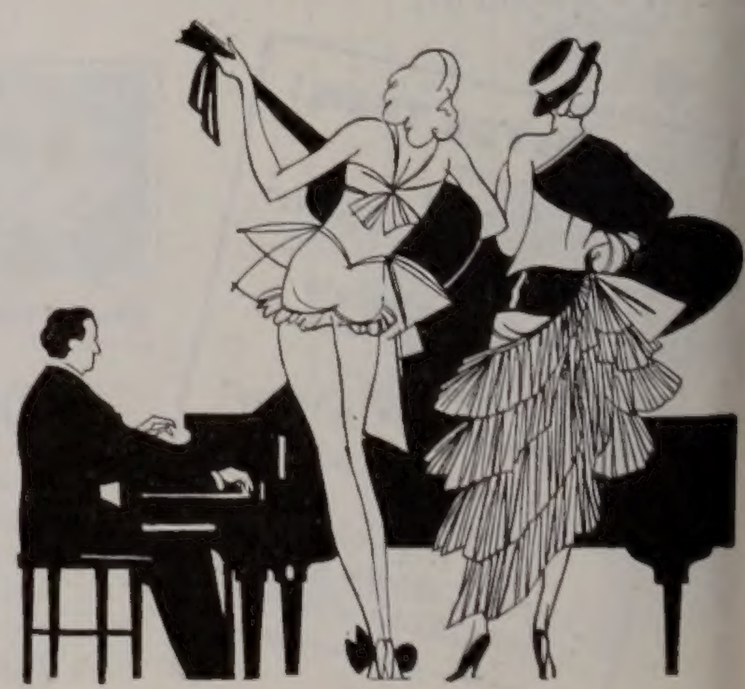
36. ED WYNN (CBS) 70.4
Gags galore. Lennie Hayton's tunes.

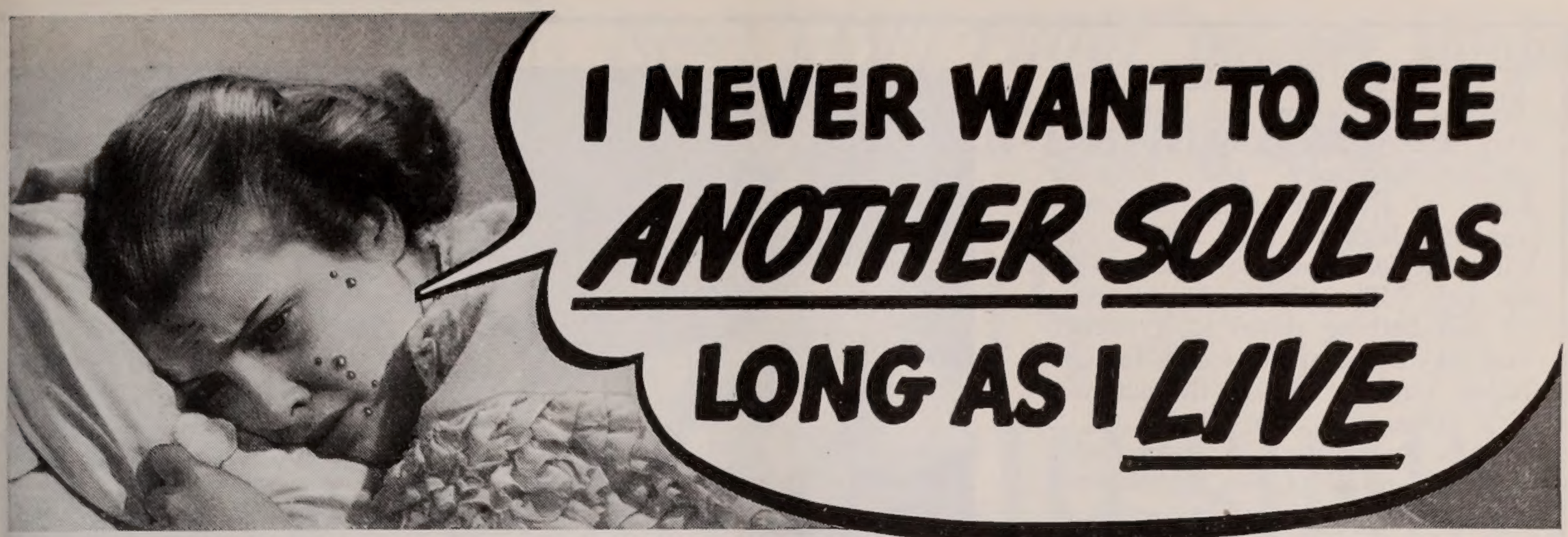
37. HOLLYWOOD HOTEL (CBS) 69.8
The movie previews are the big attraction.

38. WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA (CBS). 69.7
Death for jittery nerves!

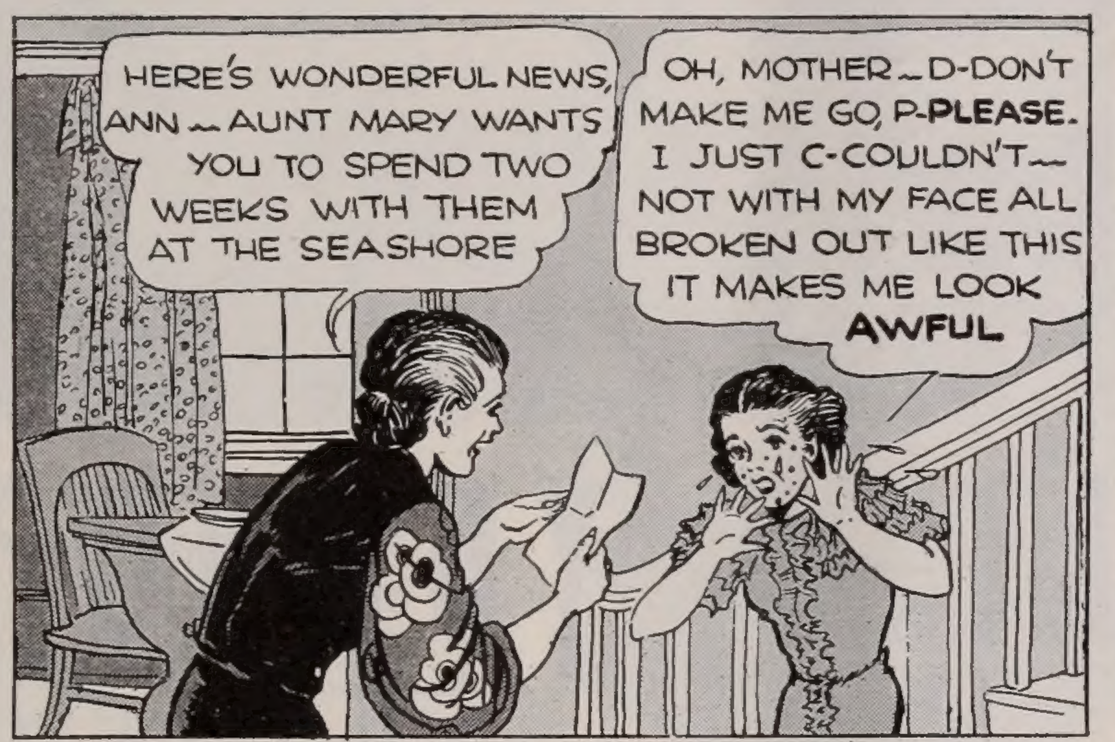
(Continued on page 81)

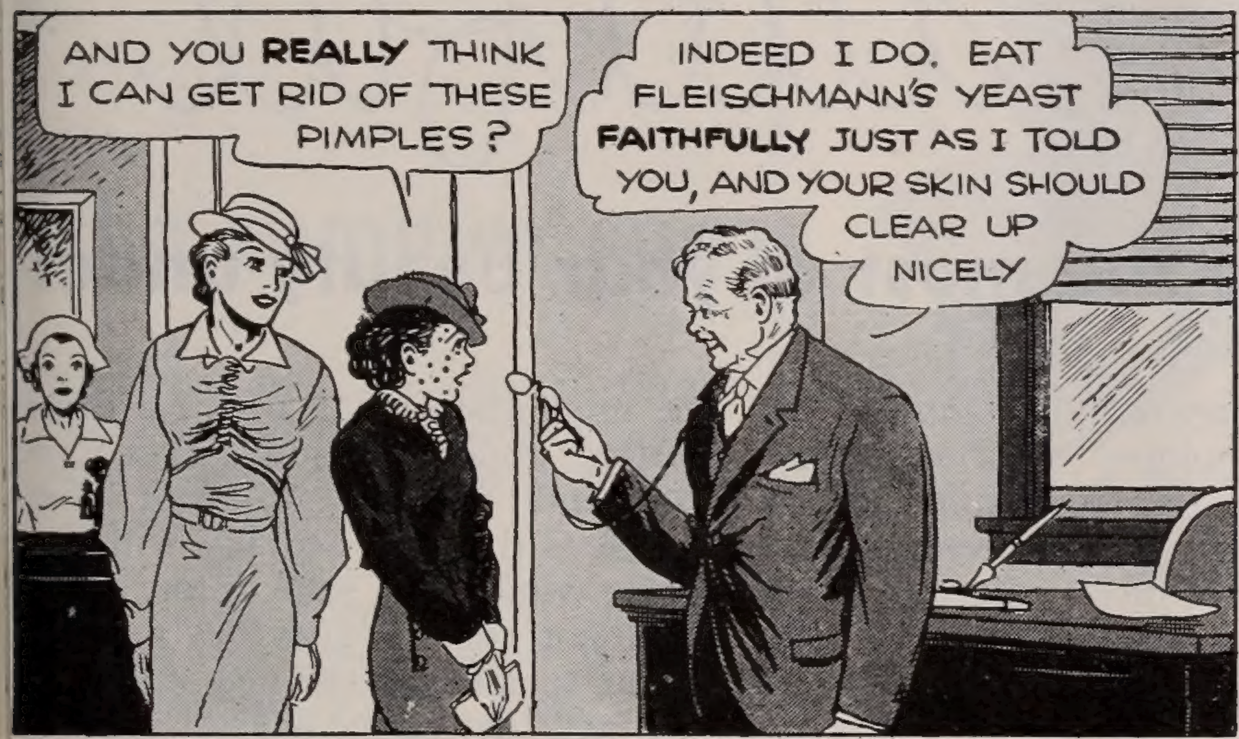






HER PIMPLY SKIN MADE ANN FEEL LIKE A TOTAL LOSS





—*clears the skin*

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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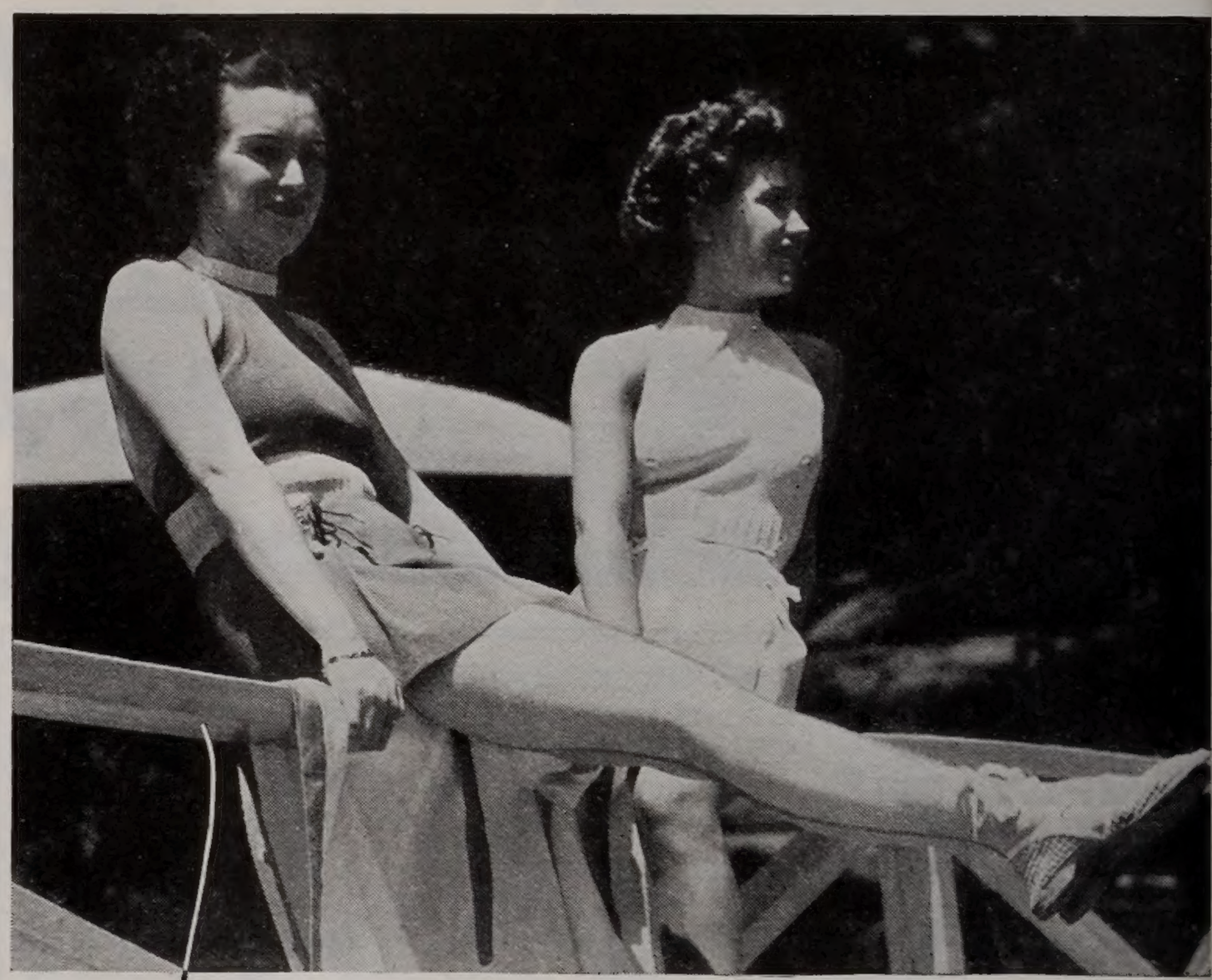
Don't let Adolescent Pimples spoil YOUR vacation plans

A BROKEN-OUT skin is no help to any girl or boy who longs to be popular and have good times. But unfortunately, many young people are victims of this trouble.

After the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire body. The skin gets oversensitive. Harmful waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Thousands have found Fleischmann's Yeast a great help in getting rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly*—one cake about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.



KEEP YOUNG AND *Beautiful*

Make the most of your beauty under

By Mary Biddle

WATCHING the breakers go by! That is where you will find those two Merry Maids of the ether waves—Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, of Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians—because they are enthusiatic mermaids of the ocean waves as well. They have the business of sun bathing down to a science and they are perfect models for our lesson on how to win the summer skin game.

Now Rosemary is a "sister under the skin" to all of you fair-skinned girls whose skins are very sensitive and apt to burn at the drop of a hat—literally speaking, if we mean the drop of a large sun-protecting beach hat.

"Lucky Priscilla!" yearns the fair Rosemary. "Just look at her! She can get the most beautiful tan, without so much as one freckle and without a siege of looking like a boiled lobster or a piece of raw beefsteak!"

"Lucky Rosemary!" returns the honey-colored Priscilla. "She always looks a knockout in an evening gown and I look like a cross between an Indian and Haile Selassie!"

They both were exaggerating a little, I'm afraid, in their usual complimentary fashion toward each other. The contrast of Rosemary's remarkably fair skin with her dark hair and deep blue eyes is one of her most spectacular charms and she is clever enough to enhance it with the right make-up. If brunettes who are lucky enough to have fair skin would only realize the effectiveness of such contrast (it has long been realized and admired by women of the South), there would be fewer yearnings for brunette Indian effects.

With Priscilla, on the other hand, we have the type of coloring that finds sun-tan definitely becoming. For if ever a girl tanned to a lovely honey color, it is Priscilla. Some blondes have that faculty to a degree. They are the golden skinned blondes in which classification Priscilla belongs. The fair, pink-skinned blondes generally go into the burning classification with Rosemary and even successful sun-tanning isn't becoming to them. It has too coarsening an effect. Moreover, Priscilla's larkspur blue eyes do not look faded in contrast to her tan skin, as lighter blue or gray eyes are apt to do. (*P. S.—Priscilla makes effective use of blue eyeshadow and blue mascara to enhance the blue of those eyes, too.*)

One would think that I am holding a brief against sun-tanning. But I'm only holding a brief against sun-tanning that is definitely unbecoming, or that is achieved through the burnt sacrificial offering of the skin. As a beauty editor, I know the splendid tonic effects of the sun, but I also know the cruel coarsening effects of that same sun. If you expose your skin, day after day, to the strong sunshine, without protection, it eventually will assume the appearance of old leather, instead of having a gardenia-like softness that is so desirable.

If you're Rosemary's "sister under the skin," you'll need to apply this protective recipe for your sessions under the sun: generous doses of sun-proof lotion or cream, protective long-sleeved beach pajamas or a beach robe, a large-sized beach hat and dark glasses. A generous application of a special sunlight glare-proof shade of powder is also a protection and should be used when going in for a dressy sitting under the sun. I can recommend several sun-proof preparations that will actually withstand sun, wind, and salt water. They will not rub off and they're a real boon to all fair-skinned mermaids. In fact, they're the nearest things to freckle preventatives that I've ever been able to find.

Now if you're a "born freckler," as Rosemary says she is, you must expect that, if you expose your unprotected skin to the glaring rays of the sun, freckles are going to make their appearance! From the letters you write me, I am led to believe that a great many of you think freckles are things that can be "cured," just like the measles, if you can find the right remedy. Well, your right remedy is not a cure, it's a preventative. You have freckles because your skin happens to be pigmented that way. Just as soon as the sun strikes your un-

Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, of the Pennsylvanians, present two different types of coloring and beauty. Both girls enjoy sun and summer sports, but prepare for them in a different fashion.

the summer sun

protected skin, the pigment-forming cells start throwing up protective barriers in the formation of extra pigment.

If you're Priscilla's "sister under the skin," don't let that stretch of inviting sand beneath the sun go to your head. Use plenty of sun oils. Do a systematic job of anointing yourself with oil, as Priscilla does. She oils every exposed inch of her body, pushes her hair back from her face, puts on her dark glasses and then lies in the sun for a given length of time—five minutes the first day, ten the next, and so on.

As for make-up on the beach, whatever your type, it seems unnecessary to say that it should be inconspicuous. If you use a rouge, choose one in cream or liquid form. Blondes should concentrate on lipstick and avoid rouge. Whether the brunettes should follow a like rule depends entirely on their individual coloring. Surely every beach bag, how-

(*Continued on page 84*)

New! "GLARE-PROOF" powder shades Flatter you in glaring light!

POND'S SUNLIGHT SHADES

The full glare of the summer sun throws a hard light on your skin.

New "Sunlight" shades catch only the sun's softest rays—flatter you!

GONE are the old dark "sun-tan" powders! Pond's has brought out "Sunlight" shades—totally new in color—new in effect on your skin when you are out in the hard, blazing light of summer! "Sunlight" shades catch only the softest rays of the sun . . . Give you the flattering light of early spring sunshine itself! Soften your face. Lovely with lightest tan, deep tan, or no tan at all!

MONEY-BACK TRIAL—Try Pond's Sunlight shade (Light or Dark). If you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Pond's, Clinton, Conn.

2 Sunlight Shades—Light, Dark. Low Prices. Glass jars, **35¢, 70¢.** *New big boxes,* **10¢, 20¢.**

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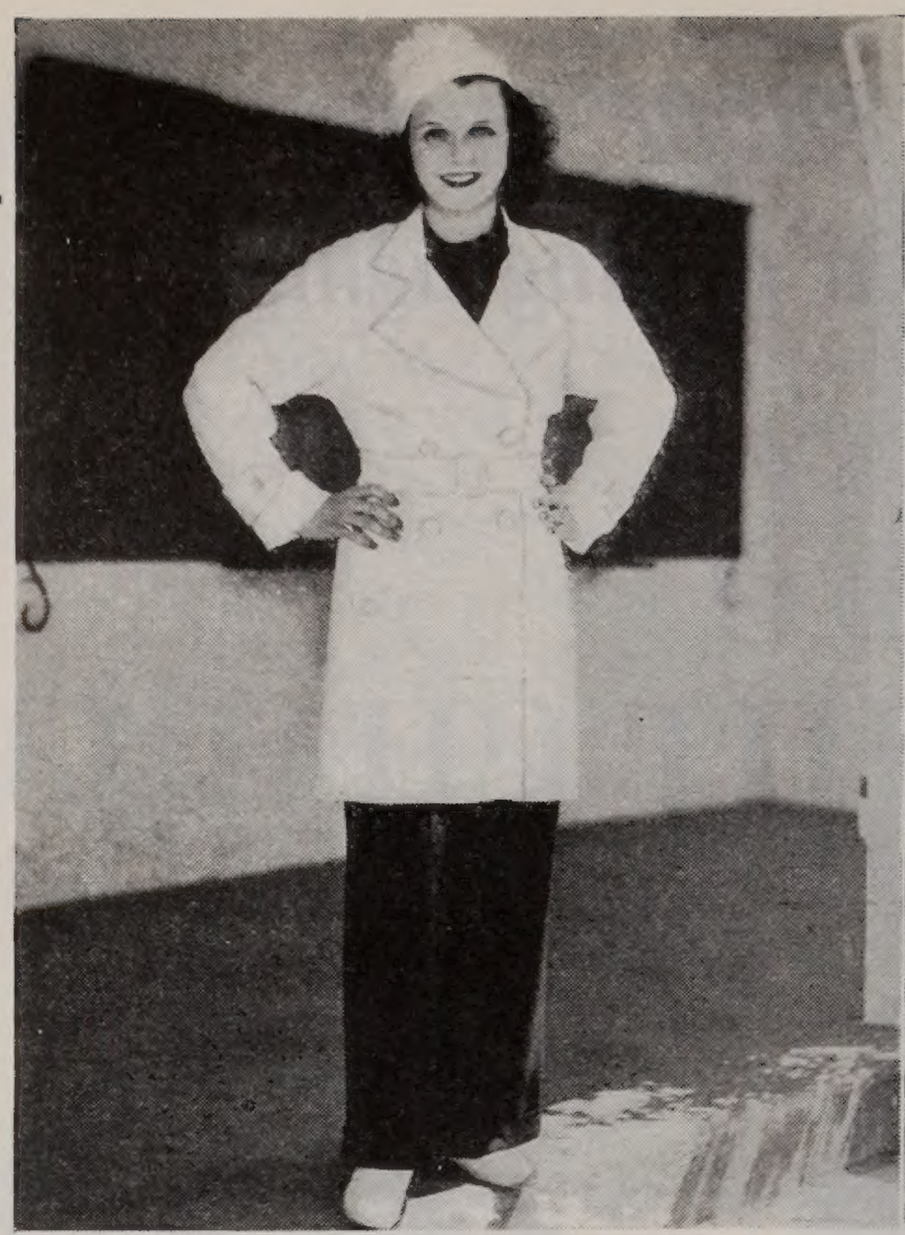


Marion Talley sports trousers of brown alpaca, topped by a white coat.

A wicker Coolie hat and a chic white bath-suit for Gladys Swarthout.

By Elizabeth Ellis

BROADCASTING SUN Styles

Just what you want for a summer outfit!

IT TOOK Hollywood to show us what glamor lurks behind the microphone, what *chic* stands at the broadcasting end of our radios! For it wasn't until some of our best radio songbirds took flight to California and screen fame, that we really had a good look at them.

Once there, however, all we needed was one glance at such smart stars as Grace Moore, Gladys Swarthout, Frances Langford and the more recently screened Harriet Hilliard, to realize that radio can speak up for itself fashionably. And there are dozens of other radio stars, not yet arrived on the screen, who are convincing arguments for the speeding up of television!

Most radio celebrities, like stage stars, turn night into day because their work demands that they perform evenings. Thus, the daytime side of their wardrobes is stressed less. It's no wonder then that those who have gone to California to work, revel in the opportunity to wear the casual, comfortable sports clothes that dominate the Hollywood scene.

Jane Froman mentioned this to me one day, when we were having lunch. She said that, before going to California, the only clothes she really bothered about were her evening dresses. She had to have so many of them that she let her daytime wardrobe consist of just enough good looking outfits to look neatly dressed. Sports clothes were practically nil with her because she had so little time to play outdoors. However, when she reached (*Continued on page 65*)

Irene Bennett looking ideal, in a Jantzen Bra-tuck swim suit.

Courtesy Jantzen

SMART RIDING TOGS

Frances Langford wears a becoming habit of tan jodhpurs, a well-cut matching vest and a jacket of tan and white checked tweed. The neckline is filled in with a flattering scarf of soft white silk.

SUMMER ROMANCE

Millie hasn't a lot of money. But she has a lot of sense. And so nothing is ever faded in her wardrobe. Everything is gay and fresh—in the newest Paris colors. Of course she uses Tintex!

Naturally, wherever Millie goes her colorful sportswear and evening dresses are the envy of the other girls. And men's eyes follow her, too—romantically!

The result—Millie always has a wonderful summer. She meets so many interesting people. Why not keep your wardrobe up-to-the-minute in color with easy Tintex?

KEEP FASHIONABLE WITH

Tintex Tints and Dyes

41 brilliant long-lasting colors. At all drug, notion and toilet goods counters.

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors

Her Tennis Stroke is *Correctly Timed*

—too bad her *laxative* wasn't!

HER SWING is a marvel of precision and timing . . . What a pity she didn't know that *correct timing* is vital in a laxative, too!

You see, when you take a laxative into your system, you can't afford to take chances. Look out for harsh, over-acting cathartics that might upset you, nauseate you, cause stomach pains, leave you weak and dragged down. Such laxatives abuse you internally. Their after-effects are unpleasant, sometimes dangerous.

DEMAND CORRECT TIMING

Just what is meant by correct timing in a laxative? Simply this: a correctly timed laxative takes from 6 to 8 hours to be effective. Its action is gentle and g-r-a-d-u-a-l, yet completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It won't throw your system out of rhythm. No stomach pains, no nausea. No unpleasant after-effects of any sort. Ex-Lax works so naturally that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

PLEASANT TO TAKE

Ex-Lax is not only kind to your system —it's kind to your taste, too. Its flavor is just like smooth, delicious chocolate. All druggists sell Ex-Lax in economical 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Get a box today!

When Nature forgets— remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

In Strange As It Seems John Hix reveals many unbelievable facts

By Wilfred Healy

IT'S A STRANGE WORLD

RADIO may appeal to some of you, but it gives Martin Bodker of Enumclaw, Washington, a distinct pain. Strange as it seems, Martin's body offers terrific resistance to radio waves, so much so that it actually pained him to be near a radio. Instead of calling a doctor, Martin summoned an engineer. That gentleman grounded Martin by rigging up a walking stick wrapped in copper wire, which he placed in a can of water. Now Martin, one hand firmly on the cane, can listen to any crooner on the air and experience no pain at all.

Martin Bodker's case is only one of many strange and interesting items plucked from the files of John Hix, whose *Strange As It Seems* program now is a regular feature of the air waves from coast to coast. Those files right now contain some 30,000 items. Using them on two programs weekly, John Hix has sufficient material to last him 163 years. He doesn't think he'll be using them all.

Items come from all over the world, although Hix himself doesn't believe in traveling around the world after them. He finds it more practical to remain at his office o Hollywood Boulevard, where he ca work directly with his staff on th enormous task of checking and re checking each item for proof of it truth. Nothing is ever used on th *Strange As It Seems* program unt John Hix's files hold written proo that it is genuine.

"Take that Bodker item, for in stance," Hix explains. "Here in ou files we have a letter from Bodke and a letter from the engineer wh 'cured' him. The engineer's lette incidentally, adds that a number c people supposedly suffering fro neuralgia really have a case of radi waves."

So get out your copper-woun walking-stick and a can of wate unless you think it's simpler to tu off the radio.

"Besides my collection of strang items," Hix admits rather wistfully "I have thousands which I kno are true but which I can't us simply because I'm unable to obtai definite proof."

Probably the most interesting fi of all is one marked *Too Strang* In it are weird facts, all of the true, which are so fantastic that r

John Hix and his radio staff rehearse for their broadcast.

And here is John Hix (left) with Cyril Armbruster, who is his program director.

one would believe them. Unfortunately, the file must gather dust.

One look at the Hix fan-mail would convince you of the necessity of obtaining proof for every item broadcast. The weekly mail brings in hundreds of letters from skeptics all over the country, most of them politely doubting Mr. Hix's veracity. Each of these letters is answered and personally signed by John Hix. He doesn't like to have people doubt his word, and it (*Continued on page* 70)

"That Certain Something"— MEN ADORE IT!

Be a charmer! . . . Before you dress add this alluring all-over fragrance . . . MAVIS

The secret of fascinating French women —yours!... Be feminine! Clothe yourself in Mavis' garden-scented glamour. Men adore its fragrant Spring-like freshness—remember how it enhances your charm. Mavis does even more!... It absorbs body moisture, lowers skin temperature, helps you keep cool. So pure and soothing—Mavis protects your skin. Never neglect this feminine witchery every time you bathe, every time you dress. Mavis' enchanting fragrance lingers all through the day—or evening.

Mavis Talcum in 25c, 50c, and $1 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10c size at 5-and-10c stores. White or flesh. We invite you to try Mavis—use coupon.

MAVIS

Genuine Mavis Talcum

IN THE RED CONTAINER

V. VIVAUDOU, INC.
580 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

I enclose 10c. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum (white . . . flesh . . .)—so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

MM-7

THE RADIO HOSTESS, NANCY WOOD, PRESENTS

EDDIE CANTOR

"Season your meals with laughter," says Eddie

Courtesy Borden

Strawberry-Nut Shortcake

IF YOU have ever wondered, as I have, what it would be like to be "top man" in the show—and not only to get there but to stay there over a long period of time—the very best person I can think of to give you an answer to that question would be Eddie Cantor. For Eddie has been starred in so many productions and in so many fields of entertainment that stardom is an old, old story with him.

But if you think that, after the first thrill of accomplishment has worn off, boredom is quite likely to travel hand in hand with stardom, then Eddie is the very person to prove how wrong you are in your surmise. True, there may be some who find this business of being on top of the heap, day after day and year after year, a bit tiresome and exacting after a while. Perhaps they even suffer from a sneaking suspicion that it all doesn't seem to live up to the high hopes they cherished during the long, hard climb. But not Eddie! No indeed. For even now, after more than fifteen years of being a star on the stage, in the movies and over the air, this irrepressible comedian has retained the same verve and enthusiasm that must have characterized him in his earliest Ziegfeld days.

He still works up the greatest feeling of enthusiasm over his plans for his next *Pebeco* broadcast; he will describe with glee the discovery of a new tune or a "hot" jazz player and he shows at all times unmistakable signs of being in a most advanced state of chronic parental pride as he recounts stories about his daughters (most of

"Everyone in our family looks forward to meal time," declares Eddie

which are of a kidding nature with himself as the butt of the joke!) Why he even talks about a supposedly prosaic subject, like eating, with the appreciation of a gourmet and the air of a connoisseur.

You can imagine with what joy your Radio Hostess discovered that Eddie was willing to discuss at some length the food preferences of the Cantors and that he also had some amusing and helpful ideas to divulge on the fine art of dining.

"Helpful ideas on dining from a comedian," did you ask? Well anyone, certainly, who has listened to Eddie's Sunday evening broadcasts (as who has not?) knows that he has a clear and constructive slant on any subject to which he gives his attention. And don't forget that it's often easier to get over a good idea with a laugh—as Eddie does—than with a frown. Then, too, behind the humorous approach we sense, one and all, the sincerity of his attitude—whether the discussion concerns the plans for some charity, the furthering of World Peace or simply, as in this case, the favorite foods of his family. Whatever the subject may be, there is no denying that this Cantor fellow is dynamic, on his toes and going places. In fact, judging from this interviewer's reactions, trying to keep up with Eddie is enough to give one the sensations of a Mexican jumping bean in full flight!

Not that he's hard to interview, mind you, for Eddie is most friendly, entirely coöperative and swell copy. But getting him cornered for questioning is a sort of catch-as-catch-can business. For even away from the broadcasting studios and in his own lovely apartment overlooking the lakes and drives of New York's Central Park, I found that Eddie lives in an atmosphere as full of people and as exciting as a second-act finale. And in no time flat I became part of the surrounding cast as, with pencil poised, I followed Eddie from room to room, listening to him, laughing with him and questioning him between laughs.

The Cantor home supplied a lovely stage setting for this perambulating conversation. It is one of the most spacious apartments I have ever seen. The living-room, overlooking the park, is rather formal, as is the dining-room with its panelled (*Continued on page 52*)

"Here's the Breakfast I vote for!"

says

BING CROSBY

SEE BING CROSBY IN "RHYTHM ON THE RANGE"
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

BING CROSBY'S summer breakfast is a grand take-off for hot sultry days. First, appetizingly chilled tomato juice ... then a big bowl of double-crisped, crunchy, ready-to-eat Quaker Puffed Wheat with plenty of ripe red berries ... followed by Philadelphia cream cheese, preserves and toast. What could be more appealing to a lazy appetite!

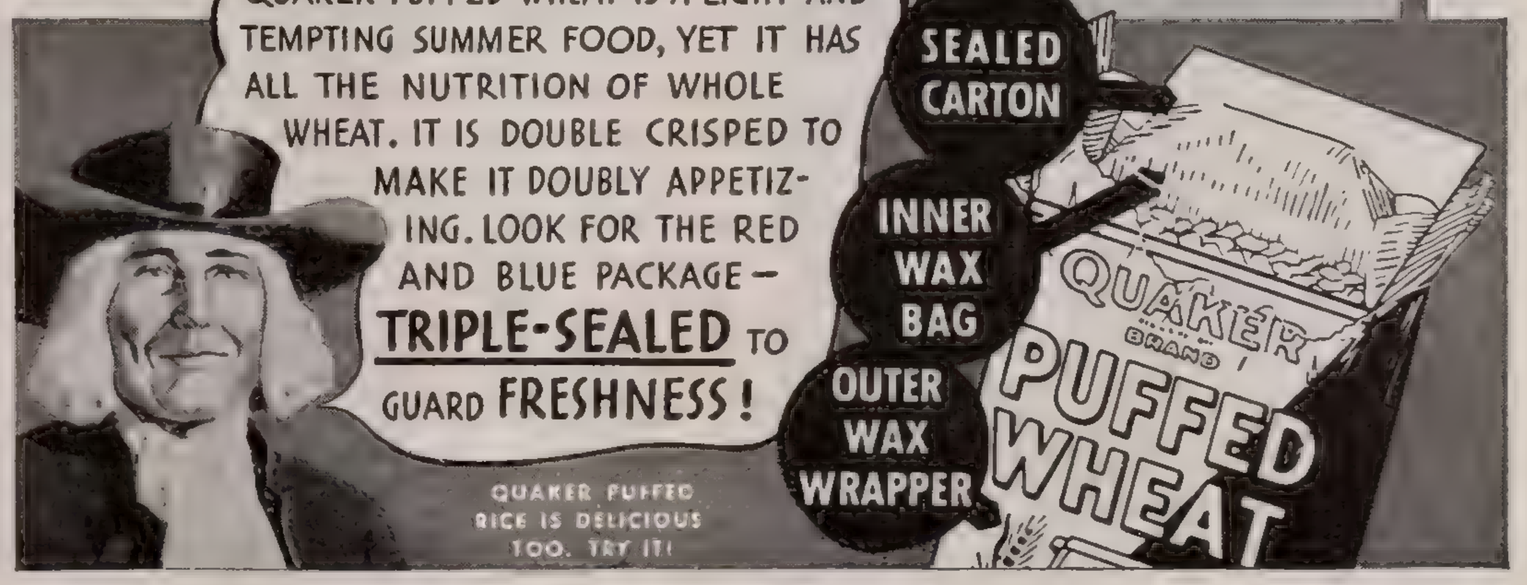
Your grocer is featuring all the ingredients you need to try BING CROSBY'S favorite breakfast. Have it tomorrow to start your day off right!

AMAZING BUT TRUE!

QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT IS SO DELICIOUS AND CONFECTION-LIKE THAT MANY DO NOT REALIZE HOW IT RANKS IN NOURISHMENT WITH SOLID DINNER DISHES. LOOK:

HIGH IN FOOD ENERGY!

SWEET POTATOES . . 34.9 CALORIES PER OZ.
PUFFED WHEAT . . 106.0 CALORIES PER OZ.



Above, one of the *Parties at Pick-Fair*—Mary Pickford and Al Lyon. Below, Bob and Renny, billed as *Two Public Enemies*, on WABC.

The singing damsels, upper center, are the Campbell Sisters, heard with Horace Heidt and his Brigadiers. And the emotional gentleman at their right is none other than the old Broadway hill-billy, Walter O'Keefe, of the Camel Caravan. Above, Joan Crawford runs over her script with Bing Crosby while husband Franchot Tone smiles.

RADIO Ramblings

Ramblings. . . . A neat descriptive word for the random impressions that occupy this department this month. . . . Looking ahead. . . . Looking backward. . . Straying in circles, picking up this and that, as a child gathers gay-colored shells upon the sand, for the moment's pleasure. . . .

And among the many treasures cast upon the shores of time, radio undoubtedly contributes the most colorful, the most intriguing. . . . Often, indeed, radio is a blessing—and sometimes most blessed when it is silent! This rambler is not one to turn on the radio at dawn and let it shout its wares unchecked till bedtime. We loathe music before breakfast. We detest early-morning exercises. We will not eat the matutinal egg to the Lord's Prayer. . . . The duties to which we are a slave will not let us hear many of the daytime programs. Hence, we find our treasures among the evening hours.

But to others, more or less fo tunate, all these are cherished e periences. We know people wh would not dream of missing *Cheeri* And others who observe the dail exercises with almost religious fe vor. We have friends to whom *On Man's Family*, which we thus f have been unable to hear, is an in portant part of their radio fare. W have evidence that countless tho sands listen raptly to the broadcas

This month's news notes and brief bit

Star of opera, radio and screen, Lily Pons returns from a concert engagement abroad, to work on a new film for RKO-Radio Pictures.

of the Gospel Singer, Edward McHugh. . . . We can understand that, to people in lonely places, the incessant sound of the radio voice is, indeed, a blessing—bringing a sense of contact with all that is going on in the world—a sense of friendship and companionship. . . .

Which proves that radio, as it should be, is all things to all men—and women—and children. . . .

You hurry home at evening to listen to *Amos 'n' Andy*. . . . You relax, after dinner, to welcome Lanny Ross and the *Show Boat* to your fireside. . . . You take in *Town Hall Tonight,* with Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa. . . . Burns and Allen, Jack Benny and Ed Wynn help you to forget your burdens, with the healing gift of laughter. . . . Commentators bring you the day's grist of news. . . .

Among the latter, this rambler especially (*Continued on page* 18)

about broadcasters

See if the Shade You Are Using Is Really the Right One for You!

By *Lady Esther*

You're pretty sure about the shade of face powder you use, aren't you? You're quite certain it's the right shade for you.

What would you say if you were to find out it was the wrong shade entirely for you? Don't be so sure that this isn't the case. As any artist or make-up expert will tell you, many women use the wrong shade of face powder entirely. The result is, they look years older than they really are.

The reason so many women use the wrong shade of face powder is that they select their shades on the wrong basis altogether. It's a mistake to select your shade of face powder according to your so-called "type." You are not a "type." You are an individual.

One Way and Only One!

There is only one way to tell your most becoming shade of face powder and that is to try on all five basic shades. Any other method is only theory and guess-work.

To make it simple and conclusive for you to ascertain your right shade of face powder, I have invented a game called: "Find Your Right Shade of Face Powder." It's as enlightening as it is fascinating. Here's all you need do: Just send me your name and address and by return mail I'll send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, free of charge. Take the five shades and sit down before your mirror. Start with the shade you think least suited to you and try that on. But don't stop at any one shade. Go through all five and observe the effects in your mirror in each case.

You don't have to be any seer to recognize instantly that one of these five shades is more suited to you than any other. You will see immediately that one shade, more than any other, makes you look your youngest and most attractive. What that shade is, neither I nor anybody else, can tell you. You must see for yourself.

A Surprise May Be in Store for You!

Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you, the very one you would never think of using is actually your most becoming shade. Thousands of women have been amazed with the results of this test.

Decide today that you are not going to be in the dark any longer as to the shade of face powder you should use. Decide today that you are going to know once and for all which is your most becoming shade. Mail the coupon today and play the game that tells—my game of "face powder shades."

FREE

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (24)

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

Radio Ramblings

(*Continued from page 17*)

Here's Tom Howard, droll wise boob, with his eccentric partner, George Shelton, who is goofily wiser still!

cherishes Boake Carter—not only for his sound and informative talks on subjects that are, or should be, important to us, but because, while scrupulously honest and sure of his facts, he does not sit neatly on the fence, balancing the pros and cons, but gives strong and impassioned expression to just praise or just indignation, as the subject demands.

Now, while the radio knows no desperate censorship, the quality of indignation is at times a healthful thing to broadcast. We, as a people, have grown too prone to think, not that "whatever is, is right"—but that whatever is, we must "take it," and say nothing—forgetting our more fiery forebears, who, rather than suffer unjustly, dumped British tea into Boston harbor!

We remember another indignant man on the air—Hendrik Willem Van Loon, who, some time ago, when the immortal Jafsie inserted in a theatrical weekly an advertisement asking for vaudeville engagements, exclaimed in one of his broadcasts: *"Lower than this we cannot go!"*

Which might also be remembered in respect to some broadcasts of murder trials and executions . . . Low or high, it is the people's choice!

Among the programs that consistently aim at and consistently achieve a high order of radio entertainment, the delight of this inconsequential rambler's heart is the Monday evening *Voice of Firestone* concert, over *NBC-WEAF*. With Margaret Speaks and Nelson Eddy or Richard Crooks, with the Firestone choral symphony and William Daly's string orchestra, its half hour of rare and lovely music is all too short. It's not above the lay listener, but also rewards the most critical hearer with its smooth and melodious sequence of song and orchestra.

Last spring's Metropolitan Auditions of the Air *were another delight and we look forward to next season's renewal of this unusual radio program.*

Listening to the *March of Time* programs on the air, we have almost the sensation of seeing as well as hearing. For example—a picture of the Ethiopian conflict is being presented. John McIntyre, the announcer, is at the microphone. *"Addis Ababa, Ethiopia,"* he says. And over the air comes the sound of the beating of tom-toms, gradually increasing in volume. The next voice we hear is that of Westbrook Van Vorhees, narrator and "Voice of Time." He describes the massing of the troops, their fervor for their king, while the microphone picks up war cries from a group of unseen actors. The tramp of feet is heard. The narrator speaks of the horsemen, and we hear the sound of thundering hooves. Shots . . . Screams . . . And the tom-toms rise to a frenzied crescendo. . . . Edwin Jerome is the voice of Haile Selassie and as he speaks against the background thus created, we have in our minds a picture so vivid, a sort of mental television as been achieved.

The "mad Russian" himself—and he complicates life for Eddie Cantor on Sunday evening's *Pebeco* program!

One reason why this program comes over the air so smoothly is that directors, actors, sound effects experts and engineers have worked together for so long that each knows the others' characteristics and is ready to meet any situation, however unexpected.

On another page of this issue we have some camera shots of the *March of Time* players in action. Edwin Jerome, in addition to being Haile Selassie on the air, also is the voice of Stalin in these programs, and the voice of Senator Borah. This summer he plans to interview these people, to perfect his simulation of their voices. Ted Di Corsica plays Mussolini. Another veteran *March of Time* actor is Frank Readick, who has been with the program for five years. He was in its first show. Orson Welles is considered one of the cleverest actors on the staff. To him are assigned the most difficult of dramatic characterizations. To Ted Jewett fall the ghostly or macabre rôles—a sort of Frankenstein of the air—and many of the foreign characterizations.

For the mechanical part of this program, five microphones are in use, all at the same time. One is for the principals in the cast, one for the mingled voices of mobs or crowd effects, a third picks up sound effects. Number four is used by Howard Barlow's orchestra and the fifth is for auditorium sounds, when called for in the script. Lines from each microphone lead to the control room, where the engineer mixes them in their proper relation in one sound circuit

Dramatic Director Arthur Pryor molds and polishes his cast and tightens up the script till the rehearsal moves without a flaw. It is easy to see why the March of Time *sets the pace for radio drama.*

Being a dog-lover, your rambler was interested, and mildly amused, to learn that Gertrude Niesen, *CBS* songstress and a Broadway stage favorite, maintains a two-family penthouse—or is it a pethouse?—for her pets, two cats and two dogs. It is located on the terrace adjoining Miss Niesen's 19th-floor apartment in New York and is heated and weather-proofed and supplied, we are told, with "every convenience." We understand the tenants are model neighbors. Don't let your canines or tabbies be jealous, however. Any dog or cat that has the whole house and a backyard as his domain is not to be pitied!

(*Continued on page 83*)

A broadcast from *Studio 7*, with Loretta Clemens and Dick Harding—Dick is *Santos Ortega* in these programs.

Left to right, Paul Douglas, Ted Husing, Walter O'Keefe, Deane Janis, Jack O'Keefe, Vick Ruby, of Camel program.

Above, Walter O'Keefe of the Camel Caravan program. Below, Deane Janis.

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO

COMEDY, it seems, is the most difficult form of entertainment to broadcast successfully. Comics, if they are to survive, must be *surefire*. There is no audience for funsters unable to provoke genuine guffaws.

In Walter O'Keefe, the Camel Caravan presents a refreshingly glib comedian possessed with unerring judgment of what makes people laugh and how best to present it. As a high priest of hilarity, Walter has gathered for himself a tremendous listening audience. He's forever concocting new stunts and always represents good cheer and exercise for the laugh muscles.

Along with Walter is lovely Deane Janis and her intriguing voice; Ted Husing and his interesting sports topics; and, of course, the tingling tunes of Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra. The entire program bespeaks cheerfulness. It's smartly done. The freshness of the material is a credit to the versatile O'Keefe who is responsible for all skits.

The Camel Caravan, whether you're a big-towner or small-towner, is admittedly an easy-to-listen-to program.

Because of these qualities, RADIO STARS magazine awards its medal for Distinguished Service to Radio to the Camel Caravan.

Lester C Grady

—EDITOR.

DOES RADIO RULE WOMEN VOTERS?

"I DON'T know much about radio," Fannie Hurst admitted with characteristic frankness, "but I do know," and her soft voice rang with conviction, "that it's the most important new dimension in the history of politics.

"In the past few years American women have taken an increasing interest in politics, but, with the advent of radio that interest mounts toward a tremendous force. Many women have no extra money to enjoy theatres and concerts, so they stay at home and tune in their radios. Or, doing their own housework, they turn on their radios to relieve the monotony.

"It is to these women, women with brooms and mops and irons and rolling pins, women with knitting needles and babies' diapers, that radio is a boon. Mind you, not in just furnishing entertainment, but a boon in making a woman feel important, in causing her to realize that she, too, has a voice in running this country of ours. No longer need a woman blindly follow her husband's or her father's or her brother's political opinions. She can form her own opinions—and she does! Because she can now

"No longer need a woman follow her husband's, her father's or her brother's political opinions. She can — and does—form her own!"

Radio is the most important new dimension in the history of politics, says Fannie Hurst

By Nanette Kutner

Acme

Fannie Hurst, famous novelist

hear plenty of political talks. She may not have time to read the papers, but she can't avoid the air."

Fannie Hurst paused for breath. Then thoughtfully she said: "It is to those women at home, that I want to say one thing: I want to tell them to remember that radio can be destructive as well as constructive, that very often a candidate has a brilliant record, marvelous principles and a bad microphone voice.

"Mrs. Roosevelt is one of the most charming women in the world, but her radio voice does not equal her personality; it fails to reveal one-eighth of her magnetism.

"President Roosevelt's voice is the finest exponent of radio today. I think he has done more to dignify broadcasting than anyone else. His speeches, with that intimate touch, have set an unheard of precedent, and given all candidates good cause to worry about their voices.

"It's a funny thing, this radio, it plays tricks! Women's voices on the air sound as if they were selling gelatine at an exposition. To my mind the only good feminine radio voice is that of Martha Dean. But I honestly think that the queer tricks radio plays with voices are caused by the microphone itself. It is nothing we broadcasters can control.

"I once had a chance to make an electrical transcription. I thought that there was a job suited for me. I studied my own voice. And I was very conscious of its unpleasant faults and the faults in the voices of others. So I practiced. I placed my voice carefully, and really gave what I considered an ideal performance. Yet, when I played back the record, my voice had all the qualities I despise and which I had thought were eliminated!

"So radio really is dangerous! If you don't *sound* right, you can make people dislike you—just by your voice."

She leaned down to stroke a black dog that had come bounding into the double-storied living-room, and was now seated at her feet. Then she raised her dark eyes, eyes that seem to penetrate everything.

"Radio needs an authoritative woman's voice," she said. *"I would like to be that voice!*

"In my own mind I know that I'm going to talk over the air. It's the place for me. If I have something I want to say, and that I feel is worth saying, then I want to say it in front of a microphone because radio is the ideal soap-box. Why, for the first time, novels have serious competition. At the very most a novel of mine reaches three hundred to five hundred thousand people. That audience is a mere handful, compared to the size of radio's millions of listeners!

"At present I think radio is suffering from an embarrassment of riches. There should be programs for people who think and who want to think. But radio is in a rut. Of course I have to admit that we, the public, get just exactly what we seek—because we *take* it!

"Radio has reached the heights in music, producing the finest concerts, symphonies, operas, but verbal programs do not come up to the standard of the musical ones.

"The public is hungry now. Young people have changed. They are aware of conditions. They are thinking. When the radio executives and advertising agents were young, people wanted only entertainment. Today boys and girls in their teens want *information!* Young people today cannot escape thinking. Radio should bring them thinking people, statesmen, (*Continued on page 80*)

By

Ruth

Biery

WILL RADIO CHANGE Mae West?

Is her humor, with its innuendo, too hot for the air?

Mae West!

For four years, that name has been the biggest news name in Hollywood. A single item about this amazing woman, who swept into Hollywood in a small part in *Night After Night,* was certain news all over the world. No woman so wholly captivated the motion picture industry as did Mae.

And yet, today, you hear her name mentioned less and less. Even the Mae West stories—those little sayings with their naughty twists—have disappeared into Hollywood's shadows. Her contract has not been renewed with Paramount and no other company has rushed to sign her on the dotted line, at least at her salary.

I recently asked a Hollywood executive why Mae West had not signed again immediately. He shrugged. "She wanted too much money. There's a limit to pay, even in Hollywood and when you reach it, you might as well stop hollering for more. She got the most and then she wanted more.

"Mae wouldn't compromise, so she's out. Of course, if she comes down . . . You can tell Hollywood just so long and then Hollywood starts telling you. And when Hollywood makes up its mind . . . . say, there isn't a single person out here bigger than the industry itself. Mae made a hit. She cashed in. But she reached the top. Artists never know when they've gone the limit. This business ran before Mae West came into it. It'll run after she's out. Unless she's sensible, she'll find she's definitely through in pictures."

Perhaps he's wrong, but as this is written Mae is not working in a picture and hasn't for several months—which always is a bad omen for any Hollywood actor. If Mae West has reached the top in motion pictures—what next?

Retirement? Personal appearances? Pictures in England? Radio? No one who knows Mae personally can think of her retiring. She once told me her life-story. She explained in detail how she had made herself into an institution, an institution dedicated to success.

She once loved a man. Loved him madly.

"I learned will power, then," she said, "I learned determination. It took a lot of both—to say goodbye to him. But success takes the same thing. I tell you, I had to talk to myself over and over and over . . . I learned to sell myself to myself, if you get me. I can do it, today. When I see a man I might like and know he might interfere with my career, I can sell myself out of the idea of liking him. From the time of that one man, I have thought only of Mae West. I have thought only of myself—as I am to the public. Men have been important only as they could help me to help that Mae West, the one who belongs to the public."

No, I cannot think of Mae's retiring, despite the fact that she has much money. Did you know that she has carried her checks personally to the bank every Wednesday morning since she's been in Hollywood? She's saved more than any star I know. She lives today in the same apartment house into which she moved upon her arrival. She thought of buying a house but told me: "Decided against it. Can save more this way." And anybody can call her through the house telephone. She might miss a business call, if they couldn't.

Personal appearances? Naturally, she could make a vast fortune in a very short time. A stop-gap, perhaps. But there is nothing per-

(*Continued on page 74*)

By Nancy Barrows

At the helm of the *Show Boat*, Lanny Ross, tenor star, and Winifred Cecil, brilliant young soprano of the Maxwell House Coffee program.

The *Show Boat* is on the air!

LANNY LOOKS AHEAD

The Show Boat's popular star has some thrilling new plans for his future as a singer

Lanny Ross is a man with a vision and he knows how to make his dream come true.

ADVENTURE is his birthright. . . Not in the sense of Edna Millay's line: *"There isn't a train I wouldn't take, no matter where it's going,"* nor that he longs to sail unchartered seas or pursue the unusual down the usual paths. Rather it is, in essence, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained."

Already Lanny Ross has a great deal. He is happily married, his wife, Olive White, being his personal representative and business manager. He has fame and wealth, from his own efforts, friends, a home in the city, a farm in the country, a gratifying career in radio —possessions that bring privileges, privileges that imply responsibility, to himself and to others. Lanny is especially conscious of responsibility to the tradition of courage and initiative in his family.

"My people, in a sense, were pioneers," he said. "My grandfather, my father's father, was a bank clerk in the Bank of England. He felt that the future there didn't offer him enough opportunity. So he decided to strike out into fresh fields. He determined to come to America. He got a chance to bring over a ship-load of Portuguese immigrants and he had the courage to undertake the responsibility. When he had completed that charge, he settled in a small town in the state of Washington and became a banker there. It was a pioneering adventure in an undeveloped country. And he made good. I hope," said Lanny, "that I have enough of that spirit in me to make good in new fields. . . . I don't want to let it die out in me."

Lanny Ross wants a great deal of life. "It goes so quickly," he says. "In just a little while you realize that you are growing old. . . . And all the things you were going to do will be forever undone. . . . Unless you know what you want and are willing to strike out, even if it involves sacrifices. . . .

"Right now," Lanny spoke thoughtfully, "I have a farm. . . . There are thirty-five cows on it. We sell the milk. I have a farmer who runs it for me. We go out there week-ends, when we can.

"That farm," Lanny went on, "needs such a lot done on it. . . . The buildings must practically be rebuilt from the foundations. The ground needs to be reconditioned. It's a tremendous responsibility and involves a lot of money. Of course I can't do it all at once. . . .

"It opens a whole new world to me," Lanny smiled. "And I don't really need that particular new world—I have so many others in mind. . . . I want to sing in concert. I want to sing in opera. I want to make motion pictures. I want to write. . . . And I've got to figure out how to do all these things!"

It does sound like a large order, but as Lanny talks you feel that the sensitive mettle of the artist is strengthened by the mettle of the pioneer and responsive to the demand, however it comes. He is not a visionary, dreaming dreams beyond the possibility of accomplishment. Rather he is a man with a vision, looking far ahead, but aware of all that is involved to make the dream and its fulfillment one.

Music and acting also are a part of Lanny's birthright. And Lanny's progress toward his goal in music exemplifies the mettle of the man. His father, Douglas Ross, is an actor, noted throughout England for his Shakespearian rôles. He wanted the boy, naturally, to follow in his footsteps in a theatrical career. Lanny's mother, an accomplished musician, once was Pavlowa's accompanist. His younger brother, Winston, is on the stage, at present appearing in the Theatre Guild production, *Idiot's Delight.*

"We kid him about playing the title rôle," chuckled Lanny. And added: "I wonder that Winchell hasn't picked that up—to ask whether Alfred Lunt or Lynn Fontanne is playing the title rôle in the Sherwood play.

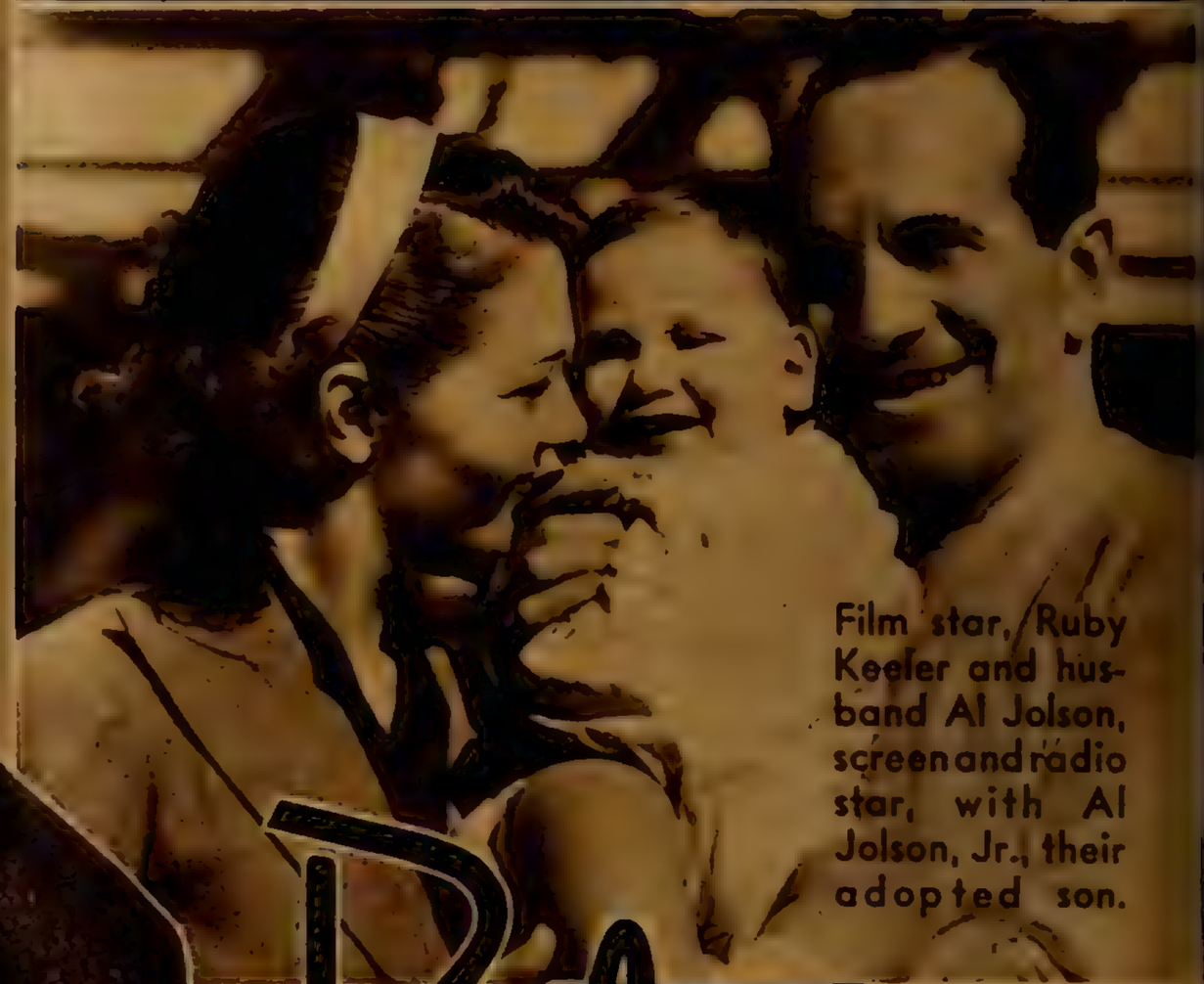
"I started out in the theatre, of course," Lanny continued. "I made my stage début when I was six years old, at the old Century Theatre, in a children's play called *Racketty-Packetty House.* I earned fifty dollars a week, for six weeks. I did other stage work, after that, but I didn't want to continue in the theatre—it's so unfair," he mused. "So much depends on the part you get, on the reception of the play. . . .

"Of course I knew that I had a voice," he spoke seriously, "but I didn't give up all other considerations for it until I was sure that it was more than just a nice voice. . . . My grandfather," he went on, "advised me to study for a business or a profession. 'You can be happy,' he told me, 'in any line of work, if you are doing it well and making a living.'

"So, when I graduated from Yale, I studied law at Columbia. And, in order to help pay my expenses, I did some singing on the radio. My first broadcast was on January first, 1929, for *Ray Bestos.* I sang three songs. Then for a year and a half I was on a sustainnig program, *Troubadour of the Moon.* I earned ten dollars a performance. Once I got a raise to fifteen.

"In 1931 I was on a radio program for Hellman's. Then I went on to the Maxwell House Coffee program. That was before there was any (*Continued on page 86*)

Rudy Vallee listens to a few bars of "Swing" music, as played by Ken Murray.



Film star, Ruby Keeler and husband Al Jolson, screen and radio star, with Al Jolson, Jr., their adopted son.

Between

Armida, charming songstress of the *Paris Night Life* program on CBS, is a former stage and screen star, and once was John Barrymore's leading lassie.

Kate Smith and her manager, Ted Collins, enjoy a game of "*Dumogolf*" together before their rehearsal.

Willie Howard, comedian and star of the *Folies de Puree* of the air.

Rubinoff gives Jack Benny a violin lesson, backstage in a New York Theatre — it's *Love in Bloom!*

In the pool at Palm Springs, Andy (Charles Correll), left, splashes Amos (Freeman Gosden).

Broadcasts

Radio's stars away from the busy microphone

George T. Delacorte, publisher of Radio Stars, with Eddie Cantor, a recent winner of our award for distinguished service to radio.

Meet MR. D. AND THE BRAT

By Miriam Rogers

THEY are new to radio, this famous comedy team, and their inimitable humor is new and different, too, from the regular radio fare. But these particular stars have shone brightly in the theatre for years.

"It was a long apprenticeship, though," Eddie mused and added with an expressive twinkle in his eye: "We didn't have radio then!"

Thus he lightly sums up those years of struggle and heartache. He looks backward now with a smile for the youngster who so determinedly set his feet upon the path to fame and who so gamely refused to be discouraged by the many adversities, the long, hard grind up the rocky road to Broadway!

For although we know him and his tiny wife, Ray Dooley, as "tops" in the theatre, we realize that it was not always so, that, like everyone else, there had to be a beginning and that with them that beginning was not easy.

We are used to the typical success story of radio, the overnight fame and rapid rise, and I wondered, as Eddie reminisced a bit, how many lads, in these days of home-talent shows and contests—and Major Bowes!—would have the courage to stick to that hard trail as Eddie did, not so many years ago.

Recently inaugurating the Eddie Dowling Revue, on Tuesday evenings at 10 o'clock, E.S.T., under the sponsorship of the Elgin National Watch Company, Eddie says modestly that he hopes their new audience will like them. And he admits a fleeting pity for the boy who struggled up the weary route of vaudeville and stock and one-night stands, when, if there had been radio, the way might have been so much easier. But he smiles when he says it and adds sincerely:

"Youth is the time of optimism, of looking forward—we can take hardships in our stride when we are young . . ."

And Eddie ought to know, for he learned almost in his cradle what poverty, heartache and tragedy mean. One of seventeen children—most of us can't even imagine what that would be like—his father a cotton weaver in a small New England mill, earning $15.00 a week, his mother's back bowed beneath the burdens of her large family and the unending struggle to feed so many hungry mouths — you can't tell Eddie anything about the seamy side of life!

Meet Mr. and Mrs. Dowling (she is Ray Dooley, of course), of the *Elgin Revue*, former vaudeville and musical stage headliners, Irish as the shamrock.

Radio welcomes two famous stage comics, Eddie Dowling and the impish Ray Dooley

But there was more to it than that. There was rain and there was courage and there was hope. The mother, running a boarding house for mill workers, cooking for them, washing for them—at $3.00-$3.50 per week apiece!—in addition to working for her own brood, nevertheless instilled in Eddie and her other children the finest of ideals.

Eddie owns a hundred acres now near Providence, Rhode Island, where he was born, and there brothers and sisters and nephews and nieces and cousins live in comfort. Perhaps the greatest joy life has brought to Eddie Dowling is the satisfaction of helping his beloved mother play her favorite rôle of Lady Bountiful—and how beautifully, how unselfishly she played it no one ever will know in full. But when she died a year and a half ago, people came long weary miles to pay tribute to the beloved woman who had helped them through their times of hardship and despair.

"Within an hour of her death," Eddie said pridefully, "she was thinking of a boy, a clerk in a store, whom she had been helping win a weekly prize for sales. She called me in, asked me to get the money from her purse and pay the bill she owed him, so that he would not miss out on the prize that week, because he had a family and needed that money. In an hour she was dead. . . . She always was thinking of someone else, doing something for somebody. . . ."

That is only one of the many stories at the tip of his tongue, for she was the kind who, when she saw someone in trouble, did not say: "I'm so sorry for him!" Instead, she went out and bought groceries, or helped the man of the family to get a job.

But Eddie does not remind you that it was he who made it possible for her to do these fine things. It is the true son of this unselfish mother who says:

"I was lucky in having a talent, something that people liked, that caught on. That didn't mean I was any better, any more capable, any more deserving than my brothers—"

The corollary to that was that Eddie shared his good fortune, as soon as he had any to share!

When he was a little boy, not yet out of short pants, Eddie Dowling began his career, not as an actor, but as a "deck monkey," a "buttons" on a great Cunard ship. His uncle was a steward on the Cunard line and it was a proud Eddie who prepared to follow in his footsteps—bedecked in the glamorous uniform, bursting with pride in his first long pants! Even the town's little rich girl had more than a passing glance for Eddie in that handsome outfit!

The stark tragedy and poverty of his early childhood had made a precocious, serious boy. When the great Aquitania or Mauretania were

(*Continued on page 94*)

SONGBIRD

Frances is all set to pierce your heart! If song won't do it, perhaps a foil will serve!

Tonsils, says Frances Langford, and not a broken heart, made her a blues singer!

SINCE she's a daughter of the old South, we half expected Frances Langford to greet us, like the gal in Dwight Fiske's slightly ribald ballad, "with magnolias in one hand and waffle irons in the other." Instead, we meet a diminutive, good-looking young lady with just a shade of accent which might indicate she was born below where Mr. Mason and Mr. Dixon drew the line. Her colonial mansion of the moment was a highly unstable portable dressing-room, which had earthquakes every time someone brushed against it.

"The truth is," Miss Langford said, "I'm not a daughter of the old South. At least, not the old, old South. Lakeland, Florida, is my home, suh, and you've probably never heard of it."

She was right, we hadn't; but we admitted to ourselves that she was queen of the *Hollywood Hotel* program and here, right this minute, in the middle of *Palm Springs,* her first starring picture. Looking the little lady over, we noticed first that her hair was done up in a new coiffure. Sort of rolled back off the ears, with a fine collection of curled bangs in front, and all very nice. Her new make-up, too, makes her look more like Langford than she used to. In her first couple of screen appearances she looked Oriental and she didn't like it. Neither did her Spanish father nor her Irish mother.

The Langford costume of the moment was a heavy woolen scarlet and white ski suit and fur boots—just a dandy little outfit for the desert, about which *Palm Springs* is concerned. Frances didn't know why. She was told to wear it and she was going to wear it in the next scene, be it on sand, snow or even Post Toasties.

But leave us—as they say on the other side of the tracks—get back to our subject. In case you don't know, it's Langford's singing.

-SOUTHERN STYLE

By Leo Townsend

Her rich singing voice and winsome personality are carrying Frances Langford to the top, both in radio and in motion pictures.

"How come," we asked, "a pint-sized Garbo like you is gifted with such a low, compelling voice, when everyone knows you were meant for a soprano? Tell our readers a broken heart is responsible for those overtones of tragedy in your singing. Tell them you lost someone very dear to you, and woke up next morning a baritone."

"I'd like to tell them that," said Frances, "because what really happened isn't nearly so romantic. I haven't a broken heart and all I ever lost were my tonsils. You can blame them for everything."

"You mean you really were once a soprano?"

"When I was sixteen I was the sopranoest girl in the Baptist Church choir in Lakeland. I had operatic ambitions then, too. I would eventually land at the Met, I told myself, riding on a streamlined high *C*."

"And then came the tonsils?"

"And then *went* the tonsils. And with them went my poor little soprano, for when I finally could speak, after the operation, I discovered I was a contralto with no voice at all. I cried for days until my mother took me in hand. She once was a concert pianist and she practised with me for weeks until I could sing again. You can imagine my surprise when I turned out to be a torch singer."

"Hurray," said we, "for the good old tonsilectomy! Also hurray for Mrs. Langford!"

A scene from the Paramount Picture, *Palm Springs*, Frances Langford's first starring picture. David Niven is shown here with her.

Torch singing got Frances her first sponsored radio program. She sang her heart out for a certain brand of Tampa cigar and men all over Florida responded by smoking more cigars and, occasionally, biting them in two, when Langford hit one of her special low notes.

Then Rudy Vallee invaded Florida. A latter day Ponce de Leon, he sought there, not the fountain of youth (he'd already found that), but merely a few weeks' relaxation. Through the good offices of Frances' cigar sponsor our heroine was introduced to Rudy, who promptly gave her an audition. She appeared as guest star with him in New Orleans, her first national broadcast.

After that, high school seemed terribly dull, but Frances stuck it out, graduated and rushed to New York in answer to a hurry call to chant once more for Rudy and dear old Fleischmann's Yeast. A year as staff artist on *WOR* followed and then she went to work for Al Smith. That was in 1931, when Al was seeking the Democratic presidential nomination and sponsored a series of broadcasts to let the nation know his intentions. Frances furnished the vocal interludes until Al saw the handwriting on the political wall and discontinued the broadcasts. Mr. Smith, says Frances, is "noisy but nice."

Vaudeville came next, and eight weeks at the Chez Paris in Chicago, where she met a singer named Tony Martin. The friendship has lasted, for today Tony is one of the two men who comprise Frances' list of escorts.

Then back to New York, where she met and became a close friend of George Jean Nathan, the drama critic. For Frances it meant charming company and a chance to know all of Broadway's chronic first-nighters. For Nathan, who always leaves a bad (*Continued on page 69*)

IT'S NO LAUGHING MATTER

Fred Allen and Mrs. Fred. (Portland Hoffa to you.) *Tally-ho!*

Jack Benny, as guest star on the Allen show.

IT was during the first rehearsal of a *Town Hall Tonight* program. The cast was standing around, scripts in hand, waiting to run over the dialogue for the second time. Fred Allen was holding his megaphone —he talks into the large end to get the loudspeaker effect for *Town Hall News*. Waiting for the "go ahead," Allen's dry chuckle sounded.

"It looks pretty bad," he drawled. "I've got twelve more shows to do before we knock off for the summer, and there's only eleven more pages in my jokebook. It begins to look as though that last show is going to be pretty thin!"

It was an entirely impromptu remark, but the cast found it so funny that Allen retained it and used it as an *ad lib* remark during the amateur part of the show.

It wasn't the first funny remark Allen contributed to that rehearsal. In fact, there are dozens of laughs during a Town Hall rehearsal that aren't in the script, most of them emanating from the dryly humorous Allen himself.

It must be wonderful, you think, to be naturally funny; to be able to write a script that makes a professional comedy cast break down and laugh at their own lines; to get off impromptu gags; to be an apparently inexhaustible source of humor. Well, if you think so, don't mention it to Fred Allen.

"Doing the show," says Fred, "is the easiest part of it. But that sixty minutes of comedy over the air takes a week's hard work to prepare. Maybe, if I could sit back and wait for a half a dozen comedy writers to line the script up and just step in in time to rehearse and broadcast it, it would be easy. But," he added bitterly, "I can't."

Allen was speaking at home now, during one hour of the one day in the week when there is any chance of finding him in his modest suite at a midtown apartment-hotel. He's only in at that time because he's reserved the hour to run over the script before rehearsal.

"Sure, I like radio. If you could adjust yourself so you didn't have to kill yourself—if you could relax a little when you get on top, it'd be marvelous. But you can't, if you want to keep up to a standard. We've been going over four years—outlasted many of them—but it means always looking for something new. . . ."

He broke off to take a chew of tobacco. Yes—he chews tobacco, on occasion! It's a pretty good index to the Allen makeup. You can't imagine a man with a chew in his cheek putting on airs, or going high hat! And Fred Allen, as a leading radio comedian, is no more pretentious than he was as a vaudeville performer. He carries simplicity to extremes, without making an affectation of it. He lives simply, with no chauffeur—no car, even—no maids, butlers or secretaries. He writes his scripts out in longhand and types them himself; mainly, he says, because he never could find a secretary who could think of new gags or lines to put in during the rewrite process. He has been variously mentioned as looking like Gene Tunney and James J. Walker and perhaps he does. Certainly, he doesn't look Broadway and he doesn't act Broadway. A natural guy, this Allen.

"Of course," he went on in his favorite tone of complaint, "there's nothing really new in radio. But we try to be as original as possible; not to repeat too often, not even to use the same people so much that the show gets standardized. Portland is the (*Continued on page 57*)

If you think it's easy to be a professional funny man, don't mention it to Fred Allen!

By Jack Hanley

"It's *Town Hall Tonight!*" And the fun begins!

One Long Pan what'll you bet 's owlish Fred Allen?) sees all, knows all!

This month the spotlight falls on many familiar faces, at the microphone and away from the studio. 1. Lionel Barrymore is rehearsing for his rôle as catalyst—a new name for commentator—on Sigmund Romberg's Swift program, while Romberg looks on. Barrymore grew the beard for a movie he is making. 2. The recent broadcast of *These Three* brought together Dick Powell, Merle Oberon, Louella Parsons, Joel McCrea, Marcia Mae Jones, Bonita Granville. 3. Among the film celebrities who were entertained by Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, Jr., at a dinner dance at Hollywood's Club Seville, were Bing Crosby, film and radio singer, and his wife, who is Dixie Lee. 4. Frank Parker and Bob Hope of *The Atlantic Family* exchange a gay bit of persiflage as they rehearse. 5. The Stewart Sisters, Julie, Judy and Jean, regularly featured by Rudy Vallee on his Fleischmann Variety Hour. 6. Some fancy fencing here! Harry Mortimer, of the NBC office staff, with NBC actress Natalie Parks. 7. And here's that well-known Hollywood gossip, Jimmie Fidler, confiding a choice bit to the mike. 8. Gracie Allen in the studio, making up for Miltie! 9. Announcer Don McNeil with the screen's Jane Withers. 10. Harriet Hilliard, singing charmer, and Robert L. (Believe-It-Or-Not) Ripley studying a script during a rehearsal of the Bakers' Broadcast.

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IN THE RADIO SPOTLIGHT

Mrs. Eddie Cantor tells what it means to Eddie to have a boy.

Bobby Breen

A BOY AT LAST..!

Meet Bobby Breen, Eddie Cantor's delightful "adopted son"

By Mrs. Eddie Cantor

MY HUSBAND has a special reason, this year, for being glad that Summer's on the way. Summer means baseball. And baseball, to Eddie, means that for the first time he's going to have an eager, enthusiastic small-boy companion at the games, instead of an inattentive and secretly bored daughter.

He can sit in the bleachers at Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds with this companion, sharing the masculine excitement over home-runs and other events that seem so important to men and boys. He'll have a grimy little hand thrust into his, and a breathless little voice shouting in his ear: "Gee, Uncle Eddie, look at that fellow slide home!"

You see, after having been the only male in a household of women for many years, Eddie's now enjoying the thrill of having a boy around. And is he enjoying it! There's a perpetual smile tugging at his lips and a sparkle in his big brown eyes. Of course, he's very fond of our five daughters, but there always has been a grain of truth in his radio jokes about his wish for a "little son."

The boy in our home—in case you haven't heard—is a wiry, curly-haired bundle of mischief and talent, named Bobby Breen. He has taken Eddie by storm. He's just eight years old and even at this tender age has quite a long life-story. For the past several weeks, he has been appearing on Eddie's broadcasts. He sings divinely—his voice brought tears to my husband's eyes the first time he heard it—and he plays the radio rôle of "adopted son."

Bobby lives a short distance away from us, with his pretty sister, Sally, but I think he spends more time at our place than he does at home. He's with us every day in the week, dashing in and out energetically, rehearsing with Eddie and helping to select songs for the programs.

My husband says: "Bobby's a natural-born actor. He needs practically no direction at all. He memorizes his songs in only a few minutes and his voice—why, it's extraordinary!"

And Bobby?

"It's wonderful, working with Uncle Eddie," he tells anyone who cares to listen. "He's so encouraging to me. We're great pals!"

They're full of plans for the future. To make a motion picture together is their mutual dream. And the baseball games, of course. Football in the fall. Why, they've even thought so far ahead that they're hoping to be in California for the Rose Bowl game on New Year's Day, 1937! (*Continued on page 90*)

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS

It takes more than talent to account for this man!

EDDY DUCHIN was born in a small frame house in Cambridge, Massachusetts. And for a number of years life centered around the quiet suburban streets and high school boys and girls and dances at the Town Hall and porch parties on long summer evenings and his father's drugstore and the upright piano and hours of practising *Over the Waves* and *The Burning of Rome.*

Now he lives in New York, in a suite at the Hotel Plaza, with a wife out of the Social Register and a concert grand, and silk hats and tails and a gardenia in his button hole. He has climbed to a high perch on the dizzying pinnacles of fame.

And he's only twenty-seven years old.

His talent has made him the favorite popular pianist of true music lovers—the sort who go to concerts at Carnegie Hall and to the Wagner operas and symphonies and who really understand Toscanini. It also has made the rest of us, who don't know a *toccata* from a *fugue,* consider him the object of our mutual affections.

But it takes more than talent to account for Eddy Duchin. Much more. It takes a head on your shoulders and the ability to keep that same head down to the size hat you wore when you started. It takes smartness and common sense and a knowledge of values. Your own values. The debit side of yourself as well as the bright credit side.

Even back in the days when Eddy was working his way through the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy, by waiting on tables during summer vacation at a camp in New Hampshire, he was using his head. Most boys of that age, with musical ability, like to get together and start an orchestra. Eddy Duchin started a three-piece orchestra of his own. He differed, even then, from the thousands of boys throughout these United States who belong to amateur bands, in that from the beginning he set out to make himself a *professional.*

"We had a piano, a fiddle and a saxophone," he said, "and we really weren't half bad for beginners. The guests at the camp used to tell us we were as good as any of the smart supper club orchestras they heard over the air." He laughed and stretched his long legs comfortably. "I liked hearing it, of course, but I knew that their praise came from friendliness rather than judgment.

"Of all the hurdles the amateur has to overcome, the greatest is the praise of fond friends and families. These mean to be sincere, they *think* they are, but for the life of them they can't help letting affection and wanting to approve creep into it.

"Now criticism from a disinterested person is constructive. It's something you can get your teeth into.

"We found that out the next year, when we expanded our band to five pieces and began playing for the sorority and fraternity dances. College boys and girls are as hard boiled as they come. They're not going to fling (*Continued on page 61*)

Eddy Duchin is "tops" among band-leaders.

By Elizabeth Benneche Petersen

Patti, Jane and Helen Pickens.

..THE BREAK-

WHEN the Pickens sisters break up—and the combination *will* break up before very long—there will be no careers sacrificed and no hearts broken.

For each of these girls has her own plans and ambitions for the future. Each has her own talent, entirely separate from the others, a hope, a dream, a goal, which makes her happily independent.

They smile—Patti, Jane, Helen, and Grace, who acts as their manager—when someone makes the oft-repeated prophecy that some dark day tragedy will overtake them: a personal ambition, marriage, the desire for a child, will lure one sister from the group and leave the others career-less, with blank futures and broken dreams.

The people who make these prophecies don't know the Pickens sisters. They don't realize that these girls always have sung together, just for fun. That it never occurred to them to sing for money, to make a career of it, until a quirk of circumstance surprised them by landing a radio contract on their piano. And that now, in their fifth year of phenomenal success, still riding high on the air waves, they consider their singing in trio just a pleasant, unexpected interlude. Oh, they've worked hard at it. But not one of the sisters considers it her real career.

"We've always known," they say, "that sometime the

Patti, Jane and Helen Pickens have definite plans for their separate futures, when or if they do "break up"

By Mildred Mastin

UP OF THE PICKENS SISTERS

trio would dissolve—pleasantly and naturally. We have never fought against that day and we have never hurried it. But we all know what we will do when the break-up comes."

Strangely enough, there is only one of the singing sisters who plans to continue with a musical career—Jane. Of the four girls, she has the finest voice. It was Jane who first left the family home in Georgia to come to New York to study music. It is Jane who makes the complicated harmonic arrangements which the trio uses and which are in no small way responsible for the girls' success.

Many also consider Jane the most beautiful of the sisters. Tall, blonde, almost statuesquely built and radiant with vitality, she is certainly the most striking.

Jane already has received an invitation from the Metropolitan Opera Company for an audition—a dream many fine singers never realize. She hasn't accepted that invitation. She postponed it. With characteristic enthusiasm and intelligence she began at once to increase her hours of study, poring over the scores of opera, learning more and more about the intricacies of harmony. When the singing trio "dissolves pleasantly and naturally," Jane will be thoroughly prepared for that audition.

"Jane will make it, too," the other sisters prophesy loyally. "You just watch. She'll be a star at the Met." And they're probably right. For, in addition to her beauty and her voice, Jane has a kind of vital energy, a determination and singleness of purpose, that permit her to sweep aside all obstacles and ride, triumphantly, to success.

Entirely different from Jane's ambitions are the hopes and dreams of Helen. She is the only one of the trio who is married. Her husband is Salvatore Curioni, a young engineer, an artist by avocation. They met in Hollywood and decided almost immediately to be married. Theirs was a swift, ecstatic courtship. But you can believe, with Helen, that the marriage will be enduring.

For Helen is the quiet one, of dark, subtle beauty. With her the roots grow deep and take hold firmly. You feel that she has weighed carefully the values in life and eliminated glory and fame for peace and love. She has a fine mind. But her thoughts spring from her heart.

It is Helen of the warm and generous spirit who, without thinking of the possibility of publicity or inconvenience to herself, gives her name to the taxicab driver when he gets in bad with a cop. It is Helen who reaches for a silver coin for a beggar, (*Continued on page 92*)

Ray Noble, distinguished CBS band leader, with Al Bowlly, vocalist with the band, and Connie Boswell, singer on the *Refreshment Time* program. Noble also is famous as the composer of many popular song hits.

Composer, band leader, Ray Noble is "a regular fellow"

RAY NOBLE composed *Good Night, Sweetheart,* one of the tenderest, sweetly-sad popular ballads that has come echoing down the lanes of melody for many years. This song has such an appealingly personal note, as though it had been written especially for each one of us in a certain rare mood, that we somehow imagine that we would recognize Ray Noble if we entered a room where he was —since he seems to know us so well.

But there we would be mistaken, for Ray is a bundle of surprises. In the first place, he seems so ridiculously young. His speech is just British enough to be delightful to the ear. Chopping off his words, rising inflexion always ending with a question, a twinkle of humor in and behind it. And yet you would never take him for an Englishman. You would pick out that tall, slender chap, nonchalantly conducting the music, his reddish-blond hair a

Center picture, Ray Noble and the writer, Henry Albert Phillips, at the Rainbow Room. And next a view of the British Maestro "warming up" before opening his program.

By Henry Albert Phillips

trifle awry, as a young Swede. You would find him a curious combination in looks, between Leslie Howard and the Crown Prince of Germany in his prime.

His humorously-inclined upper lip is ornamented with a wisp of tawny moustache. He enters the studio casually, his well-set shoulders thrown back, perhaps his left hand in his trousers' pocket, a twinkle in his eyes that crackles into a smile of recognition now and then, and everybody has difficulty—whether they know him intimately or not—in not calling out: "Hello, Ray!" Although he says comparatively few words to his million-odd audience on the air, he somehow manages to get this gay friendliness over. He has won his wide popularity not only through the extraordinary musical effects he draws from his orchestra-band with astonishing ease, but also through his agreeable way of being important instead of just seeming to be so. He intrigues his seen and his unseen audiences without clowning, wise-cracking or eccentric antics. In other words, Ray Noble is just a regular fellow.

Let's see how Ray Noble works, in one of the most trying experiences for any orchestra leader. The occasion is a program in which three of America's most prominent dance orchestras were to play alternately during the same hour, broadcasting from the same studio—Richard Himber, Guy Lombardo and our Ray Noble. To further intrigue a nation-wide air audience, a symphony orchestra under the direction of Dr. Black was to interpolate renderings from the big stage of the RCA studio. More excitement was furnished by switching to the set at Hollywood, where a big musical picture was in process of making.

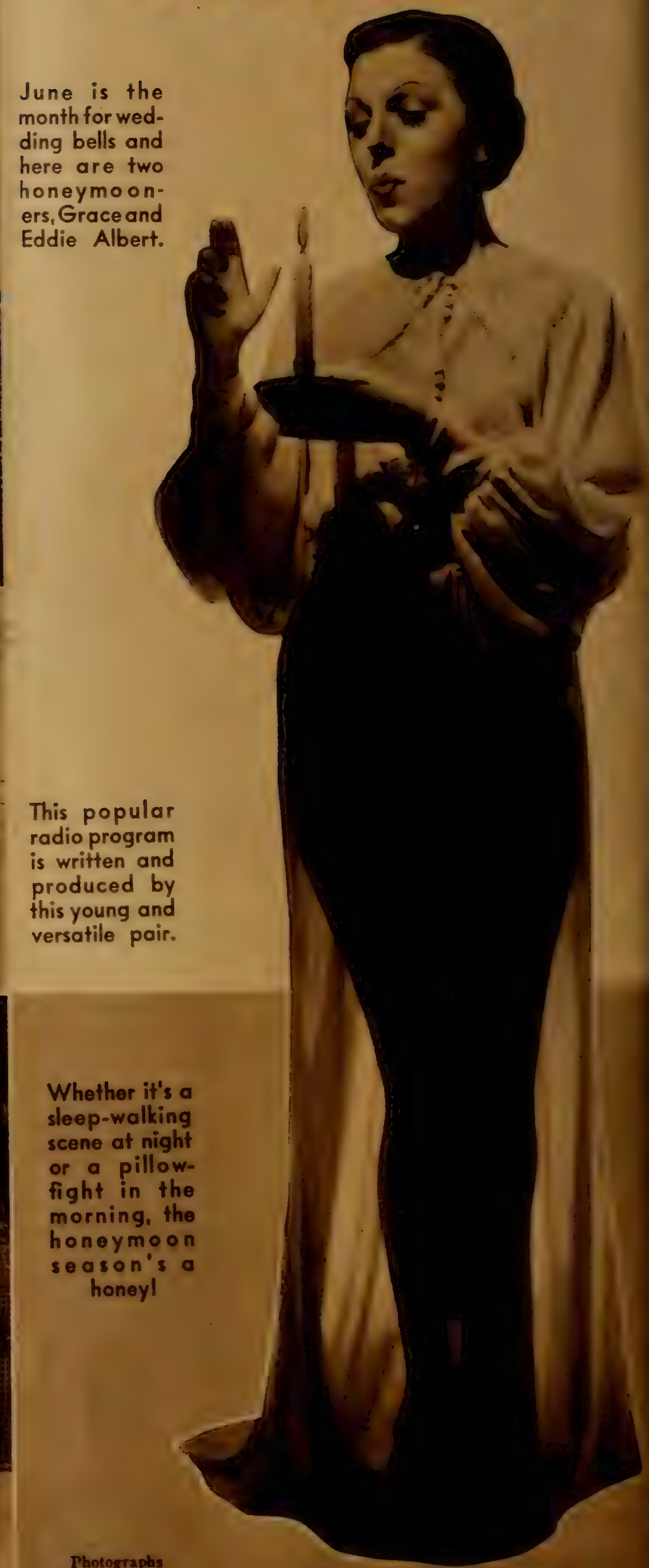
We sat in the glass cage of the control-room, from where we could see the three orchestras arranged along one side of the hall, the symphony orchestra on the stage and the audience that packed the auditorium, including the balconies. A brief "warming up" rehearsal preceded the big show before the audience was admitted. The most interested listeners and spectators were the band leaders themselves, sizing up their competitors and watching their technique during the periods of playing. The large and informal Mr. Himber, the smaller, nattily dressed and sleek Mr. Lombardo, with his (*Continued on page 59*)

Honeymoon SEASON

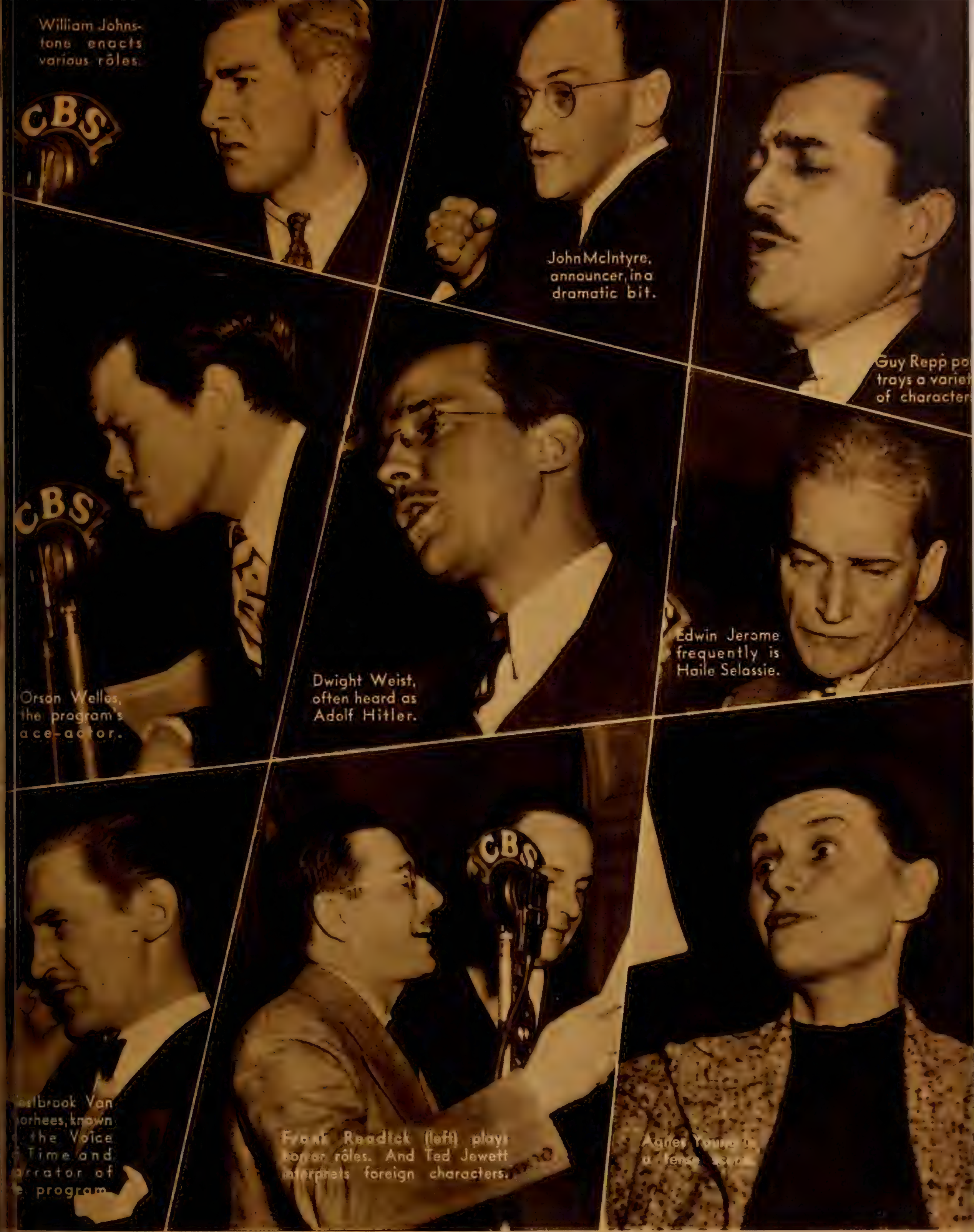
June is the month for wedding bells and here are two honeymooners, Grace and Eddie Albert.

This popular radio program is written and produced by this young and versatile pair.

Whether it's a sleep-walking scene at night or a pillow-fight in the morning, the honeymoon season's a honey!



Photographs by Haussler



William Johnstone enacts various rôles.

John McIntyre, announcer, in a dramatic bit.

Guy Repp portrays a variety of characters.

Orson Welles, the program's ace-actor.

Dwight Weist, often heard as Adolf Hitler.

Edwin Jerome frequently is Haile Selassie.

estbrook Van orhees, known the Voice Time and arrator of e program.

Frank Readick (left) plays foreign rôles. And Ted Jewett interprets foreign characters.

Agnes Young [illegible]

FACE VALUE

A study in expression, The March of Time cast

It clutches at your heart strings, this story of Benny Fields,

SOMETIMES Benny and I sit here in our suite at the Warwick, with bowls of flowers everywhere we look, with telephones ringing and messages coming as regularly as the ticking of the clock and everyone wanting us to go places and do things. And sometimes I feel like crying over it all and then Benny'll get up and do a crazy little step.

"Mamma," he'll say, "how'll you have your peanuts to-night? With caviar or champagne sauce or with truffle stuffing?"

And then we laugh. Laugh as if we'd never stop laughing again.

Only it's different from that time when we *had* to eat peanuts. Those days and days when we ate peanuts and tried to make believe it was fun. We laughed then, too. But we laughed because we were afraid that, if we didn't laugh, we'd cry.

It should be an old story. The flowers, I mean, and the messages and the telephone calls and being able to order anything we want for dinner. For years it had been like that for both of us.

But there was that other time. The time the bottom fell out of our world. The time we ran away from our friends and hid ourselves like a couple of hunted things because we were so bewildered and hurt we couldn't even face sympathy.

In the beginning we felt it couldn't really be happening to us, that to-morrow or the next day or maybe in just ten minutes the telephone would be ringing and there would be an engagement for us.

Benny Fields and Blossom Seeley couldn't be through! Any day now we'd be back on Broadway, in a new musical maybe, or at the Palace singing *Melancholy Baby* and Benny would be twirling his cane again.

All this would be only a bad dream . . . an awfully bad dream . . . *to-morrow.*

Only there were going to be an awful lot of to-morrows before the real one came. Before we knew it, we weren't talking about to-morrow any more, but about next week and next month and next year. And it took us just as long to realize that Broadway wasn't the same old street, with half of its theatres dark and amusement park concessions springing up along it and the Palace, God bless it, turned into a motion-picture house!

Musical comedies and revues were staggering along for a few weeks and closing and vaudeville was dead. For, you see, along with the depression, had come another blow for show people—radio was taking the place of Broadway.

We were in Europe when the crash came. We'd had a few months of grand fun, doing things we'd been promising ourselves for years. Then came a morning in October, one of those grand autumn mornings you find in Paris, with the air so brisk and clear you feel like drinking it and the sun warm on your face and the chestnut trees turning to gold along the boulevards and the chestnuts crunching under your feet as you walked.

Some friends had flown over from London the night before and we'd made a night of it, celebrating. We'd gone to the *Folies Bergére* and the *Moulin Rouge* and *Ciro's* and afterwards we saw dawn come up, the way you see it come up in Paris after a night of fun. At *Les Halles,* with bowls of onion soup in front of us, and watching the farmers driving up in their carts and hearing their sabots clattering as they ambled over to the counter for breakfast.

A morning you didn't want to be whisked through in a taxi. So Benny and I started to walk to the hotel. At the *kiosk,* where we always bought our papers, we saw the headlines in the Paris Herald—screaming at us that the stock market had crashed in New York!

I tried to say something and I couldn't—and when I looked at Benny he was still smiling. Only his smile was different. As if he'd somehow managed to pin the corners of his mouth up. And then, in just a minute, it was his funny old smile again.

Benny Fields, Minstrel Man of *Ziegfeld Follies of the Air* and My Man to his wife, Blossom Seeley.

written for us by his wife

By Blossom Seeley

"Well, Baby," he caught my arm and sort of swung me around as if we'd had *good* news, "here's where Seeley and Fields start from scratch again. Watch us grow, ladies and gentlemen. Watch us grow!"

That's the thing about that man of mine that makes him—well, that makes him just that. Here were the savings we had been thinking meant security and a care-free future swept away. And he could make a joke of it!

There are so many swell things about Benny. His generosity, his loyalty, his good sportsmanship. They're the things that make his friends love him. But it's the other things in him, the silly, foolish, tender things, that would make me pick up and follow him to the ends of the world.

I knew it was going to be like that, the first time I ever laid eyes on him. It was in Chicago, fifteen years ago, and I was looking for a partner. Somebody told me about Benny, who was entertaining in a night club out there, and so I stopped in one night to look over his act.

There were two other fellows working with him. Jack Salisbury, who's retired to his own farm now, and Benny Davis, whom you all know now as a song writer. But Benny Fields was the one who stopped me.

He wasn't so smooth then as he is to-day. But the talent and ability were all there.

(*Cont'd on page 76*)

It's happy days now for Benny Fields and Blossom Seeley, now the hard years are gone!

A PRIMA DONNA Unmasks

Revealing Marion Talley, a girl who never had any fun!

By Gladys Hall

Two views of Marion Talley, former star of the Metropolitan Opera, now starring in the movies and on the Ry-Krisp radio program.

SHE has moonstones for eyes. Gray jewels, with a tranced and mystical expression, set in a small and child-like face. I never have seen such eyes before. They seldom look at you. They gaze into distances and reveal nothing. She has auburn hair. Thin silk skin. A slight, beautiful figure. Number-three hands and feet. She was born in Missouri. She has lost twenty-five pounds in the past two years. By the simple expedient of *not eating*. Which is the only way, says young Miss Talley, by which one can lose weight permanently. Nor does abstinence from food injure the voice, as the rotund opera stars of a bygone, pre-Grace Moore, Lily Pons and Marion Talley day used to claim. They used that apologia, say Marion, for their excess waistlines and tummies. And Marion ought to know. She hasn't eaten. That is the secret of her amazing slenderness. And her voice is richer, more mature, more full-bodied than it was when, at nineteen, she made her début at the Met.

As you must know, if you listen in every Friday night to the *Ry-Krisp* program coming over *NBC* from Hollywood. As you also will know when you both see and hear Marion in her forthcoming Republic Picture, *My Old Kentucky Home*. She is living with her mother and sister, her inseparable companions since, a child of eleven, she first began to sing in public, at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel here in Beverly Hills.

The childlike face is deceptive. (Marion is entering the second year of her second marriage.) There is a very firm and determined young woman back of the smooth silken face. For the flame which is Marion, the artist, is housed in a body descended from sturdy Missouri and Kansas forebears. And the artistic temperament is nicely balanced and controlled by the breed and blood of salt-of-the-earth farmers, ranchers and homesteaders.

Thus, when Marion made her first big money in opera, in concert, on the air, she sank a goodly portion of it in good Kansan soil. She bought a wheat ranch near to her mother's birthplace. A wheat ranch which is bringing her in solid returns. Good earth to which, she says, if her voice should ever fail, if the stock market should finally collapse, banks fail and bonds deflate, or whatever it is they do, she could return. She could grow her own food, have her own rooftree over her head. She never has lived on the ranch to date, but it is there, waiting for her, if she ever should need it. (*Continued on page 71*)

I'LL STICK TO ANNOUNCING

Why Ford Bond will not trade his job for any other one

By Ford Bond

IF THERE is anything more thrilling, more genuinely absorbing and shot through and through with heart-warming human interest than the announcing business, I'd like to know what it is! The behind-the-scenes glimpses of the panorama of American life as you get it over the radio, the close-ups we get of Names-That-Make-News, make our game the only game in the world for us. In my ten years before the microphone there are many experiences which still stand out vividly in my mind.

I remember a talk I had with Max Baer before his fight with Braddock. We were at his training-camp. I knew him well because I had announced his fights before.

"Ford," Maxie said, "my hands are bad. They won't stand a blow."

I looked at his hands. They were so swollen he had to wear rubber sponges over the tape.

"How can you fight? You're crazy to go into it!"

"Oh, they'll go down," he said, hopefully. "The doc looked at them yesterday and said they would be all right. I'll just keep sinking them into Braddock's belly until I'm ready to swing a hard one."

The night of the fight, I was sitting at the ringside. Graham and I were announcing for *NBC*. During the fourth round, Maxie led with his right to Braddock's head. Nothing happened. He looked down at me and I could read his thoughts plainly. In the fifth round, he led a hard one with his left and still nothing happened. He looked down at me again. This time there was such awful despair in his glance that I knew everything was over. And it *was* over.

One of my most interesting memories gives a bit of a sidelight on our President. The incident occurred when Roosevelt was Governor of New York, long before his name was associated with the Presidency. I was sitting in his study, waiting to put him on the air. A telephone call came for him and he had it switched to his study. I couldn't help overhearing his conversation and from his words it became clear to me that even then he had his Presidential campaign well under way.

While we were sitting there, Mrs. Roosevelt came in. "Franklin," she said, "we're going to play hearts tonight."

"But I don't want to play hearts," the Governor replied. "I want to read tonight."

"Now, Franklin, we're going to play hearts."

"But I have some reading to catch up on. I have a new book I want to investigate tonight."

Mrs. Roosevelt sat down for a few moments, without saying anything. Then, rising to leave the room, she left an irrefutable statement. "We'll play hearts tonight, Franklin."

The Governor grumbled to himself, then turned to me with his famous smile and said: "Oh, all right. . . . What's the announcement?"

A man can be governor, president, or a king, I thought, but, if he's married, he takes his orders like the rest of us!

As I look in retrospect through the years, there is a poignant moment, a remembrance of a tragic voice over a telephone, that always will haunt me. It was the voice of Colonel Lindbergh. I was in charge of the announcers' desk for *NBC* the night that the (*Continued on page 79*)

Ford Bond chats with Patti Pickens, orchestra leader Ruby Newman and Jane Pickens, at the Rainbow Grill.

Arlene Francis, mistress of ceremonies of Phil Spitalny's new Hour of Charm program.

Maxine, featured vocalist of the all-girl orchestra, began her career in an amateur show.

Rochelle, one of the piano duo of the program. Lola is the other.

32 GIRLS AND

How Phil Spitalny created radio's first all-girl

"AND I learned about women from her."

When Kipling penned his immortal ballad his mind was far from the grim steppes of Russia and a little boy in an obscure village there. As for the little boy, watching his mother wearily perform a hundred and one odds and ends of drudgery, he never had heard of Kipling. Certainly he had no idea then that he was learning about women—learning lessons that later in life would bring him fortune.

Yet little Phil Spitalny was learning a lesson he was never to forget; ideas were fixing in his impressionable young mind that were to grow with him to manhood, to mature, and finally to take form in achievement. The ideas were to occupy an unique niche in the world of entertainment and radio—eventually to crystallize as Phil Spitalny's all-girl orchestra.

To radio listeners in general, especially to those whose knowledge of musicianship is casual, this first all-feminine aggregation of musicians is primarily a novelty, a daring experiment which luckily has turned out successfully. But to Phil himself his orchestra is a living memorial, a faint gesture of atonement for the injustices he felt the world wreaked upon one other talented woman—his mother.

Phil Spitalny's mother dominated his whole early life and subsequent career, even though hers was a common story as hers was a common fate. There was not even anything unusual in her inordinate love for music, for in the Ukraine where she was born everyone loves music. True, in her it flowered into little short of genius, but in that country and in those days the light of many a genius lay hidden, under drudgery, oftener than not. So Phil's mother played the piano. Had she been a man, there might have been

Twenty-one-year-old Evelyn Kay is concert-mistress of the group.

That sweet saxophone is played by Gypsie Cooper, of Erie, Pa.

A MAN!

orchestra

By Ruth Geri

another Paderewski, another Rachmaninoff—but that is another story.

Men were musicians. Women worked, and raised babies. So Phil's father followed music as a profession, while his wife, in rapid succession, brought nine children into the world. Three are alive and occupy prominent places in the world of music today.

"And I tell you, all of us combined—father, grandpa, my brothers, Leopold and Morris, and myself—all of us together never had as much musicianship as mother had in her little finger," Phil told me. "But we went out in the world. We are the 'musicians.' She slaved away her life over a stove, washing clothes, taking care of the children—yes, and even working in the fields."

Memory clouded his melancholy brown eyes.

"I can't ever forget how red her hands got," he continued. "Work had stiffened her fingers. She used to sit at the piano when I was practicing and try patiently to explain the meaning of a phrase. I can almost hear her saying: 'Ach, my golden one, but you are so stupid! Your fingers, they (*Continued on page 88*)

Phil Spitalny, maestro of this most unusual of orchestras.

FIFI KNOWS THE SECRET

How to be happy though married! Let Fifi D'Orsay tell you

By Miriam Gibson

"I am very lucky," says Fifi. "And I am *sooo happee!*"

"I BLAME ze women for divorce!"

This sweeping statement is made by the scintillating Fifi D'Orsay, star of *Folies de Paree* program.

Whether or not women agree, we must admit, after hearing Fifi's beliefs, there is much to be learned about "holding your man."

"It is easy enough to get a man you love, but to keep him happy—ah, that is different!" Her bright eyes sparkle and wink, as if they knew that secret.

On September 6th, 1933, in Hollywood, Fifi D'Orsay became the wife of Dr. Maurice E. Hill of Chicago. True, two and a half years is not a lengthy marriage but that time is long enough to learn much about a husband. And she has the viewpoint so instinctive to the French woman—that of making love the all-important thing in her life and keeping her husband happy.

We were having tea—Fifi, her sister Alyce, who is as blonde as Fifi is brunette, and myself. Fifi had had no breakfast or lunch and for tea she had scrambled eggs with coffee—no fancy dishes, "for I must keep my figure." This from Fifi, whose figure is the dream of all coutourières! "When you marry it is more important than ever to take care of your appearance. I nevaire go to bed without taking off all my make-up. I use lots of creams and—how you say—lotions. My Maurice wants me to look nice. And you must not get fat. Of course, when women get older, they get a little big," and her ever-moving hands illustrated her meaning. "But you must not get fat!

"And nevaire be jealous." She shook her head. Her eyes flashed. Her hands waved. Fifi believes this to be the root of all evil.

"If a man love you, he does not want any othair woman. When your husband come home, you must not ask him where he has been. If he is tired, mother him and wait until he tells you what he has been doing. Nevaire think he has been with someone else.

"When Maurice and I go to a night-club—he is very good looking—(and she showed me a snapshot to prove to me she was right)—I see women turn and look at him. I like that. It makes me feel—how you say—proud. And I lean over to him and say: 'Darrling, I theenk someone wants to take home my papa!' But it is keeding. He knows I am not jealous. It makes him feel good. It makes him know that I am glad to have a husband other women notice. I am not jealous. I know what I have. And he knows what I have.

"I am not beautiful like Loretta Young, but I have something he fall in love with—something he love me for every day," and she winked and laughed. "You know what I mean, eh?

"Some women, they say, 'Do not look at that blonde. If you look at her again, I'll knock your block off!' That is no way to talk to a *man*. Maybe he was not looking at anyone, but then he think he get blamed for it anyway, so maybe he have a little fun.

"When your husband go away, or you go away from your husband, do not say: 'Be true to me, darling. Do not go out with some other woman.' *Non, non!* Say: 'I know you love me, darling, and I shall miss you'."

Fifi believes that a woman (*Continued on page 67*)

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box.

OFTEN you don't realize how precious a snapshot is going to be. It can bring back the very feel of some day in the past—the thrill, the joy of some wonderful moment. Get your snapshots as you go along—and have them for keeps. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—
you must take Today

ROSITA MORENO in "HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES," a REPUBLIC PICTURE

Doubly ATTRACTIVE!

MEN find her "doubly attractive" since she learned the secret of lovely, fascinating eyes. And it's the same story over and over again whenever a girl first learns how easy it is to have long, lovely lashes.

You, too, can have that fascinating loveliness that invites romance, if you bring out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes with WINX Mascara. It works wonders. Just a touch of WINX to your lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer and more lustrous . . . your eyes sparkle ...your whole appearance seems improved.

Try WINX today and see for yourself why so many smart, well-groomed women use WINX regularly for both daytime and evening make-up. You will particularly like the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft and natural-looking at all times.

WINX Mascara is offered in four colors—black, brown, blue, and green—and in three convenient forms—the *new* Creamy WINX (which is gaining in popularity every day), and the old favorites, Cake WINX and Liquid WINX. All are harmless, smudge-proof, water-proof, non-smarting, and easy to apply.

Your local drug and department stores carry WINX Mascara in the economical large size. You can also obtain the complete line of WINX Eye Beautifiers in *Introductory Sizes* at all 10¢ stores.

WINX Eye Beautifiers

The Radio Hostess

(*Continued from page 15*)

walls, crystal chandelier, Venetian blinds and heavy drapes. The library also is panelled but here the atmosphere of play predominates with the game table set up at all times, waiting for friendly bouts of bridge, checkers or monopoly. Here also is the radio—a huge radio—victrola combination console. The walls of this room are lined with shelf after shelf of books while comfortable couches and easy chairs beckon invitingly.

The entrance hall of this three-story penthouse, twenty-six flights above the street, has a sweeping circular staircase leading to the family living quarters immediately above and to the complete office which Eddie maintains above those. Down these stairs and through this hall, at various intervals, appeared and disappeared the many members of Mr. Cantor's large "supporting cast," consisting of Mrs. Cantor and several of Eddie's daughters who turned up at opportune moments to play the victrola, light cigarettes, answer telephones and greet guests.

Several other characters also made short appearances before going "off stage" into one of the innumerable other rooms of the apartment. Some of these people I recognized, or was introduced to, as the musical director of the Pebeco program, a comedienne in the show, Mr. Cantor's secretary, his accompanist. Then there was a silent and mysterious gentleman who may have been a sponsor (you never can tell about sponsors! Away from the studios they have no distinguishing marks!) People talked, music was played, phones rang—while Eddie by common consent held the centre of the stage. Then suddenly, in the midst of all this hubbub, this little fellow with his round eyes, keen mind and grand sense of humor, decided upon a complete change of scene, mood and tempo. At once, as though picking up their cues, the radio group retired into the living-room to rehearse, the members of the family scattered to continue their own pursuits, the telephone miraculously stopped ringing and the actual interview for which I had come, was on!

Appropriately enough Eddie led the way to the dining-room to talk about the family's favorite dishes, while he ate a late breakfast and his wife Ida and I kept him company and constituted ourselves an amused and interested audience of two. It was probably quite the smallest audience that Mr. Cantor had played to in some time, but certainly a most appreciative one. For Ida very obviously still finds Eddie amusing, which is high praise indeed from a wife who has been married to a comedian for twenty-two years! While I was delighted to find that all I had to do, after directing the conversation into food channels, was to sit back and take notes.

All the Cantors, I soon discovered, love to eat. And Eddie was perfectly willing to be their spokesman for the benefit of the readers of RADIO STARS.

"Everyone in our family looks forward to meal time . . . by that I mean dinner," declared Eddie with emphasis. "Breakfast and lunch are pretty haphazard as to the hour and the number of people who will eat together, because we all have different plans, appointments and schedules. However the servants are used to that and are prepared to serve breakfast or lunch at any old time at all, without kick or comment. But with dinner, it's different. That's an event—a special occasion which every member of the family anticipates with the greatest pleasure.

"Oh boy! We're going to eat in a minute, is our attitude. Actually we are more concerned with the spirit of fun and with the prospects of the laughs we'll have at the table than with the food.

"You know," Eddie went on, quite seriously, "if you're unhappy at meal time, not even the finest wines or the greatest delicacies of a master chef will do you the least bit of good. You'd be far better off with a slice of rye bread and an onion if they were well seasoned with laughter!

"Yes, there's one thing we never serve on our menus—and that's a *grouch*," Eddie continued, while Mrs. Cantor nodded in agreement.

"Most people, I find," declared Eddie sagely, "eat only because they have to, not because they want to. And far too many folks look upon the dinner table as an open battlefield where family fights can come out into the open for an unpleasant airing. In our family, however, we seem to get together for dinner with as keen an appetite for the laughs we know we will have as for the foods that will be served. We never sit down at the table with less than seven present and generally there are twelve or more! We all joke a lot, talk a lot and eat plenty! Not fancy foods, mind you. Elaborate dishes have no place on our menus.

"In the first place, I have to be very careful of my diet when I am broadcasting. People who work at great tension have to reduce their risks. I can't take any chances on jeopardizing my programs by not feeling fit; or worse still by being downright sick. Indigestion wouldn't be just an unfortunate happening with me—it would be downright tragic! I have a sponsor to whom I feel I owe the duty of being at my best for *his* broadcast—which is *my* broadcast because he has bought the time on the air so that an audience can hear me. The members of that audience (and I believe that I'm not boasting in saying that it's a very large one) tune in to hear a good show and it's up to me not to disappoint them. So Mrs. Cantor instructs the cook to serve plain foods with simple seasonings. Brown, appetizing roasts, plenty of fresh vegetables, meat balls, of which I am very fond, and desserts that are not too rich. At this time of year we eat sweets that feature fresh fruits, especially strawberries. As a matter of fact we have strawberries all the year around. If we can't get them where we happen to be, then we order them sent on to us by air express.

(*Continued on page 54*)

Photograph copyrighted by NEA Service Inc.

Five... "Going on Three"

The DIONNE QUINTUPLETS, now safely through their second year

SINCE *the day of their birth, "Lysol" has been the only disinfectant used to help protect these famous babies from the dangers of Infection.*

• • •

The very first registered nurse who reached the Dionne home, that exciting birthday morning in May 1934, had "Lysol" with her in her kit and went to work with it at once.

"Lysol" has been used in thousands and thousands of childbirth operations. For the danger of Infection is high in childbirth; and doctors and nurses know they need a safe, dependable germicide like "Lysol" to help protect both mother and child.

But here is a record for "Lysol" of extraordinary importance. Following the most dramatic childbirth in medical history... in the care of the most watched-over babies in the world... "Lysol" has played, and still plays, a vitally important part.

Their clothes, bedding, diapers, cribs, even their toys, the furniture and woodwork of that snug, modern, little Dafoe Hospital... all have been kept clean with "Lysol," the effective, economical germicide.

Are you giving *your* baby this scientific care? Are you using "Lysol" to clean the nursery, bathroom, the kitchen, laundry, cellar... to disinfect clothes, bedding, telephone mouthpieces, door knobs, banisters, etc.? The scientific care given to the Dionnes is an example every mother should follow. Full directions for correct uses of "Lysol" come with each bottle.

• • •

During last winter's flood disasters, thousands of gallons of "Lysol" were rushed to devastated areas, to fight Infection and epidemics. Doctors, hospitals, and Public Health officers know they can depend on "Lysol".

NEW!...LYSOL HYGIENIC SOAP

...for hands, complexion, bath. A fine, firm, white soap, with the added deodorant property of "Lysol." Protects longer against body odors, without after-odor. Washes away germs and perspiration odors. Try a cake, today!

Lysol Disinfectant

FREE! "Protecting the Dionnes"

— the story, with pictures, of their scientific care

On the occasion of their birthday, these famous babies have a gift *for you!* A free book telling their life-story, and how "Lysol" has helped protect them... full of fascinating facts and photos. Send name and address on a complete "Lysol" carton (any size) to — LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. RS-7. *Sole Distributors* of "Lysol" disinfectant.

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"I want ANTISEPTIC Powder 'cause it chases Germs away for good."

"You ask—why do I want that Mennen powder that's *Antiseptic?* 'Cause—with a world full of nasty germs, of microbes and such things—a feller who wants to be healthy just *can't* be too careful. I know that Mennen Antiseptic Powder scares germs away—chases 'em out of skin folds and creases where they love to hide Not only *that*—but it helps prevent most of the skin irritations babies get. Just imagine! No more chafing or rawness! So listen, Mummy—do me just one favor, will you? Buy me some of that Mennen Antiseptic Powder *today*. I'll be an awfully good feller from then on. *Sure* I will!"

America's first baby powder is now Antiseptic. But it doesn't cost a penny more How foolish to use any other!

W. G. Mennen

MENNEN *Antiseptic* POWDER

The Radio Hostess

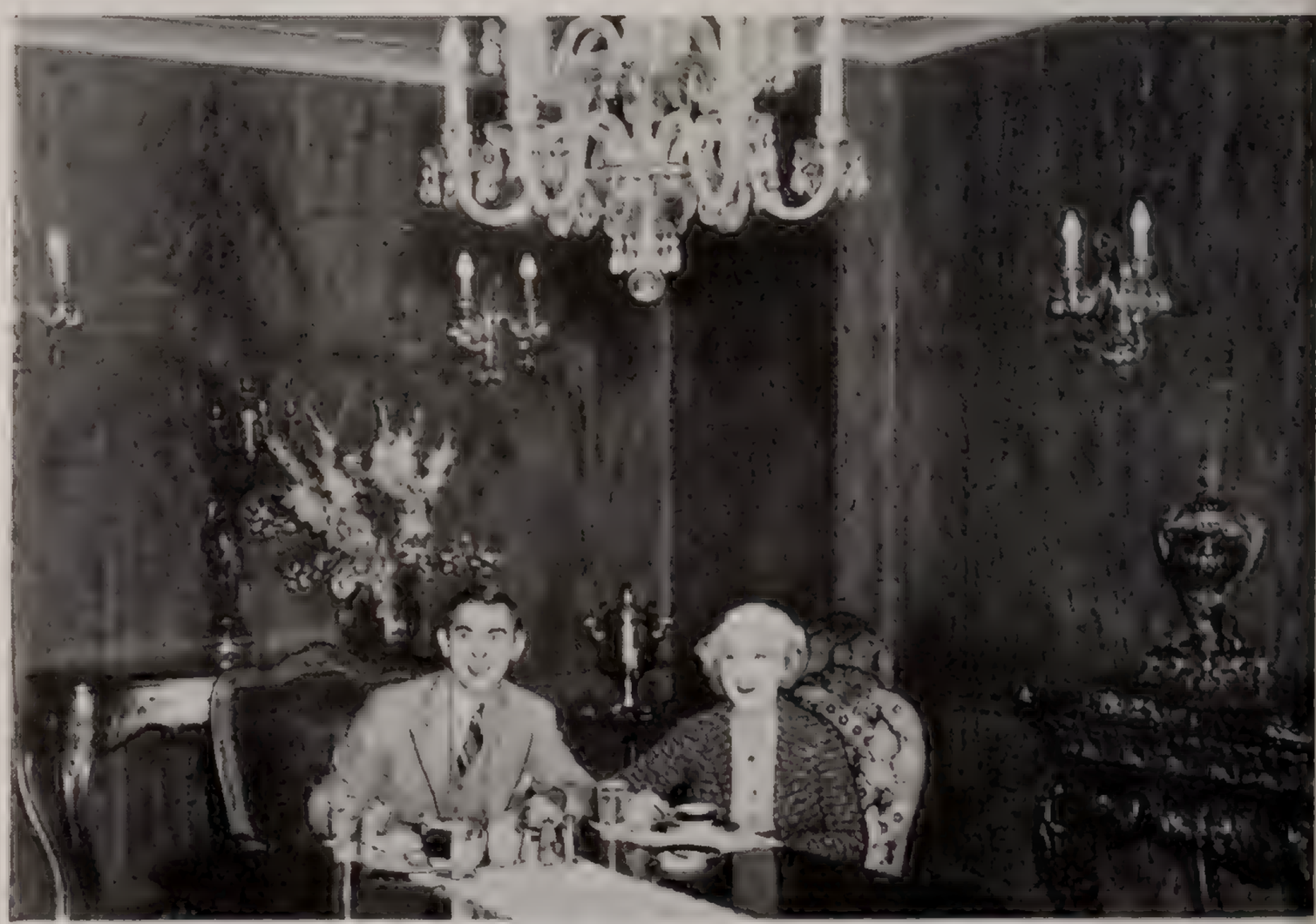
(*Continued from page 52*)

"Desserts, with our family, supply an element of surprise to a meal that gives it added zest. 'What do you suppose it's going to be?' little Janet will ask as the table is being cleared. 'Strawberry-Nut Shortcake,' someone will hazard a guess. 'Nope, I saw the grocery boy bringing in blueberries,' another will declare. 'The ice-box was full of cream,' a young food-spy will announce. Then when the dessert is brought in, it is greeted with varying degrees of enthusiasm—according to the number whose *first favorite* that particular dessert happens to be. Watching their faces around our long table is a picture I never tire of.

"Our cook is Hungarian and we have had her for such a number of years that she knows what we like and how we like it prepared. That's one reason why we all eat home out of preference. As a matter of fact I could count on my fingers the number of times we've eaten out since we came back from the coast. We also entertain extensively but our cook came to us from a small hotel so that when there are a mere twelve or fourteen for dinner it's still a 'pipe' to her—when there are only seven at the table, it's a lark! Remember that never a day passes without at least thirty-six meals being served in our house, since there are seven in family and five in help to be fed three times a day! Even so, I can't remember when we have had to change help. That is because Mrs. Cantor warns the servants before taking them into our employ that we not only have a large family but lots of company. Then, too, we take a personal interest in the problems of those who work for us and Ida has a real motherly attitude towards them." And Eddie fairly beamed on her as he said it.

"Another thing that Mrs. Cantor instructs the cook to do is to keep the refrigerator well supplied with such things as cheese, peanut butter, eggs, sturgeon and various sandwich makings, because we all of us like to raid the ice-box, particularly late at night when we come back to the house from a broadcast, rehearsal or theatre party with a flock of guests in tow. Yes, we get a lot of fun out of eating—anyone can, providing they come to the table with a smile and a resolve not to permit the day's disappointments and the morrow's problems to creep into the conversation at dinner time."

Having delivered himself of those ideas, between bites of a very simple breakfast, Eddie retired from the picture in order to give me a chance to get the family recipes from Mrs. Cantor and the Cantor cook. However, I confined myself to securing a promise from Ida that she would send me recipes for several of their favorite dishes. In a few days they arrived by messenger and I found to my joy that they included directions for making several seasonal berry desserts—the sort of sweets sure to cause you to add your cheers to the Cantors' praises. I'm confident that this will be the case because I've tested them all out myself and I'm 100% sold on their deliciousness. They include the Strawberry-Nut Shortcake, mentioned as being Janet's favorite treat, and which I have had pictured for you in the full flush of its beauty! You'll be surprised and delighted to discover how beautifully chopped nuts blend with the flavor of the berries and what's more you'll vote the cake recipe quite the simplest ever. Make it—as does the Cantor cook—in a round ring-mold pan (the kind you can buy in any chain store) turn it on to a platter and fill the center with berries. And pass sweetened whipped cream separately.



Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Cantor enjoy a snack together in their spacious dining-room with its formal paneled walls and crystal chandelier.

Everybody loves to eat, at Eddie's house—and Eddie isn't above trying his hand at cooking on occasions!

Raspberry Bavarian Cream is another *smooth* sweet recommended by the Cantors. Chilled in individual molds and served with a topping of whipped cream and whole berries, it is a real treat.

Blueberries are one of the finest fruits of the hot season, and served in a Küchen they take on new charms—at least, I've found that that was the case after trying the Cantor Küchen. Try this recipe with a spoonful of vanilla ice-cream on top of it for a new *á la mode* dish that merits an *A1* rating.

And last but by no means least, we come to a recipe for Fruit Tarts which gives you specific directions for making the type of Glacé Syrup which chefs in the finest restaurants and hotels turn out but which you will seldom if ever discover on the dinner tables of private homes. I have learned it from Eddie's cook. I, in turn, wish to pass it on to you. So just send in your coupon for a copy of the favorite recipes of Eddie Cantor and you will learn not only how to make a Glacé Syrup such as any chef might envy but you'll also discover how to make the Cantor Blueberry Küchen, Raspberry Bavarian Cream and that *deevine* looking Strawberry-Nut Shortcake.

RADIO STARS' Cooking School
RADIO STARS Magazine
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me this month's free recipes for Eddie Cantor's favorite fresh fruit desserts.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Let Franco-American help you serve better meals *for less money*

HAPPY husbands call it a "millionaire's dish," they find the flavor so zestful and savory, so superbly satisfying. And thrifty wives rejoice to find something "he" likes that's so easy on their budget, too.

And easy on *them*, as well. Franco-American requires no cooking or fussing, simply heat. It's no work at all for *you*. But we've done a lot of work to get it ready for you! To make the sauce we use *eleven* different ingredients. We blend the luscious goodness of fine, flavorful tomatoes with golden-mellow Cheddar cheese. We add rare spices and seasonings to give piquancy.

You *couldn't* duplicate spaghetti and sauce like this at home for Franco-American's modest price of less than 3¢ a portion, when you consider the cost of buying your ingredients plus the cost of cooking them. And many good home cooks frankly say they couldn't equal the flavor at *any* price!

Get Franco-American today . . . You'll soon see why thrifty women are serving it twice a week or oftener, with meat or without. And you'll find it a grand work-saver these summer days. Order from your grocer *now!*

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

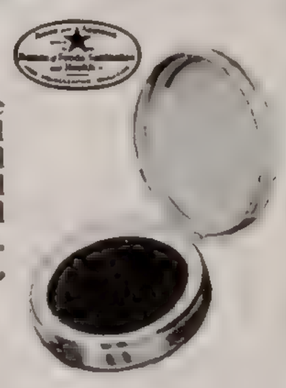
"Keep an eye on the sun"

says Jane Heath

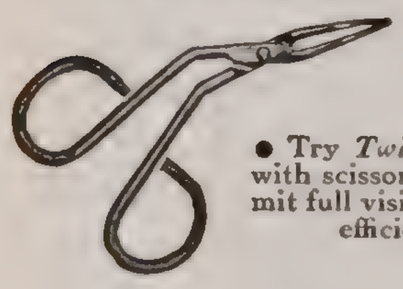
● WATCH Old Sol especially during the summer days, because he does things to your eyes—makes them look pale and squinty when you're in glaring light, playing on the beach or winning a golf match. That's why, if you're smart, you'll outwit him with KURLASH eye make-up and bring out the natural loveliness of your eyes.

First, slip your eyelashes into KURLASH. It's a clever little instrument that curls your eyelashes in 30 seconds and requires no heat, cosmetics or practice. KURLASH is really a beauty necessity, for by curling your lashes your eyes look larger and reveal their full beauty. In the sunlight your curled lashes throw flattering, subtle shadows that make your eyes *glamourous!* Don't be without KURLASH. Buy one today, at your nearest department or drug store, for only $1.

● *Lashtint*, the perfumed liquid mascara, is ideal for swimming days because it doesn't crack, stiffen, weep or rub off. Apply it while the lashes are being curled, by touching the little glass rod to them as they are held in the rubber bows of your KURLASH. In black, brown, green and blue. . . . $1



● *Shadette*, the non-theatrical eye shadow, comes in 12 daytime and evening colors, including gold and silver shades that are grand finishing touches, to be applied alone or over your preferred color. Try *Shadette* some romantic, moonlight night. . . . 75c



● Try *Twissors*—the new tweezers with scissor-handles, curved to permit full vision. They're marvelously efficient, and only 25c.

Kurlash

Write JANE HEATH *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. MM-7,* The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?

Told by topnotchers of the air in reply to oft-repeated questions from their fans

Do you feel that radio acting and singing have created a technique which differs significantly from stage and concert technique?

Bing Crosby: "Radio precludes the use of an audience's best sense . . . vision. It must present a performer through hearing alone. Hence a different technique."

Ireene Wicker: *"The artist of the stage and concert must use a technique somewhat on the lines of a painter of murals, and the artist of radio will acquire the technique of a painter of miniatures. The stage actor must employ broad gestures, and project his voice to keep in harmony with brilliant lighting effects, costumes, free and easy movements, and the vastness of an auditorium filled with people reaching to far-away galleries. The concert singer must project his voice so that it will be heard in the top gallery. But the radio actor cannot move his body—he has no costume—no lights—no scenery—and more often than not, no visible audience. Therefore his broad gestures, his stage setting, even his appearance must somehow be put into his voice. He must mentally visualize everything as vividly as imagination and emotion will allow, and he need not speak in tones louder than those he would use in speaking to a friend—or an enemy—in a small room. In other words, everything must be poured into that voice. His painting is miniature, for if he employs natural gestures, facial and body characteristics so helpful in the delineation of a rôle, he must confine them to the area of inches—not a vast stage.*

"Thank you for inviting me to join your interesting discussion. It's been stimulating to answer the questions because—well—it's meant crystallizing my opinions on the subject next dearest to me—first my family, then radio."

(*Continued on page 64*)

One of radio's youngest band-leaders, Lennie Hayton now conducts for two programs, Ed Wynn's *Gulliver, the Traveler* and *The Flying Red Horse Tavern*, starring Beatrice Lillie.

Two yards of timidity, known as Kenny Baker, tenor of Jack Benny's *Jello Again* broadcast. Kenny really isn't timid now. He just acts that way!

It's No Laughing Matter

(*Continued from page 32*)

only member of the cast who appears in every broadcast."

There's a story in Portland, too—in the way she looks after Fred in their off-mike relationship of husband and wife—ever since they were married back in 1927. To change the subject I said: "Maybe you'd like to tell me about your love-life!"

Allen wouldn't even bite. "I haven't any," he said. "I have to prepare, every week, fifty pages of script, supposed to be funny. I read five newspapers a day, to pick up items for the *Town Hall News*, that can be turned into funny items without offending anybody—and if you think that's a cinch, you're crazy! We mentioned insurance one night and a couple of days later I got this letter . . ."

He handed over a letter from an insurance man, who took Allen to task for making him lose two prospects who were silly enough to take a purely funny remark over the air as a reason for not signing a policy.

"One week I picked up an item that we worked into a sketch, showing how mosquitoes have been killed through the ages. I hope the mosquitoes didn't object!"

It's an old story, of course, this matter of taboos on the air.

"I read all my fan mail," he went on, "and answer many letters myself, because it's sometimes an indication of the way people react to our show. But the fan mail alone takes two full days a week."

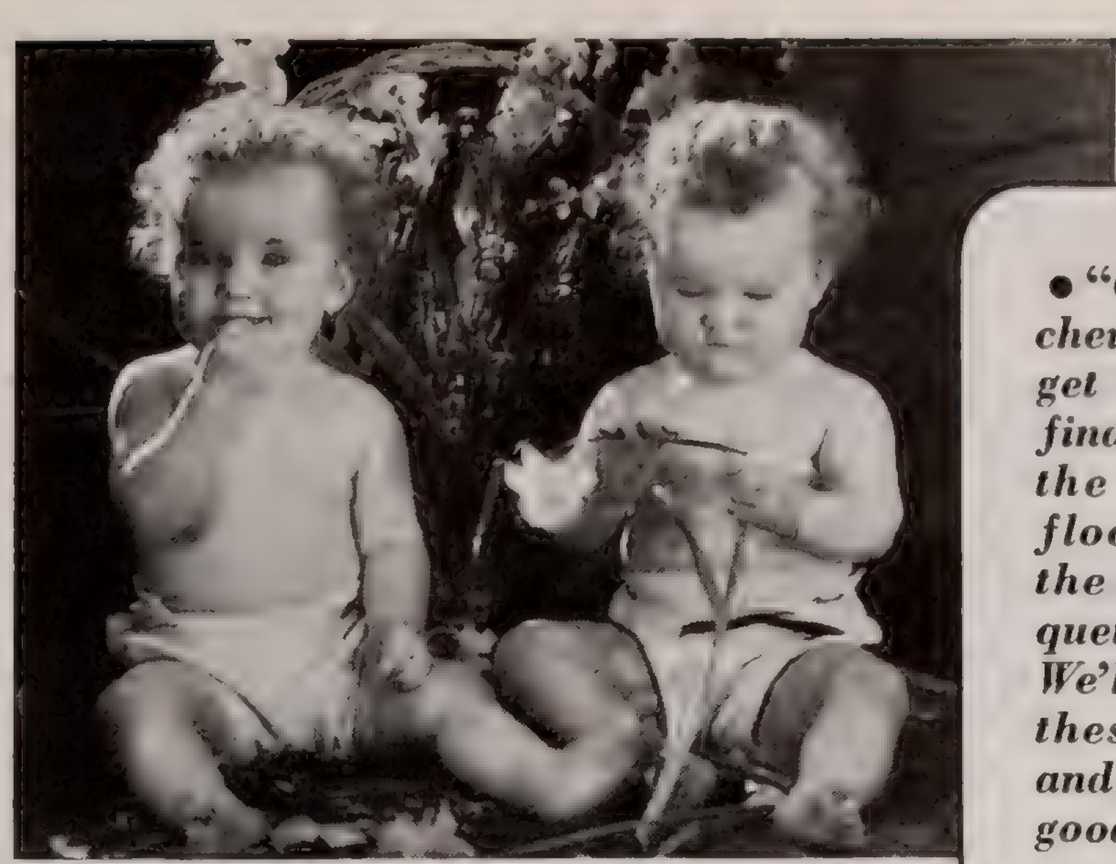
"Why?" I offered brightly, "don't you get some help in writing the show?"

"I've tried it, several times. I have someone now, in fact, who turns out, from time to time, a sketch or an idea that I can use. But I've got to do the actual script job myself."

My guess is that with all Fred Allen's willingness to be helped, it always will be *his* show. It's the only way he can work; his very trick of sounding off, morosely, about how tough it is, is an admission of how personal he makes his work. He not only won't—he can't—sit back and let secretaries answer fan mail, or other writers build his show. He's been a writer of comedy material as long as he's been a comedian and even now hardly a day goes by without one of his innumerable friends calling up, asking for a gag line for a certain situation, a "tag" for a sketch, a little help on a new act. And with all his grousing about it, Fred invariably obliges.

It's the hard way that Fred Allen takes; a painstaking effort to put on entertainment, that wholly occupies his time and leaves no open spaces for personal appearances or pictures.

"You can't do it all at once," he says. "I gotta do one thing at a time. I've done pieces for the New Yorker and College Humor not so long ago. And I used to do a lot of guest columns for Winchell and other columnists, but I'm not doing



• *"Come on—stop chewing petals and get busy! Imagine finding flowers on the living-room floor—we'll pick the loveliest bouquet for Mother! We'll tear off all these old leaves and break the stems good and short..."*

• *"Aw—brace up! Picking flowers isn't such hard work. Show some of the old ginger! I know it's 95 in the shade today and we're both sticky as yesterday's bib... but just keep going and you won't notice the heat!"*

• *"Say—wait a minute! Your shoulder's prickly and red! Nope—kissing doesn't make it well... We'd better ask Mother to give us a sprinkle of Johnson's Baby Powder. That soft, downy powder'll make a new baby of you!"*

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder...your baby's friend every day, but most of all when the weather's hot and sticky! Prickly heat and chafes and rashes stay away when I'm on guard. I'm soft as satin, for I'm made of the very finest Italian talc. And no orris-root. I hope you use Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, too—and Johnson's Oil for tiny babies!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

any outside writing any more. I've sold to shows a few sketches we did on the air, but most of the time you write it—do it—and it's gone. Radio is like tattooing the wing of a butterfly!"

Maybe by this time you've gathered that Fred Allen is not complaining about his job at all! It's about himself—for being so wholly wrapped up in his job. And it's been that way ever since he first started in radio. You know, of course, that he started his career by studying a book on juggling while he was working in the Boston Public Library. That he entered innumerable amateur contests, invariably losing, and finally went into vaudeville as Fred James, changed his name to Fred Allen so the booking office wouldn't hold him down to his old salary and eventually became comedy star of many musicals, among them the hits, *The Little Show*, and *Three's a Crowd*.

When radio was still rather new he auditioned a few times . . . but let him tell it:

"Stoop and Budd were among the few radio comedians then," he says. *"The Funnyboners, The Happiness Boys*—were all going strong. There was a fellow in one of the agencies I used to get a call from every time he had a prospective sponsor for a comedy show. The first audition I gave went fine. They put me in a studio room, alone in front of the mike and I talked a blue streak to the cold mike for ten minutes. When it was over the control man came out, said it was swell, shook hands with me and I went home to wait . . . and nothing happened.

"After awhile I got another call. 'I've got a pen manufacturer,' the fellow said. 'We want you to come over and audition again.' So I went over to the studio, talked to the microphone again for ten minutes, shook hands with the control man and went home and waited again. Still nothing happened. After this same routine was repeated a few times I wrote up a ten-minute monologue to be ready for more calls." Fred spoke with his characteristic small-town drawl, and chuckled a little.

"After awhile I got used to it. . . When *Three's A Crowd* closed, there weren't any shows that looked good. My agency man had another account then, looking for a radio show. So we made a recording of the program—the sponsor was too busy even to come and hear it. When they played the record for the sponsor, in his office, the phonograph broke down in the middle and he never heard the balance of the program. He didn't think much of it, anyway, but he said he thought the man with the flat voice was funny!" Fred Allen chuckled heartily at that. "The guy had never heard of me at all—in case I thought I was famous!

"They wanted to know if I could write the show, regularly. So every week, for four weeks, I wrote a new script and brought it into the office—before the show was ever on the air."

"Just to prove," I asked, "that you could write it?"

"Sure. I'd bring in the script. They'd all sit around and read the script and look at each other solemnly. Then they'd all look at me. I'd go home and write another script.

"After a month they hired a fellow to collaborate with me and before we knew it we were on the air. The idea was that my collaborator knew radio and would help on the radio angle.

"He would meet me, to work on the script. It would go something like this:

"He'd light a cigar and puff furiously until the air in the room was unbreathable. We'd have a sheet of paper, and he'd say: 'We'll open up with some musical number' . . . and he'd draw a straight line across the paper. 'Then an announcement . . .' another straight line, 'and a vocal selection . . .' another straight line. 'Then you come on for about five minutes of good, fast comedy . . . in about here . . .' A lot of straight lines across the paper. 'Then we'll spot the commercial announcement—or maybe another band number first . . .' More lines. It would go on that way for maybe an hour or so. Then he'd jump up, pat me on the back and say: 'Well, we've got that all straightened out,' and leave me with a room full of smoke and a paper full of pencil lines, and nothing to do but write the script!

"One week he made *circles* . . . and I got sore!"

For six months Allen used the radio as a proving ground. "I figured that radio didn't want outworn vaudeville stuff . . . it wouldn't hold out. So we tried to develop material aimed primarily at the air audience—stuff to fit the medium. I'm still working, so I guess the theory was all right. But it's tough, just the same. Every Wednesday night is like a new first-night opening in the theatre!"

Fred admits to being always a bit nervous, between delivering his comedy in his easy, natural style, keeping an eye on the clock and worrying about the second half of the show—where there is no script to work from. He doesn't have any personal hand in auditioning the amateurs and the remarks he makes while introducing them are really impromptu. His program is one of the few that functions as a self-contained unit, being brought into the studio intact; Allen is completely in charge, though naturally suggestions from his agency are not ignored. It does avoid the too common "sponsor trouble."

He finds that everybody works easier on the second—the "repeat"—broadcast, three hours later. And the same amateurs do not always win the second time, since there is a different studio audience. Everybody in the show seems to get along fine with him and have a lot of fun doing it. In the first rehearsal the script is half again as long as the finished product, before final cuts and changes are made—which Allen does after rehearsal.

He has bland blue eyes, the same manner of talking you hear over the microphone. His nationality—but probably you know he was born John F. Sullivan. He slides his index finger along his nose as he works, in a habitual, subconscious gesture, and he laughs at others' gags. The first time Jack Smart—the man of a thousand voices—appeared on Fred's show, Allen broke up with laughter over Smart's Scotch dialect.

As I was about to leave something flickered in the air near him. He made a quick sweep of the hand and looked at the insect he had captured.

"It's a moth," he drawled. "No—it's a miller, I guess. If it's a Joe Miller I'll use it in my next broadcast!"

Ambassador of Good Will and Melody

(*Continued from page 41*)

shining black hair parted in the middle and faultlessly groomed and our Mr. Noble, nonchalant, debonair and smiling.

Our attention was focussed on Ray Noble, who both opened and closed the dance-orchestral program with his interpretation of Irving Berlin's fascinating new music, that never before had been heard on the air.

Noble came into the glass enclosure to listen to his boys and get the balance; giving his instructions through the microphone connected with the studio beyond the glass walls. He gave the signal and they went over a few bars: "Too much brass down front!" he called out, before they had gone through ten seconds. "Try again, boys, will you, please?" Then, to several of the incoming audience: "Kindly refrain from moving those chairs about—there's a good people!" he said, smiling. Presently Ray emerges from the glass house and pats his singing trio on the shoulders. "Rather nice, that," he compliments them.

There is a five-minute breathing spell before we shall be on the air, so we join the leaders and the technical staff in a last-minute smoke in the little vestibule. The red warning signal flashes and we hurry inside our special loge.

We are on the air! The chief technician stands by, watching, listening anxiously. The time-checker stands up and gives the signal for each section of the broadcast, setting it down on paper. Milton Cross, the announcer, begins the "commercial" talk of introduction, the chief operator seated before banks of dials like a pipe organ manual, his eye always on the needle indicating the volume and balance of sound. A huge loud-speaker is at our side, otherwise we might as well be in Omaha, for no sound can otherwise get into or out of the little room. *Tannhauser* is played by the symphony orchestra, Frank Black conducting. The Yale Glee Club sings, and files out. Our Ray Noble is announced. Applause. He rises and walks out front.

He gives the audience a side glance with a twinkle in his eye. There is whispering in the audience. They can't believe it. "This young boy—Ray Noble?" But he has clicked already; they like him. He does his bit. He conducts almost solely with his fingers and his face. He scarcely extends his arms at all. He crooks his little finger and the music takes an unexpected turn. He raises a finger as though in warning and the brasses fade out. He leans forward making a *"moo"* of the mouth and the clarinet lifts its plaintive voice above the other instruments. A shift of his hands and the flute shrills out in an amazing effect. The trio steps forward and he raises his fingers like a broker

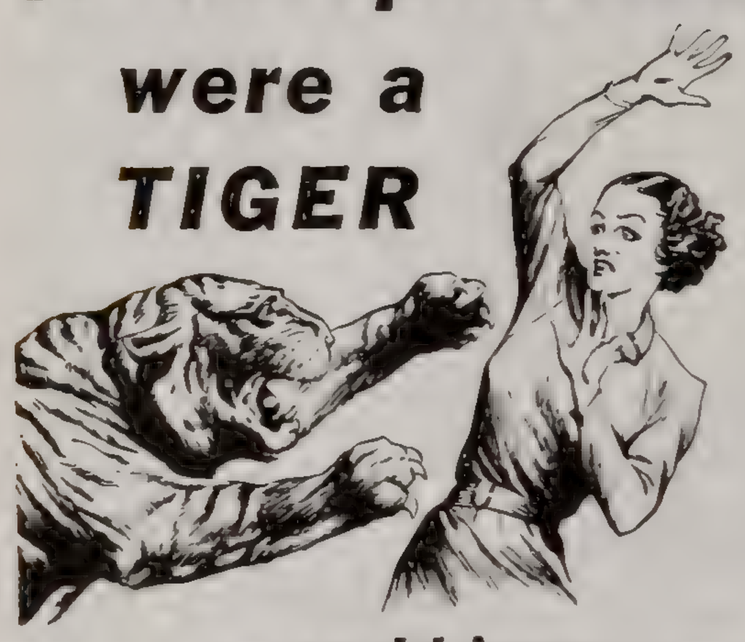
Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

LEADING dental authorities are agreed: "Most bad breath is caused by *improperly cleaned teeth!*"

Decaying food deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are by far the most common source of this social handicap—and of much tooth decay. Colgate Dental Cream has a special *penetrating* foam which thoroughly cleans each hidden crevice; and a soft grit-free ingredient which safely polishes the enamel . . . makes smiles sparkle.

So brush your teeth, gums, tongue with Colgate's at least twice daily. If you are not entirely satisfied, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.

IF Perspiration were a TIGER



—you'd jump to protect yourself from its ravages! Yet the insidious corroding acid of perspiration can destroy the under-arm fabric of your dresses as surely, as completely, as the scarifying claws of a tiger's paw!

Answers to thousands of questionnaires revealed the astounding fact that during the past year perspiration spoiled garments for 1 woman in 3! What appalling wasteful extravagance, when a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields would have saved any one of them at trifling cost.

And this *surest* form of perspiration protection is now the *easiest* also! Kleinert's Bra-form is a dainty uplift bra equipped with shields—always ready, *without any sewing*, to wear with any dress at any moment. A supply of two or three solves the perspiration problem for the busiest woman and they're as easily swished through the nightly soapsuds as your stockings and lingerie!

Just ask for "Kleinert's" at your favorite notion counter—shields, 25¢ and up; Bra-forms, $1.00 and up.

Kleinert's
T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
DRESS SHIELDS

bidding on the stock market and the whole composition blends.

The broadcast over, we go downstairs to the drugstore lunch of Radio City and sit down at a marble-topped table with Ray chaffing everybody. For the moment, we go British and join Ray with a "spot" of tea.

"How did you get this way?" we ask, after we have finally succeeded in shooing away all the people who want to sit and talk to Ray.

"Curious thing, in London, y'know, a program involves doing light music selections, novelties, light opera. There is a house staff that goes under all sorts of names. But persons like to have a handle to their name, don't they? So, I said, "Look here, why not put my name to it?" The Victor people had already decided that the concerts were worthy of records. From then on, I began to receive fan mail. Well, at any rate, there began to be inquiries from this side of the water. I've been here eighteen months; one year consecutively on the air. I've brought over three of my original band. I spent three weeks in collecting a new outfit. My first band I threw out—you know? We finally got a complete orchestra together—which is the same you hear on the Coca Cola Hour and at the Rainbow Room, Radio City."

When we ask him if he would now like to spend all his time in America, he hesitates politely, and then says: "Well, you see, it's this way—I'd like to spend half my time over here—six months over here and six months over there. I'm strictly a family man—wife, relatives, and all that sort of thing, y'know. The English are a conservative people, y'know? Tendency over there, on the air, is to educate rather than to entertain, as we are doing over here. That's one of the reasons I'm over here; I love to entertain an audience. I never had my band do anything heavier than Johann Strauss, Offenbach and that sort of thing. Never actually made a personal appearance on the other side, except once I went to Holland with my players over a holiday. Now my band and I are going out to make personal appearances and fill engagements on a well-scheduled tour through Canada and the States. That means laying off the Rainbow Room for a few months, but we have contracted to return in the fall. My programs on the air will go running along, of course.

"How did I become—this—?" He spread his hands, including with a smile the Ray Noble band family that was sitting around at tables. "Well, really—I began, you might say, at Dulwich College. Not a university, y'know. I never got any further. Leslie Howard and P. G. Wodehouse were Dulwich boys. A bit older than I am. I decided to become a journalist right off. I was pretty good at composition. My father was a doctor, but he had done something of the sort on the side—*How To Keep Warm In Winter, How To Breathe In A Fog.* I'd been writing articles myself, but they all came back. So with all my literary talent and heritage, trembling in every limb, I answered an advertisement of a firm that was getting out an encyclopedia. 'What can you do?' they asked. 'Oh, a bit of German, French and correct English,' I boasted. 'Tell me, can you speak Bulgarian?' the chap asked. 'We're doing rather a long piece on Bulgaria, and need someone who speaks the language.'"

P S. He did not get the job.

"You see, I had been trained privately for serious music—strictly serious composition. Even as a child of six, I did a fair sort of a job on the piano. I wrote my first song at ten. Later I produced the shows at school and wrote the musical pieces for them. I tried for a degree in music but always broke out in a cold sweat and got nowhere in my examination. Then I would cut school and go to see the Darby on a bike.

"Father and I figured there was nothing in music, however, so a career in commerce was planned out for me. I learned shorthand and bookkeeping. I got a job, but the damned books never came out right, so I thought best to throw the whole thing up.

"I taught myself broadcasting, drawing on my experience in making many records for the Victor people. So much lies in the arrangement and I am one of the fools who spends too much time orchestrating for my own band. The result is that I have only written one song in a year: *If You Love Me.* I've had marvelous reaction from all the other men in the business, who are all putting it in their programs. If it doesn't go, it is my fault."

It isn't quite the whole story. There is one other chapter, and that we shall skim through briefly in a visit in New York's smartest dinner and night club locale, the Rainbow Room, on the 65th floor of the *NBC* Building in Radio City.

Amidst a faultlessly groomed group of a couple of hundred persons clad in evening clothes, we alternately eat and gaze out of the windows down upon one of the most gorgeous spectacles ever behel —the Metropolis nearly a thousand feet below traced like an arabesque pattern with a million dazzling and blinking lights—Central Park, the bridges across the East River, the George Washington Bridge up the Hudson, the streets of all the five Boroughs and finally, nearby, the tallest building in the world, the Empire State like a lantern in the sky. Ray Noble's own song, *Why Stars Come Out At Night*, which he wrote for Paramount's *Big Broadcast of 1936* and in which he and his orchestra were featured, came to my mind. *By the Fireside, It's All Forgotten Now* and *The Very Thought of You*, all hits in the United States as well as abroad, sang and danced through our heads before we realized that it was Ray's own orchestra directed by him, on a dais above the great circular floor.

It was the same old Ray Noble, of the studio and of the drugstore. He had come in unostentatiously and stood before his band, directing as though it were a five-finger exercise. Occasionally he mounted the stool of the piano and led them, playing with a virtuoso touch. He mingled with the guests, he walked about he smiled, he sat down at a table. The band played on; sometimes without him But everybody in the room was conscious of his presence. He smiled and they smiled. A number of them called out *"Hello, Ray!"*

Yes, Ray Noble is a personality. And regular fellow.

Prescription for Success

(Continued from page 37)

pretty compliments around for the fun of it. Especially when they are paying for something.

"They were used to good music at the smart clubs and hotels where they danced and they wanted good music for their own dances. They weren't paying for amateurs and if we wanted to keep on we had to become professionals."

Eddy Duchin learned a lot about rhythm and tempo in those days. And little by little, without even being conscious of it himself, his playing changed. Became smoother. More polished. Developed the flair of a professional performance.

That year, it was in nineteen twenty-eight and Eddy was in his junior year at college, he was auditioned by Leo Reisman in the old Waldorf Astoria Hotel. He went back to school—and then came opportunity! Reisman wanted him to be his pianist for his engagement at the Central Park Casino.

It was a flattering offer. The opening of the Casino and Reisman's orchestra had created a terrific stir in New York. And here was a college boy getting a chance which musicians with years of experience would have jumped at.

But Eddy Duchin didn't let it go to his head. He joined Reisman's orchestra for three months and at the end of that time he went back to college and completed his course. Young as he was he knew a rocket could come down as quickly as it could shoot up. And he was determined that a brief experience in a musical career, the thing he wanted above everything else in the world, wasn't going to leave him out on a limb.

So his degree of Graduate Pharmacist became his ace in the hole, his umbrella for the proverbial rainy day. And have you ever noticed that when you're all prepared for a rainy day with galoshes and rain coat and umbrella, it never comes?

Armed with the confidence brought by that Pharmaceutical degree, Eddie went back to Reisman and the Casino. The youngster with eager eyes and a wide smile and the amazing talent that had made him tops, became the rage that year. Lovers danced to his music and his rhythm became a part of their emotion. Musicians came to hear him. The great Rachmaninoff himself nodded his approval. Middle-aged couples relived the ecstasy of their courting days and even the old awoke to dream again.

That was the year the Park Avenue crowd went Eddy Duchin in a great big way. He played at their cocktail parties and gave piano lessons and his charm, added to his playing, made him one of that inner circle.

One of his first piano pupils was Marjorie Oelrichs. An amazing girl, Marjorie. Not just any débutante with a family tree behind her, but one of the two or three society girls who are personalities. One

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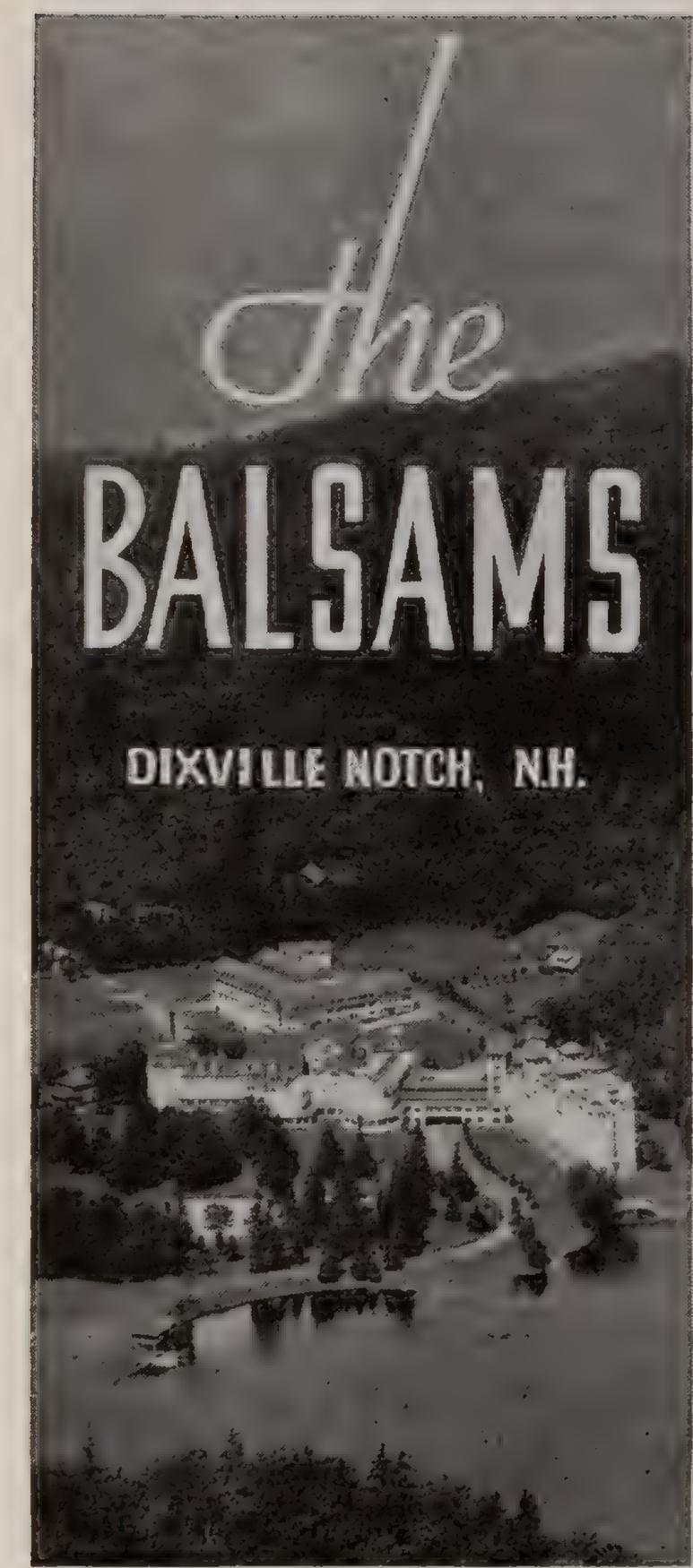

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of the glamorous, exciting ones, who always make copy and have almost as many fans as a movie star. It says a lot for Eddy Duchin that a girl like Marjorie Oelrichs became his friend. And from the beginning everything that happened to him had to be told to her before any one else.

Things were moving fast for Duchin. Before another year was over he had organized his own band. Shortly after that he was on the radio. His was no meteoric flash. With every year that went on he was so much farther along the road to success.

Then came the country-wide tour for *Texaco,* with broadcasts in the principal cities. He started something on that tour. Ambitious boys and girls, with their own dreams of careers, were auditioned and the most promising appeared on his programs. One boy and one girl were chosen from each city and out of the thirty singers who got their first chance with him, twenty-two have really made good and are professional entertainers today. Kenny Baker was one of them.

"I like to think I had something to do with their success," Duchin stooped over to pat Kiltie, the little Scotch terrier, whose first dour yelps over the disturbing of his routine subsided in a sigh of contentment. "The little bit another person can do, I mean. A first chance is important, of course. Awfully important. But the rest of it is something you can only give yourself.

"The amateur has come into the limelight these days. He's given a chance such as he never had before. Awards and engagements at theatres and things like that. I'd like to talk to those boys and girls, for there's a danger to them in all this. They are appearing in theatres and on the radio as amateurs now. They are getting a glimpse of an exciting, glamorous existence that is new and strange. But they can't remain amateurs forever.

"Some of them never will make the grade between being an amateur and becoming a professional. And a lot of these boys and girls will go back to their old lives and the unexciting routine of work they thought they had left behind them for ever. Others will be misfits for the rest of their lives, unable ever to adjust to workaday things again.

"Some of them will find success. But only after they have earned it.

"Take these amateurs you are hearing over your radio today. One is a singer, another a piano player, another a one-man band. Ten to one, if they are smart, they are taking lessons to improve their particular talent. But that isn't enough.

"The true performer's smoothness goes beyond his singing or saxophone playing or whatever his particular forte may be. He has ease in everything he does. His voice, the way he holds his head, the set to his shoulders, his walk across the stage. Every one of these things is a part of his performance.

"When I started I never had any thought that I would ever have to talk professionally, but my voice wasn't as low pitched as I wanted it to be. I took speaking lessons, learned to breath properly until my voice was pulled down to the key where I wanted it. I took walking lessons, too, went to a gym to build up my shoulders. And, you can laugh if you want to, I took a fling at tap dancing!

"If an amateur is smart, he'll do these things. He'll start when he's a kid in school to lay a foundation for his future. Scholarship isn't the only thing you can learn in high school and college. You can learn poise and social graces by joining clubs and fraternities and mixing with other students. That's the sort of thing that gives you personality, that helps you professionally, if you make good, and even if you don't it will be a heaven-sent gift in helping to adjust to another life.

"People don't become stars over night. Success on Broadway or the radio isn't gained by winning a contest. It's earned by years of hard work. By studying. By practise. By constant plugging to get the smoothness and technique the true professional has acquired, whether he be a hoofer playing in the sticks or a headliner on Broadway.

"A sporting writer I know speaks of that little extra that makes the champion boxer or baseball pitcher or tennis player. It's that little extra that makes the stage professional, too. And all these things go into that little extra that puts you ahead of the crowd.

"When you see real finesse, you can bet your bottom dollar there are years of work behind it. Look at Benny Fields and the spectacular success he's having today. I've heard people referring to him as a newcomer. Why, there are hours of practise behind that easy swirling of his cane, behind the stamp of his foot accentuating a note in his song. He headlined at the Palace years ago. It's the stuff he has, the years of professional performance back of him, that's responsible for his comeback today."

Eddy Duchin learned a lot in that trip around the country. More important than anything else, he learned that he was in love.

It was six years since he had first met Marjorie Oelrichs and they had been friends since the beginning. Grand friends. The sort who always laugh a lot when they are together and always have a lot to say to each other. The sort of friends who can make a room full of people suddenly come alive for the other, just by happening to walk into it.

They didn't realize, at first, that they were in love. They had seen other people madly in love, seen the tempestuous outbursts, the mad quarreling, the frenzied making up. Everyone said that that was a part of love. Eddy thought it was, too. So did Marjorie. But their friendship knew no tempests.

But on that trip, separated from her for the longest time since he had met her, Eddy missed Marjorie terribly, found himself thinking of the way her eyes curled up at the corners when she laughed, the tender curve her lips formed in smiling. Found himself calling her on long distance because there was so much he had to say to her.

There always had been calmness, happiness, between them. Now there was a loneliness he had never known before.

Eddy found himself broadcasting the songs she loved—and wondering if she were listening in and if she knew he was playing them for her. And as soon as he got back to New York he rushed to her apartment to tell her of the discovery he had made.

The newspapers played up their mar-

riage. *Band-Leader Marries Society Girl* . . . It made the sort of reading the public loves.

Only Eddy Duchin knew the newspaper stories weren't true at all. He hadn't married a society girl. He had married Marjorie, the girl who had been his friend for six years.

"People who don't know her talk of Marjorie as an aristocrat," he said. "But if ever there was a working girl at heart, that girl is Marjorie. She's always worked. First in the shop her mother owned on Madison Avenue and later on her own as an interior decorator. She paints and she's written short stories and I've never seen her idle for a moment since I first met her. Right now she's making plans for decorating a hotel.

"The fact that she is in the Social Register didn't give her glamor in my eyes and she wasn't thrilled because I was a band-leader. We were two people with a lot in common, who understood each other and what we were doing pretty thoroughly. We had mutual friends. She had known my professional ones before she met me, just as I had become friends with her crowd before I ever gave her that first lesson. We didn't have to cross any bridges to get together. There weren't any to cross.

"The day after we were married, Marjorie left on the road with me, on a tour through the middle west, and she loved every minute of it—the one-night stands, the hustling around, the long bus trips when we couldn't make train connections.

"Marjorie was the only woman in the band, but no one seemed to think anything of it. She was such a good sport that the boys treated her like one of us.

"She was so interested in the little towns we went through and it was fun roaming through new streets, visiting shops, buying things we were going to use together.

"It's grand to be married to a girl like that, a girl who finds her own interests and her own work when my work keeps me away from her. A girl who understands my work as well as she understands me. A girl you always want to talk to!"

It isn't strange that Eddy Duchin has found happiness in his marriage. Any more than that he has found success in his career!

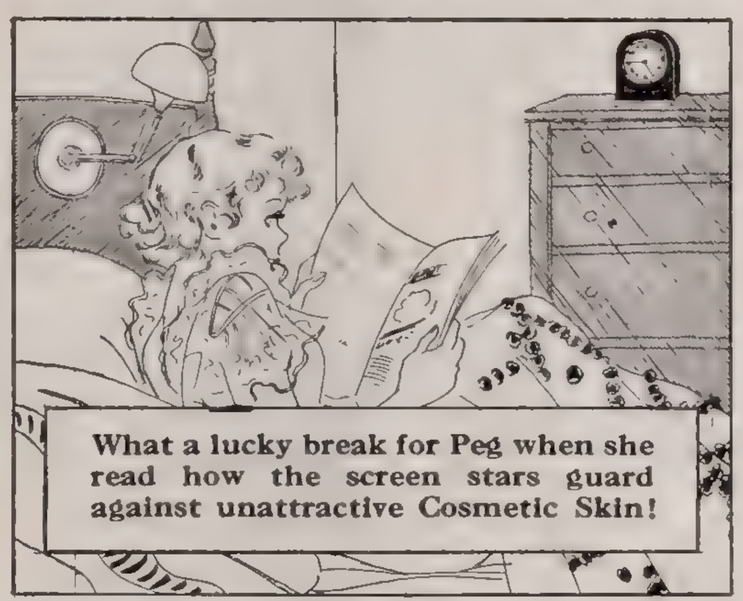
His suite at the Plaza is charming with its English chintzes, its old crystal candelabras, its bowls of flowers, its concert grand piano. It's charming with other things, too. With new books and magazines, with vivid wool tumbling out of the knitting basket on the divan, with a girl's bright hat flung carelessly on a chair and Kiltie, the Scottie, growling at any stranger who dares intrude in all his happiness.

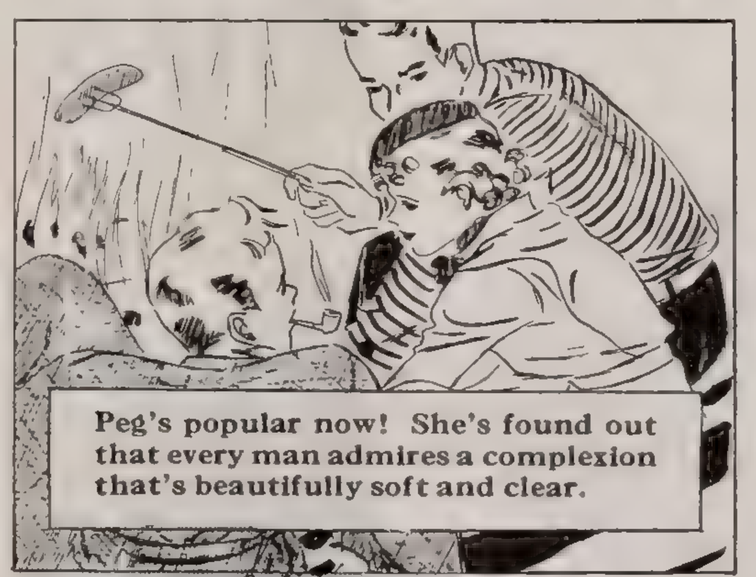
They're all a part of the thing Eddy and Marjorie have built for themselves, the life which two smart young moderns have fashioned to their own desires.

Watch for the August issue of
RADIO STARS
for fascinating and authentic stories of your favorite stars.

Here's JOAN BLONDELL caring for a million-dollar skin

Here's a girl like YOU who's learned Joan Blondell's beauty secret





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SSS TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again

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Nothing But the Truth?

(Continued from page 56)

Ed Wynn: **"Definitely so. The suppression of tone made necessary by the mechanism of radio has, in my opinion, brought to the entertainment field a technique which is absolutely of no use to the stage whatsoever."**

Lucy Monroe: "The legit actor has four weeks and usually an out-of-town try-out to build and establish his character —the radio actor a few hours at most. The fade-ins and fade-outs used to depict entrances and exits are a difficult angle of radio technique to master. As to singing . . . the technique of the concert and radio singer should be the same —excepting the fact that the mike mercilessly discloses faults of pitch, breathing and phrasing, often less noticeable in the concert hall!"

Edward MacHugh: *"I think radio and stage technique are as different as day and night. Radio has and will make great artists. For instance, a singer does not have to worry about his audience in the balcony being unable to hear him. He does not have to work so hard. He can therefore concentrate on pure tonal quality. He is not hampered with makeup. It teaches him control. It gives him full scope to truly interpret a song without making gestures which are sometimes necessary to convey meanings from the stage. In other words, I think only of tonal quality and interpretation."*

Do you find that plugging away at the same type of program week after week gradually diminishes your interest in that program?

Harry Reser: *"Yes—because it is almost impossible, due to available talent, agency demands, or sponsor likes and dislikes to keep from 'grooving' your programs."*

Kate Smith: **"Not any more than an actor loses interest in a play that is enjoying a long run. The program may be the same but the songs change and I derive a great deal of enjoyment out of singing new songs."**

Boake Carter: "Why should it? Perhaps that's an unfair answer because I do news—and news is always varying."

Ozzie Nelson: **"I am fortunate enough to work on a very interesting program with charming and interesting people—with the result that I eagerly anticipate each Sunday evening."**

Eddy Brown: *"If a performer has a definite idea behind his program building, no two presentations can be alike. Therefore his interest should never lag. I find each of my programs equally important.*

Have you taken sides in the current controversy between swing music and music of the more conservative variety?

Ray Noble: "Must I be caught on this definition of swing music? Having once foolishly offered to define it in twenty-four words and finally compromised with a two-page essay, which didn't cover the facts, it seems to me that the only definition left is to say that swing music is just another malignant tumor in the disease of music.

Seriously speaking, though, if one considers that it's something to do chiefly with rhythm, then Ravel's Bolero, most Irish jigs and a good typist on a noisy machine would qualify.

And yet the lads in my orchestra are pretty insistent that the tune is strictly secondary (you can take my word for that; if you're not in at the first chorus, you'll have to ask what we started out with) and that the rhythm is chiefly to blame.

I can tell you this, however. You can't buy swing music—either the boys feel good and we suddenly swing, or they don't and nothing happens.

Personally, I judge by my feet—they don't need to be told."

Jimmy Fidler: *"Good music of any sort suits me—but I suppose I am not supposed to answer musical questions even though I am a Fidler."*

Fred Waring: **"Yes . . . anti-fad . . . pro-sure thing!"**

Hal Kemp: "No, we feature music of different types. If the public wants swing, we give them that. The public is the boss. It's hard to say how long the swing trend will last."

Richard Himber: *"Yes—my opinion is that swing is part of a musical cycle which is at present high and which will subsequently drop, to rise again in five or six years."*

Conrad Thibault: **"Swing music is, to me, just a new name for 'hot' music."**

Glen Gray: "Casa Loma rose to its present standing by virtue of its featuring swing music."

Ozzie Nelson: *"I think swing music is like rich food—to be used as a relief but not as a steady diet."*

Abe Lyman: **"No. A good musical organization can handle both types. I pride myself that my band does. Besides, swing music is as old as popular music itself. I played it with my first band in 1919."**

Bing Crosby: *"Have been called the instigator."*

Broadcasting Sun Styles

(Continued from page 10)

Hollywood, she immediately fell for the fashion of wearing slacks and pajamas during the daytime, as do the cinema-ites. She said that she had the time of her life buying sports clothes and that she actually lived in them during the day.

With week-end holidays and vacation plans uppermost in our minds these days, I thought you would like to guide your own buying and packing by what some of your smart radio favorites prefer for their off-the-air holidays.

Newer than slacks or shorts are the culottes that everyone is adopting for a variety of uses. These are those slick trouser-skirts that were so popular earlier at the winter resorts and now are taking the spotlight for summer sports activities. The culotte is a happy compromise between the mannishness of slacks and the brevity of shorts—it gives you freedom without too casual an effect.

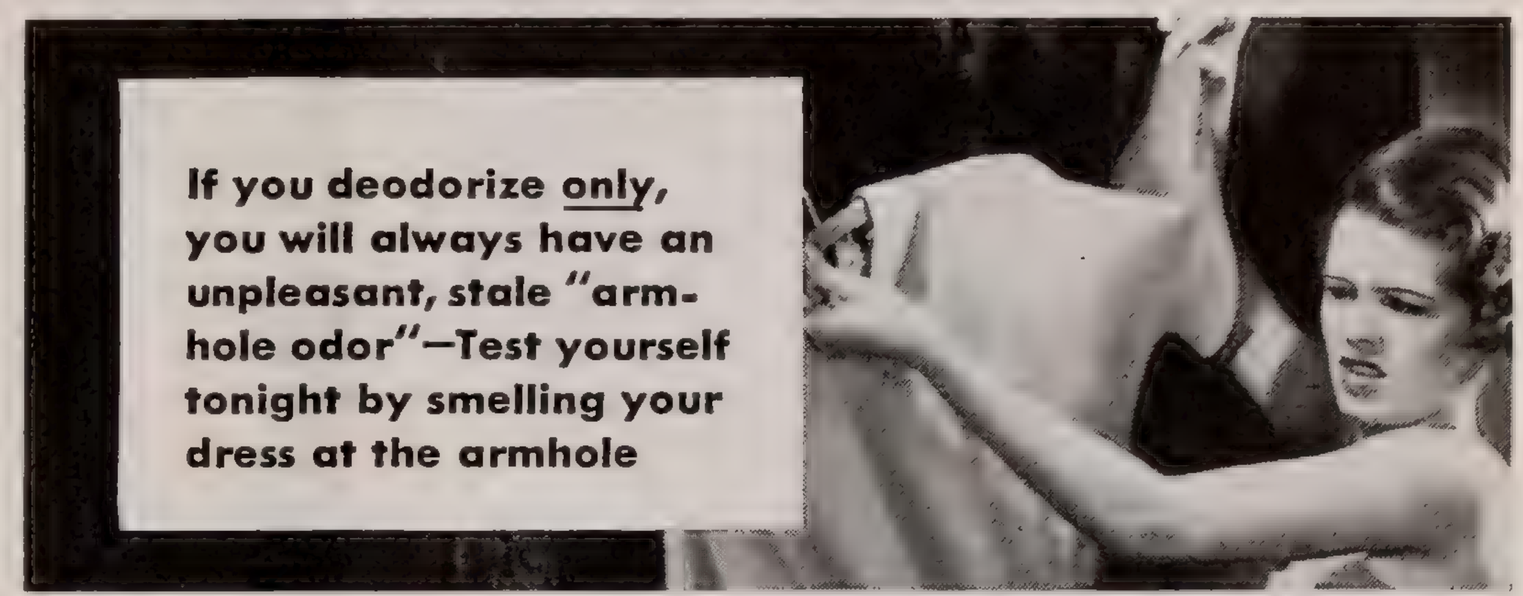
Jane Pickens, recently named with Harriet Hilliard and Jessica Dragonette as one of the three best dressed women in radio, wears a culotte costume for bicycling. This costume combines a divided skirt and a matching jacket in light wool. And Grace Moore, when she left for her annual trip to Europe, carried nearly a dozen culotte dresses in her trunk. These were made up in a variety of silks and cottons of different plain colors and prints. Grace likes hers made as a shirtwaist or tennis dress with the culotte as part of the costume, rather than a separate skirt worn with a shirt or sweater.

Incidentally, Grace took a complete wardrobe of Hollywood-designed clothes with her this year. She's a great hand for buying lavishly when in Paris and London. Last summer the house of Molyneux contributed a major part of her Paris wardrobe. And right now she probably is busy shopping, despite the full trunks from Hollywood!

Going back to culottes, stores are suggesting such a variety of uses for them that we will all have to number at least one culotte costume in our vacation bags. So much interest has been stimulated in bicycling again that the divided skirt dress is the obviously perfect garb for it. Then you, who dash about in your cars, will love the comfort of them. For golf, tennis and gardening, they're grand. And trim culotte costumes are being shown for town wear in hot weather. These have the skirt division almost concealed in the full cut and the fabrics change from the light pastels and gay prints of the sports culottes to the dark linens and silks that look best in the city.

Gladys Swarthout, voted one of the ten best dressed women in America, as you know, likes practical sports clothes. When in Hollywood, she spends her time away from the studio and microphone in quite active outdoor sports. She has a large swimming pool on her Beverly Hills estate and makes a habit of a morning dip

You may blush with shame when you make this "Armhole Odor" Test



THE more fastidious you are, the more shocked you may be to realize you cannot prevent armhole odor unless your underarm is *dry* as well as sweet.

Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how carefully you deodorize your *underarm*, you may find that your *dress* carries the odor of stale perspiration!

This is bound to happen if you merely *deodorize*. Creams and sticks cannot protect completely, because they are not made to *stop* perspiration. They do not keep the underarm dry, so perspiration collects on the fabric of your dress.

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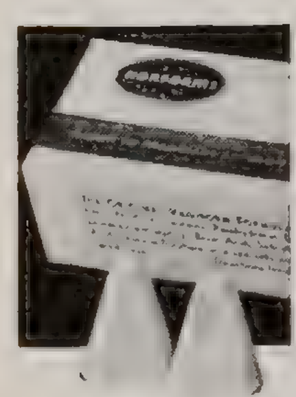

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whether or not she is working or holidaying. Her choice in swim suits is one of workman-like simplicity, the usual choice of any good swimmer. One day you may find her wearing a form fitting, but skirted, suit such as I've illustrated this month, another day she will be plunging in, wearing a skin tight one-piece affair of satin woven with elastic. The first suit, shown, is a white closely woven knit with the convenient built-in "bra" detail that figures so prominently in the designs of all the big bathing suit houses this year. This swim suit innovation does wonders for all types of figures.

And an additional innovation is the slick striped cotton wrap she pulls on over her suits. It's inspired by the Mexican serape and is lined with cotton toweling to absorb the suit's moisture. It's as practical as it is decorative and the short length is a nice idea, leaving the legs free for more suntanning. With this Gladys wears a slightly cock-eyed but fetching sun hat of Chinese coolie inspiration. The wide lattice effect of the straw lets in almost as much sun as if she had no hat at all. And the same goes for her beach shoes which are nothing but heels and soles laced to her feet with string—lots of air and sun but a fancy design on the feet if you tan!

Besides these trim swim suits, Gladys also has a beach ensemble in a bright tropical printed cotton. Shorts and a brassiere top have a third piece which is one of those draped skirts like the ones worn by South Sea Island natives. These ensembles should be very popular with you who like to sun rather than swim.

While on the subject of swimming and sunning, I mustn't forget to mention that shorts and culottes of oiled silk are very new to pull on over your wet suit. These are transparent, of course, but they manage to give you a very "dressed" look even so. Rubber bathing suits continue their last year's popularity, the one-piece being favored. White, yellow, blue, dusty pink and a pinky beige are the leading swim suit colors. Many smart combinations are effected combining two, three and even four colors. Purple suits are seen occasionally and a few in wine and violet.

For playing badminton and tennis Gladys wears one-piece cotton or silk dresses with full skirts that reach just to the knee. She also likes the Hollywood uniform of slacks and shirt—she likes them especially in matching fabrics and colors. There's one terribly good looking one in her summer wardrobe that's made of a rough peasant cotton. The trousers are made with wide belled bottoms and the blouse, which tucks in, is fastened with buttons tied on by cord.

Marion Talley, who just recently has made her début on a weekly broadcast program and who is out in Hollywood preparing for a movie début, wears an individual pajama suit for sports. Her pajamas are tailored like a man's trousers and are made of tobacco brown alpaca. Over these she wears a short trench coat of white alpaca with a brown Ascot scarf tucked into the neckline. A white hand-crocheted beret topped by a large pom-pom for her hat—and just plain white tennis sneakers on her feet.

Since Austrian peasant styles are such a fad, you'll find it fun to wear bandannas and all sorts of gay scarfs with your dresses. Tie your bandannas under your chins, just like a peasant working in the fields, it gives your face a very fascinating look. And carry your beach truck about in a big cotton or silk square, tied hobo fashion. These are such inexpensive tricks to make your togs look very up-to-the-minute.

Frances Langford, so tiny and feminine looking, prefers boyish slacks with jackets. Boyish but never mannish, and she gets around it by having her slacks cut very full and in wearing tailored but feminine looking jackets. Her favorite slacks costume is one made up of orange flannel slacks, a pale yellow sweater and a jaunty little natural linen jacket.

There is a trick accessory set which Frances wears with her white crêpe shirtwaist dress. A giddy visor of crocheted raffia-like material is held on by a narrow self band. This is in bright red with a matching belt and envelope bag.

Bright-colored gloves for sports and general daytime wear are so popular with all of you that I know you will appreciate knowing a clever way to have a dozen of them to match each color scheme without spending but a fraction what you would imagine! Buy simple white fabric ones and, by means of dye wafers, change them into any color you like. You can dye them bright clear shades or you can mix several wafers of different colors to get an unusual shade. All you have to do is to dissolve the wafers and dip your gloves in the dye. And even after you have one color scheme, if you tire of it, you can dip your gloves into a de-colorizing rinse that will restore your gloves to white and leave them ready for further color experiments!

Here are two dye "recipes" for unusual shades of the season and, if you will write in to me, I will send you more Color Recipes absolutely free of charge!

For a stunning deep suntan shade, use one half wafer of dark brown with an eighth of a wafer of scarlet. And for a bright orange-red, use one wafer of orange with an eighth wafer of scarlet. You'll have a picnic experimenting with them

ELIZABETH ELLIS, Fashion Editor
RADIO STARS MAGAZINE
149 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

Please send me—ABSOLUTELY FREE—your Color Recipes for unusual shades.

Name.....

Street.....

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Fifi Knows The Secret

(*Continued from page 50*)

must have no doubt of a husband's love. A wife must realize that she has the qualities to hold a love she once won. "And if your husband no longer love you, it is your fault! He fall in love with you for what you have." (Fifi always says what a woman "has," not what a woman "is.") "If you lose his love, it is because you lose what you have, inside. You change. You get lazy about yourself—how you look, how you act, how you feel."

We all know, of course, that health has a great influence on our actions and feelings. This is point number four in Fifi's advice to women—keep fit.

"I am the only woman who evaire go on a trial honeymoon. Of course we were chaperoned," the little French girl added seriously. "The first morning, Maurice knock on my door and ask me to go for a long walk before breakfast. I have been in show business many years and I like to sleep late—ten, eleven o'clock. But I know he like to go for a walk. I know it is good for me, so I get up and take a walk with him. We feel great when we get back and eat a big breakfast. The next morning, I try to learn to cook. I burn the bacon but he does not mind." And that trial honeymoon proved to Fifi D'Orsay and her fiancé that they were suited to each other. There had been a doubt, before their trip. A doubt that they would be happy together, day after day, for she belongs to show business and Dr. Hill comes from an old Chicago family, far removed from the theater world.

As in every discussion of marriage, there arose the question of fifty-fifty or seventy-five and twenty-five. Fifi thought a moment. It was the first time her hands had been quiet. "Yes, I think a woman has to give more. But I am only speaking of women who marry for love—not those who marry for position or money. And if you love a man, you do not mind doing anything if it makes him happy.

"You have to give more because you must mother a husband. A man, he is a little boy grown up and you must understand him. Every man, he have faults—some things you do not like—but everybody have faults, so you must overlook these things you do not like. And he must have sex, too. Not too much and not too little of either," and her eyes flashed. I had the feeling that she knew how to balance these two essentials.

"When your husband comes home tired, do not mind helping him take off his shoes, giving him his slippers, helping him into a dressing-robe. Allow him to rest—relax, and read his book as he smokes his pipe. But," and Fifi was most emphatic on this point, "do not make the mistake of always doing it, or he will expect it. And let him wait on you, too. Do not order him to do something for you, but say: 'Please, darling, while you are there will you bring me a drink of water?' and when he brings it to you, be sure to

DIVE IN AND COOL OFF . . . We've managed to add just enough mild menthol to a blend of great tobaccos so that every refreshing puff is soothingly cool to hot throats. Get yourself a pack, save the valuable B & W coupon for attractive, nationally advertised merchandise (offer good in U. S. A. only). Forget the heat, dive into KOOLS, come up smiling! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

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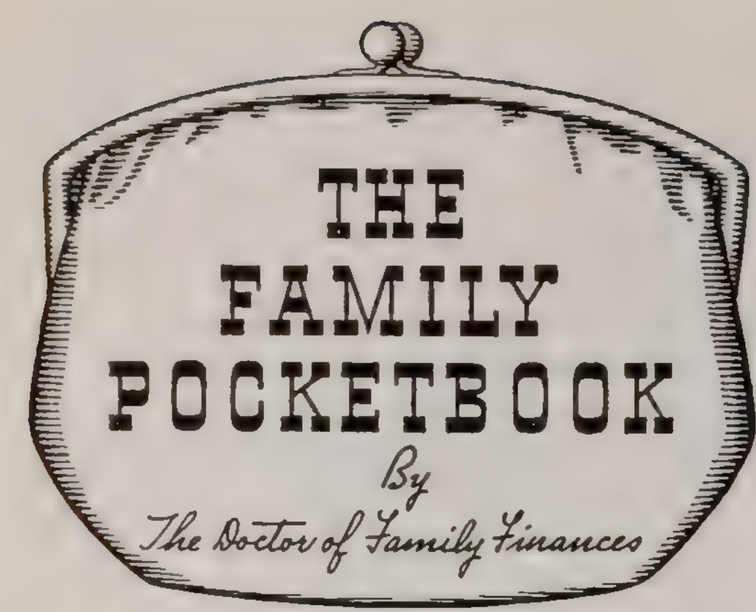

HE LOVED HIS WIFE

We've got a neighbor who loves his wife and his kids. Never speaks sharply to them. Tries to provide well for them. But on payday, the household used to be in a state of suspended explosion. Some day I knew a spark would set it off—and my neighbor would be less of a husband, less of a father. Money—or lack of it—might indeed prove to be the root of great evil.

The highly charged atmosphere on paydays was due to the fact that things were needed for which there never seemed to be enough money. Friend husband saw no flaws in *his* way of handling the money. Therefore, he reasoned, the wife required too much for food, clothing, and miscellaneous expenses.

• • •

THEY DISCOVER A PLAN

But the wife? What was her story? Upon diagnosis, I discovered her sensible and competent but without *plan*. Still, she needed the husband's co-operation if there *was* to be a plan. I sent one of our budget books. Both of them studied it . . . and the idea of a *plan* took root and flourished!

Today, that home is a model of domestic felicity. There's enough money for everything—and no haunting fear of a money shortage on payday. The wife is the "treasurer," the husband the president and counsel. Expenses are a *known quantity* and it's easy to control them.

• • •

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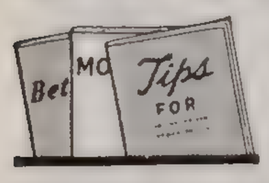

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thank him, to let him know that you appreciate it."

All this may sound as though Yvonne Lussier (Fifi D'Orsay's real name) believes herself to be the shining example of what every wife should be. But this is far from the truth. "I love a fight—*non non,* I mean—how you say—an argument. And I get very mad sometimes at my Maurice. But after I am all over being mad, I feel better. And it is *sooo* nice to make up afterwards. I think maybe I get mad just so we can make up!" She realized she sounded slightly childish. Her face screwed up and she laughed as only a vivacious French girl can laugh. "I know it sounds silly but we are so young. My husband—he is still an interne for two more years—and he like the make up part, too."

Women who find it difficult to follow the rules of Fifi might draw the conclusion that she is better able to do so much in marriage because she is much older than her interne husband. This is not so. The fact that Fifi started her career in 1923, as a chorus girl in the Greenwich Village Follies, misleads one to believe she is not so very young. But when the little French-Canadian brunette reached New York, she came straight from the French Convent of the Sacred Heart at the tender age of sixteen. And it was not until 1930 that she made her first picture, *They Had to See Paris,* with the late and beloved Will Rogers. Furthermore, Fifi is particular as to who is "the boss" of her married life.

"It is so important that a husband wear the pants in the family. With a little effort and cleverness, a woman can have her husband do almost anything she wants. *But,"* she paused a moment to emphasize her point, "nevaire let a man know that it is what *you* want. It must always seem as if he had suggested it in the first place.

"Women do such foolish things. I have heard so many wives find fault and correct their husbands in front of other people. That is bad. It makes the man feel so cheap. It takes the pants off him and puts them on the woman. And that is terrible! A man, he like to think a woman needs him, that she must depend on him for everything. He must never know that he depends on her. It is such a terrible mistake for a woman to make.

"Mrs. Hill, that is Maurice's mother, is so happily married to Mr. Hill. She is so smart. She knows how to keep young. She has such a nice figure. She go horseback riding. She do all the things to please her husband. They are so happy after being married so many years. She is a very clever woman."

When asked if her mother-in-law was the inspiration for Fifi's happiness, she became more serious than I had ever seen her. "Yes and no," was her answer. "Evaire since I have been a little girl, I have said to myself, 'Fifi, when you grow up and get married, you must be happee,' and I do not believe in divorce!" She has carried this thought with her every day of every year. During her travels to and from Hollywood, on vaudeville and personal appearance tours, when a chorus girl, and then a leading lady with Gallagher and Shean, Fifi has known that when she met the right man, she would be happily married. She knew she would be happy because she was willing to give everything to avert a matrimonial failure. "And I am very lucky to have such a wonderful man for a husband. So many women do not appreciate their husbands."

Fifi D'Orsay was born of French parentage in Montreal, Canada, one of thirteen children. In a household of that size, each one has to do his bit toward keeping the household going. It was in this early childhood that Fifi learned to appreciate any good fortune which might fall her way. She learned patience, too. (And we all know that a good wife needs both appreciation and patience.) But long before she was married, these two characteristics that she had learned in her family life in Montreal stood by her.

When she was trying desperately to become a Hollywood star, she was given a test by Fox Films. The comment was that she was too tall for pictures. But, a year later, when they needed her type, a sparkling French girl, she was called and given a very nice contract. Then, in this past year, when she wanted to stay in New York with her new husband, Fifi endeavored to get a radio contract. True, she had been a guest star many times but radio, too, felt they had no permanent place for her "type." However, she was patient and, when she was about ready to give up the idea of ever becoming identified with the airwaves, Willie and Eugene Howard sold the idea for a *Folies de Paree* to the radio moguls. And who could better fill the rôle of a feminine star in this new program than Fifi D'Orsay? She was called and signed to a twenty-six-weeks' contract. And now she is so "happee" to be definitely associated with radio.

Her enthusiasm is a joy to behold. Not long ago she became an American citizen. She believes that this country offers so much, and she is grateful for all it has done for her. "After all," she says, "everything I have, this country has given to me." And she is now insisting that all her friends become citizens, too. Even the elevator boys in her hotel are being taken to task by her if they have not already applied for citizenship papers.

When Fifi D'Orsay believes, she is not happy until she convinces you, too. And she has excellent advice for all women. All women, that is, who are interested in the universal topic of love—and who isn't?

Watching Fifi D'Orsay is like watching a French doll, but a very lively one. Her large black eyes flash and sparkle, her small upturned nose dares to be called snub, her red lips generous without being large, all topped off with a head of chestnut brown hair coiffed in a typical Parisian manner with long bangs across the forehead. Her amazing vitality sweeps you off your feet. Besides her new radio program, she is doing short subjects in the movies and expects to open in a Broadway play shortly. And yet Fifi D'Orsay has time to learn to cook, to go horseback riding and take long walks—all to please her husband.

Perhaps all women should heed at least some of Fifi's advice, for in her marriage, she has found complete happiness. What if her marriage fails, too?

"It will be all my fault," she calmly states.

You can't help liking a girl like that.

Songbird—Southern Style

(*Continued from page 31*)

play at the end of the first act, it meant sitting grimly through to the bitter end, for Frances wouldn't leave the hammiest spectacle in the world until the last curtain rumbled slowly to the stage. (An indication, it might be implied, that the little Langford has a dominating force about her where men are concerned.)

"As a matter of fact," says Frances, "Mr. Nathan is not the ogre he's painted. He says what he thinks, but he's a charming person. He and Walter Winchell often came to my apartment for the midnight lunches my mother always prepared. Cold ham and Winchell turned out to be our favorite nocturnal diversion."

The Hollywood influence turned up at a party for Cole Porter at the Waldorf. Frances sang one of Porter's tunes and Walter Wanger (he's producing *Palm Springs*) heard her. Contracts were signed and Frances headed west, accompanied by her family and her manager, Ken Dolan, who gave up all his New York enterprises to guide the Langford destinies.

Now Frances is doing, as they say down south, moughty well. She has contracts with Mr. Wanger and with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and she has *Hollywood Hotel,* which she thinks is swell. Quits her picture work every Friday at noon, spends afternoons rehearsing songs, and evenings turning them over to you.

What about her private life? Sort of quiet, says Frances. She lives in the Hollywood hills with her father, old Kunnel Vasco Langford (a retired contractor), her mother, her brother Jimmy and her cousin, Alma Langford, who is also her secretary.

Frances is twenty-six (birthday was April 4th) and decidedly unmarried. There have been rumors, but no husbands. She has two regular gentlemen friends in Hollywood—her manager, Ken Dolan, and Tony Martin. There has been talk of wedding bells for her and Ken Dolan, but Frances will neither affirm nor deny them. Anyway, she thinks marriage in Hollywood is a mistake. "No one makes a go of it out here, so when I marry it's going to be in some place closer to Lakeland."

Eddie Cantor has an enthusiastic greeting for his old friend and stooge, Rubinoff, violin wizard.

Lum and Abner, the rural comics, discuss one of their scripts. The boys have gained a tremendous following.

She generally goes out one evening a week, and it's usually to the Trocadero with the lucky Mr. Dolan. She finds it difficult to make friends because—she hates to admit it—she's shy. She doesn't worry about that, though, for she has no trouble keeping her old friends.

Her special hobby is photography. She owns a *16 m. m.* movie camera and continually disrupts everyone on the set by shooting Langford Private Productions. The cast is anyone who happens to be in range and the action is strictly impromptu.

"What I want most right now," she confided, "is a vacation. I'd like to go back home for awhile, to see all the kids I went to school with. Another reason is that I'm an honorary Police Captain in Lakeland. Means I can go through *Stop* signs and park anywhere I care to!"

She's missed only one broadcast since she's been on *Hollywood Hotel.* That time she was home in Florida, listening in with a party of friends, and the entire program was a special affair in her honor. Her present contract expires in October, but her sponsors already are waving a new one under her nose. She'll probably sign, because she likes the gang she works with on the program.

We asked her if she ever had cast a romantic eye in the direction of Dick Powell, or vice versa. "No," said Frances, "we've never even been out together. But he's very nice to sing with."

Came then a knocking on the dressing-room door which jostled the entire contents, including its mistress. "You're due on the set, Miss Langford," yelled a guy.

"Well," said Frances, "off to the desert for a bit of fancy skiing. Goodbye, and please tell all your readers I'm sorry it was tonsils—instead of a broken heart."

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The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking the acids and waste out of the blood. If they don't pass 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing.

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Don't wait for serious trouble. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills — used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

It's a Strange World

(*Continued from page* 13)

gives him pleasure—and considerable extra work—to answer his accusers.

So here, in case you're in a challenging mood, are a few strange items about radio:

The largest broadcasting chain in the world is neither *NBC* nor *CBS;* in fact, it's not even a commercial chain. It is owned and operated by the U. S. government, with 156 stations in the United States, Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines. Its main purpose is communication between army posts, but in time of emergency it can be used for anything.

The voice of the U. S. Army is *WAR.* Those are the call letters of the army signal corps station, and station *WAR* is head of the government's official broadcasting chain.

There is a short-wave station in Santo Domingo, whose call letters are *HIX*—but John, who spends a lot of his spare time with his radio, has never been able to tune it in.

Station *XGOA,* in Nanking, China, announces its programs in five languages.

Every few hours radio stations in Finland broadcast the date as well as the time. Due to the long days and light nights, people in Finland never know whether it's today or tomorrow.

Radio tubes were invented before radio. A vacuum tube, invented fifty years ago by Thomas Edison, is used in a number of present-day receiving sets.

Alois Havrilla, one of the networks' ace announcers and winner of the annual Diction Award, spoke no English until he was 12 years old.

The longest bark on record was yipped by a dog named Short. Short yowled over *WGY* in Schenectady, the bark travelled 24,000 miles, was rebroadcast back to *WGY* and right into the ear of Short himself, who didn't like it a bit.

The youngest licensed radio operator in the country is Jean Hudson of Laurel, Delaware. Jean received her license at the age of nine.

A man in Newcastle, England, made a condenser for his radio entirely out of old razor blades.

When *WLW* opened its 500,000-watt station in Cincinnati, the tremendous power transmitted caused lights to glow in every home within a radius of several blocks. This proved very disconcerting to citizens until they discovered they didn't have to pay for it.

George Breakston, Hollywood child actor, once made 9 broadcasts in 9 hours over 9 different stations. Strange as it seems, he was 9 years old at the time.

Barnyard Note: Call letters of amateur *W9* stations include *HEN, DUC, CAT, DOG, COW, HAY, FLY, EGG* and *HOG.*

Station *KGFJ* in Los Angeles, known as the 24-hour station, came on the air October 1st, 1928, and hasn't missed a second since.

The name "Amos" is Hebrew for Burden. "Andy" is from the Greek and means Brave and Courageous.

The Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco uses radio for communication between workmen, due to the grand scale of the project. The bridge is 8 miles long.

Radio fans in Albania, Andorra, Lichtenstein, Monaco and San Marino listen to foreign programs exclusively. Reason: their countries have no radio stations.

F. E. Meinholtz, manager of the *New York Times* radio station, was once ordered, by a message which travelled 20,000 miles, to hang up his telephone. Meinholtz was in his home on Long Island listening to news dispatches from the Byrd expedition in Little America and had the phone off the hook so it wouldn't disturb him. He was needed for an emergency at the *Times,* so the radio operator there, 10 miles away, radioed the Byrd expedition, 10,000 miles distant, which in turn radioed from Little America: *"Meinholtz, the Times wants you to hang up your phone."* Meinholtz hung up!

The busiest commercial radio station in the United States is the smallest. It's the United Air Lines station, *WUCG,* at the municipal airport in Chicago.

The longest hop ever made by a flea is 7,000 feet. It happened at the San Diego Fair, and the flea made the hop with Mardoni, escape artist with John Hix's *Strange As It Seems* exhibit. Mardoni, handcuffed, did a parachute jump from a height of 3,500 feet, carrying a rabbit's foot, and for added good luck, a trained flea from the fair's flea circus. He freed himself from the handcuffs on his journey to earth, but he sprained his ankle when he landed. The flea was uninjured.

"But perhaps the strangest item of all," concludes John Hix, "happened right here on our own program. We were doing a dramatic description of the massacre at Sarajevo which caused the World War. Our piece was called *The Man Who Set the World on Fire.* Five minutes after we finished broadcasting, some of the mechanical apparatus caught fire and the studio burned to the ground."

John Hix says there's nothing at all strange about his own life, except for the fact that his average working day takes in 18 hours, and that his hobbies are his cartoons and his radio work.

There's nothing strange, for instance, about anyone being born in Huntsville, Alabama. Right now he's twenty-eight, highly solvent and, strange as it seems, still single. He studied art for three weeks, did newspaper strips and started his *Strange As It Seems* syndicated cartoon on March 26th, 1928. At the present time it appears in almost 300 papers, with an estimated daily audience of 20,000,000.

Strange As It Seems was inaugurated on the air on March 22nd, 1935. It's heard twice weekly on 60 stations throughout the country, which means that it ranks high in public favor.

And if you doubt any of the above enough to do a bit of challenging, John Hix's personally autographed reply will set you right.

A Prima Donna Unmasks

(*Continued from page* 46)

Many of you must remember the child-prodigy career of young Miss Talley. The little Kansas girl who, at nineteen, took the Met by storm. The little star who, after four fabulous seasons, with the laurels still dewy and unwilted on her brow, announced that she would retire—and did.

Why?

That is what I asked as we talked together in her hotel suite, talked and ate candied grapefruit rind (her one confectionery indulgence).

I said: "I've never quite understood. . . Men and women in their forties retire, frequently. But to retire at twenty-three, with the applause still storming—*why?*"

Marion's moon-gray eyes held the far-away expression habitual to them. You are never quite sure whether she has heard what you are saying. She always has. She said, then: "You've heard the expression 'Tired-of-It-All?' It's been said in fun, in irony, in sarcasm. But I was, literally, tired of it all. That is why I retired. That was my 'secret.' That was the one and only reason. It seemed to me to be reason enough.

"I think I had emotional indigestion.

"I'd been singing in public ever since I was eleven years old. I know, by the way, that I was one of the first, if not *the* first, to sing over the air. The radio and I were certainly 'infants' together. For I sang in the days when the screeching and scratching and static were such that it really didn't make any difference what I sang, or how. No one could make it out anyhow. I made the first Vitaphone Sound records ever made—they were used to accompany the film, *Don Juan,* in which John Barrymore starred, you know.

"I had worked, always, like a little slavey. I had studied, and mastered, four languages by the time I was seventeen. I studied so incessantly that, when I was in New York, I always had to have my mother or sister ride with me on the subway so that they could tap my arm and tell me when I had arrived at my station—my nose was so buried in books that I would have gone on and on unknowing.

"I've never had a 'date' in my whole life. I never went beau-ing. I've been married twice, but even then there were no dates. I never went dancing with any boy. I never went to movies with boys. I never went to a Prom nor to a football game nor to a house-party. Never! Not once!

"I never had a crush on a boy. I never was in love in my life until I married my first husband—after I was twenty-three. My 'loves' were opera, concert and radio and they're jealous, exacting sweethearts.

"I'm not speaking regretfully. I'm not sorry for myself. On the contrary. I wouldn't give up what I have had, what I hope to have again, for all of the dates and good times of all the girls in the world. I sacrificed everything which means youth and girlhood to my career *and it was worth it.* I did what I did because I wanted to do it. But I would like to tell other girls who hope to have careers that *sacrifice is necessary.* You can't compromise with a career. You've got to give it everything.

"I studied in Kansas City from the age of eleven on. I wouldn't recommend so early a beginning for everyone. I happened to be in excellent hands and so it was all right. But the 'hands' must be excellent or damage is liable to result. I went to New York to study when I was fifteen. I went to Italy to study when I was seventeen. I signed my contract with the Metropolitan while I was in Italy and made my début there when I was nineteen. I sang for four seasons. And I did radio and concert work between seasons. I always studied.

"And suddenly I knew that I was through. That I was deadly tired of it all. I loathed hotels. I loathed catching trains. I loathed paint and powder and clothes and publicity. I felt trapped and

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At drug and department stores everywhere.

strangled and breathless in a mesh of notes and scores and librettos and orchestrations and contracts and audiences.

"Suddenly, one night in our hotel suite in New York, I said to my mother: 'I am through. I am giving it all up. I never shall sing again. I have made quite a bit of money. I shall retire and live as I please. *C'est fini!*'

"Neither my mother nor my father nor my sister has ever urged me in any direction. They didn't then. My mother said only: 'Think it over. Don't do anything in haste which you may regret later. Once such a step is taken, *it cannot be retraced!*'

"I said: 'I know.'

"I did retire. Neither argument nor reasoning, not even being suspected, I'm sure, of insanity, could stop me.

"And for several months I felt as though shackles had been struck from my limbs. I was free. For the first time. I could eat and sleep and grow fat if I wanted to. And I did! I could dream and do nothing. Nothingness seemed Nirvana to me.

"I did make one radio broadcast in New York after my retirement," (The Packard Hour, I believe it was) "because I had contracted to do it and because they paid me a handsome sum for half an hour. And then, with that money, my mother and sister and I went abroad. I had no intention of studying over there. I planned to see the pleasure spots of Europe, not the studios and ateliers which were all I had known before.

"We went to Germany and—I began to study again! I said that it was 'just for fun,' because I loved it. But I think I began to know, then, that I could not live with leisure alone. I had given too many hostages to hard work. And besides, I —I fell in love with my teacher. He was a German. And when, at the end of the year, we returned to New York, he followed me and—we were married.

"Marriage," said Marion, after a perceptible pause, "marriage *should* be for artists. The fuller the life, the richer the art. But marriage should only be for two artists who are in perfect harmony. For artists, especially for *two* artists, to marry there should be double the understanding, double the *sympatica* necessary between two individuals in any other walk of life.

"We lived in California for a time—vacationing. And here is another thing which the years have taught me: There can be, really, *no vacations for artists.* For the artistic urge, instinct, or whatever you choose to call it, is as much a part of the artist as breathing, eating, sleeping or any other inborn or natural function. You can't take vacations from eating and breathing—not for long. I couldn't take a vacation from singing—not for long.

"Well, after awhile, we were divorced. I went back to New York and began to study again. With Adolph Eckstrom. *He* is Swedish. And we—we fell in love!"

I laughed. I couldn't help it. I said: "'Pupil and Teacher read no more that day?'"

"Music is the language of love," parried Marion, with one of her rare, hearty laughs, "it does sound funny, I know. I never thought about it that way until friends began to laugh and say, 'Not *again?* Not another Voice Teacher?'

"I hope," I said severely, "that you have not found it necessary to engage a teacher out here?"

"But I have!" Marion laughed again. "That was he to whom I was talking—in Spanish—when you first came in."

"Great Scott!" I said, with fervor. I added: "I shall wire Mr. Eckstrom tonight!"

"Don't make it more difficult," pleaded Marion, with mock earnestness. "It's difficult enough as it is. Imagine—our whole first year spent three thousand miles apart! I've been under contract to *M-G-M* out here. Adolph has had to carry on at his studio in New York. I had hoped that he would come out here last summer but he didn't feel that he could desert things back there. And I dared not try to persuade him. It's too dangerous to try to interfere with a man's work. And so, I don't know just how we shall work it out. . . .

"At any rate, there I was in New York, studying again, doing some concert work. And then, through the Artists Bureau of *NBC,* Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offered me a contract. I came to California a year ago and literally sat about for a year, waiting for a story to be found. The inactivity was deadly. But it did one priceless thing for me, I think. It made me realize that while I have a gift to give, I must give that gift; while I am in demand I must answer that demand. I shall never 'retrace my steps.' As my mother so wisely said, that is impossible. There is no going back. The old trails are grown over. New trails must be blazed. And I am taking the new trails—of radio and pictures.

"I shall never retire again. Not of my own volition. I could not even retire to be domestic, 'good wife and home-maker.' If and when the day comes when I am no longer wanted, then—yes. Then I could and would retire, without regret, and make a home and have children and all that goes with domesticity and marriage. But not now . . . not yet . . .

"When my *M-G-M* contract expired, Republic Pictures signed me. And I believe we will be well on our way with *My Old Kentucky Home* when this story is printed. It will be my very first picture."

"Scairt?" I asked.

"Not in the least. I've never had stage fright, I've never known 'mike-fright.' I've never had the slightest quaver before an audience. The only time I don't want, and *won't have* an audience is when I am broadcasting. I *must* be alone at the microphone. And that condition of aloneness is always 'so stipulated in the bond.' I dislike the applause which comes over the air from a broadcasting station when a singer is performing. There is something raucous and out of key about it."

"Now that you have 'come back,'" I said, "tell me, how . . . what is the secret of a successful come-back?"

Marion smiled. "I haven't really established my come-back quite yet," she said. "It takes more time . . . And the only secret is—*work.* I've never stopped working, you see. I've tried to improve and never to retrogress. I've lived and learned and experienced. And when I began to do concert work again—well, these other things have developed naturally."

"Do you want to go back to Opera?" I asked. "Back to the Metropolitan?"

"The Metropolitan and all that it stood for has come to the air," said Marion. "No, it is as I have said—there is no retracing lost steps. I think that I shall never sing at the Met again. Things change. The Metropolitan is not what it once was. So long as we live it will be a tradition, a legend. But the glory is a past glory. It doesn't mean, even to singers, what it once meant. Time was when a début at the Met was the crowning glory in a singer's life. It is all different now. The old glittering Horseshoe Circle is no more. Caruso is dead. Melba . . . Farrar . . . Tetrazinni . . . Scotti . . . all gone, one way or another. Schumann-Heink is in Hollywood. It is not, I know, that people care less for fine music, but that they no longer have the means—or the *necessity*—to pay for it as they once did.

"The mighty music of the ages is no longer for the minority, for the Horseshoe Circles, but for all men and women, for the masses . . . thanks to radio. Music belongs to the people again . . . *and radio has given music back to its own.*

"I love concert work. Concert is, in many ways, my favorite medium. You can do such fine things in concert and only in concert, I think. You can give Brahms and Mozart (I am studying Mozart now, thoroughly, for the first time—and I am Mozart-mad) and the German lieder and arias. *You cannot give such music on the air.* Not very much of it, nor too often. For the people of the Machine Age, I feel, do not want the calm beauty of Mozart. The swiftness of the whole tempo of our times, the movies, radio itself, the swiftness of transportation, the short cuts leading everywhere, have keyed us too highly for the contemplative things and arts.

"I know," smiled Marion, "that I love to listen to Jack Benny and Burns and Allen—and I wouldn't miss Walter Winchell for anything . . . They are, in a way, the voices of the folk-lore of today.

"But when people go to concerts, buy their tickets for concerts, they buy them because they *want* to hear Mozart and Brahms and Chopin. And you know what they want and why they have bought their tickets. When you give the same things on the air you have the very uncomfortable feeling that you may be forcing something on people, probably against their will. They may tune in on you because there is nothing better to be had at the moment. But it is something like placing a lengthy meal of truffles and pigeon hearts in front of a child and telling him to eat it whether he wants it or not—a child who would rather grab a sandwich and be gone.

"But we shall see . . . I'm arranging my own programs, my own selections for *Ry-Krisp* at first. Later, perhaps, the radio fans will help me to make my selections.

"The songs I really enjoy singing most of all are the old songs . . . *My Old Kentucky Home, Swanee River, In The Gloaming, Long, Long Ago, Old Black Joe, Annie Laurie.* They are the American folksongs. . . They're yours and mine—we all love them and we're together, I feel, when I'm singing them. . .

"You see," said Marion Talley, as we rose, "the 'secrets' are very simple, really . . . the inability to stop working with music, the inborn love of music . . . and a 'coming back' down the new trails of music—the radio and the screen."

If you are planning a motor trip, or a sojourn at the beach, be sure to take two or three packages of Linit with you for the Linit Beauty Bath instantly soothes a roughened or sunburned skin.

Cool and Soothing

...AS A MOONLIT POOL

When you come in tired, dusty or sunburned—relax in a tepid bath with Linit dissolved in the water. The delightful effect is *instant*—almost magical. Fatigue is forgotten. The rough touch of the wind and burn of the sun is allayed by the soothing effect of this refreshing bath. After the Linit bath, your skin feels soft and smooth and there is no damp, sticky feeling to your body. Why not try the Linit Beauty Bath before retiring *tonight?* Notice what soothing relaxation it affords your entire body. LINIT is sold by your grocer.

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Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package . . . recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

Toilet odors are a sign of insanitation. Germs are breeding there. You must take extra sanitary precautions in hot weather. Keep the toilet bowl spotlessly clean and safe with Sani-Flush. Save yourself unnecessary scrubbing and scouring.

Just sprinkle a little of this odorless powder in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet and the job is done. Spots and stains vanish. The porcelain glistens like new. The concealed trap, under the toilet, is purified and safe. Sani-Flush is quick and thorough . . . cannot injure plumbing. *It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can).* Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Here's a new way to fade out freckles *quickly* and *gently* while you sleep. Simply apply Nadinola Freckle Cream at bedtime. You see wonderful results usually in 5 to 10 days. Freckles disappear, your skin is cleared, freshened, becomes satin-smooth. Nadinola Freckle Cream is *guaranteed* by a famous laboratory with over 36 years' experience in skin treatment. Only 60c at toilet counters; 10c size at Ten Cent Stores. • Or send a dime for trial package to NADINOLA, Box 153, Paris, Tenn.

NADINOLA *Freckle Cream*

Will Radio Change Mae West?

(*Continued from page 23*)

manent in them. And Mae looks always to the future.

Pictures in England? It's the fashionable stunt for Hollywood personalities today. Since Helen Vinson went over for last season's social season at Jubilee time, found Fred Perry and married him, while being paid a huge sum for making pictures, all of Hollywood would like to make one or more pictures in England!

But I have just returned from London and Mae is not popular there. The Englishman does not understand her type of humor. He does not consider her vulgar. He doesn't understand her well enough to know whether or not she is vulgar! If an English company signed Mae it would be for one picture and for American release. Our shrewd, money-making cousin, across the waters, would want proof of how much money she would make for him. And Mae is as shrewd as her cousin—so I doubt if she will sail. Besides, she told me she is a bad sailor!

Radio!

Ah, there, we come to the great present and future field of entertainment. Mae told me that she preferred motion pictures to the stage because she could reach so many more people. Her greatest audience in the world is upon the air. At the height of her popularity she refused the highest price ever offered for an air appearance—including Will Rogers' $5,000 for a few moments and Eddie Cantor's weekly $12,000, from which he pays his aids.

Why did she refuse it?

Because she *knows* she will have to make a new Mae West for radio. We have few women in America more clever than our subtle, hard-working Mae. She feared radio when these offers were made her. She knew it might take her for a long, slick toboggan ride—one from which she might not easily recover.

At that time, Mae was starring her curves, her walk, the come-hither look in her eyes—as well as her voice. If she went on the air, she would have the use of voice only. It meant acquiring a new technique—and she had no time to develop it since she was working continually, either acting or writing her scenarios. It also meant producing a new kind of script.

Motion pictures are written and acted, primarily, for the eye; air performances are given for the ear. Mae had insisted upon *curves*, for motion pictures, because she believed the men of the world liked to look at them. I remember when Hollywood tried to force her to lose them. She had made one picture, when the Hollywood bosses ordered: "Lose twenty pounds." Mae was new to Hollywood. She thought they understood their business. Mae went on a diet. What a diet! "I love to eat," she told me, nibbling with distaste at a lettuce leaf. "I adore it. But if I must lose twenty pounds, I must. If I gave up love, I guess I can give up eating!"

She lost them. Then she looked at herself in a mirror. "And I didn't like what I saw," she told me. "Not a little bit! Why, Mae West was gone! Mae West stood for a woman with curves. These bean poles we have today for women—they aren't healthy! A man doesn't like them. They don't make healthy mothers. The world likes me as I was. I'm going back to what I was. I'm going to be the little gal the boys like!"

She did. And she became the most come-hither woman in pictures.

Naturally her voice had the same seductive quality as her figure. When Mae says: "Come up and see me sometime," she says it with several meanings. Most women formerly used that expression at least once daily and thought nothing of it. But today when one of us says it to a man, we feel ourselves blushing because we remember the meaning Mae has given to it by the very manner in which she says it.

I remember the time her publicity department wanted her to have some pictures taken in a gingham apron, working in a kitchen. In telling me about it, she said: "The only time I've ever been in a kitchen, is to pass through it to meet some man on the back porch!" A simple statement, but not simple as Mae said it. That back porch became everything from a rose-covered arbor to a boudoir. We were sitting in an office; she wore a hat with face veil, hiding her expression. So her voice gave the statement its significance.

But would such a statement go over on the air? Could she pass the censors? Remember that as many censors as there are in motion pictures, there are many more in radio. For each one of us is an individual censor. We can turn off our dials at will. Furthermore, we radio censors write more letters than any other audience. While we must pay a nice little price to see her in a picture, it would cost nothing for us to listen to Mae. Three cents for a letter to tell her how good or how bad she is! And Mae wouldn't enjoy having thousands of us write her about how bad she is. "I have always been *tops*. I always must be. When I'm not—then I'll retire!" she told me.

Can she be *tops* in radio?

I think she can. I have faith in our Mae. Terrific faith. I have studied her career since she began shaking her powder-covered body in a Brooklyn vaudeville theatre as she had seen Eva Tanguay shake hers. I have known her personally many years. And Mae has a way of climbing over every obstacle. Remember when the newspapers of New York City refused to carry her advertisements for *Sex*, the play in which she created a sensation? The theatre managers begged her to change the name. She refused. "Sex is life," she told them. "Do you want to change the dictionary?

"We'll show them about advertisements," she slurred and covered the city with placards.

She told me: "I didn't trust anyone else to attend to them. I took a car and drove all over town, each Sunday, to see if they were where I had ordered them."

Ed Wynn confers with John S. Young on his Gulliver the Traveler script.

And when they threatened to close her show, Mae said: "Let 'em. It will make business."

She was right. She took her famous ride in the police wagon to Welfare Island, stayed out her time, donated $1,000 to the library there and raised the income of her play twenty per cent.

Mae has radio in mind, all right. The other day Bertha Brainard, head of the commercial programs for the National Broadcasting Company, gave a speech before The Woman Pays Club of New York City. She told her fellow professional women that the day of human interest is here for the air. As she said it, I remembered Mae's prophecy: "Sometime I'll have to give human interest to sex on the air!"

Human interest to sex! A new Mae West! A voice that gives us wisecracks that are funny rather than suggestive. A voice that makes our blood run a little faster but says words which do not offend our finer senses. A voice which brings us her curves, her eyes, her walk —a script which is so subtle that it says nothing which a six-year-old child or a fifty-year-old man-about-town could misinterpret.

It's a tough order but all of Mae's life has been devoted to filling tough orders!

And will the air pay Mae what she is demanding of Hollywood and not getting? —Of course not, not to start with. But the world forgets that Mae came to Hollywood and played a small part in *Night After Night,* George Raft starring vehicle, and accepted a small salary. She knew her vogue was temporarily over on Broadway. She left before it could leave her.

"What did I care about money?" she asked me. "I *wanted* to begin little and show 'em. It's always the best way. And when I think I've gone about my limit, I'll be making the most in the business and then I'll leave 'em. I have to be *tops,* but I got to get there my own way."

Any sponsor would pay Mae West a reasonable salary to *start* on the air, They'll pay her more than ever they paid anyone else if she succeeds in bringing human interest into sex, as she's promised. When she's *tops*—well, before you tire of her, she'll leave you.

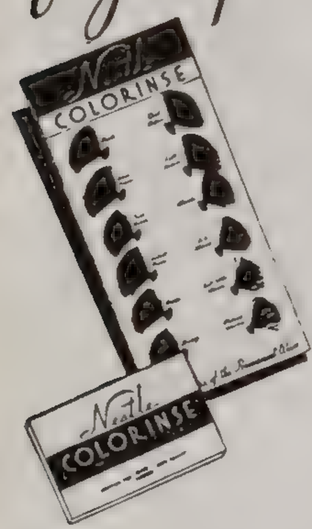
Yes, radio will change Mae West. But she'll probably change a few radio fashions, also. I'm betting on Mae—as the next great sensation in broadcasting.

DOUBLE MINT gum enjoyed daily helps beautify mouth and facial contours

A beauty's secret!
Every week go to your
BEAUTY SHOP
and
Every day enjoy
DOUBLE MINT gum

WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR

Clouds of Glory



Colorinse truly glorifies woman's crowning glory! This harmless vegetable coloring compound magically rinses youth into your hair and leaves it lovely, clean, lustrous. Gives to any hair the gleaming, glamourous highlights of its own natural color. And Colorinse is easily removed—a shampoo is all that's necessary.

10c *for a package containing 2 rinses at all 5 and 10 cent store. Select your proper color from The Nestle Shade Selector prominently displayed on counters.*

Nestle COLORINSE
The NESTLE-LeMUR COMPANY N.Y.

My Man

(Continued from page 45)

Benny Fields is co-starred with Fannie Brice in the Ziegfeld Follies.

Only it was neither his talent nor his ability that made me suddenly feel as if nothing in the world mattered except that man singing out there on the floor.

I found myself leaning across the table and staring at him, like a kid seeing her matinee idol for the first time—and Benny recognized me and the first thing I knew he'd swung into *Melancholy Baby,* the song I'd sung so much I sort of looked upon it as my particular property.

He grinned then and flipped a salute at me but he wasn't grinning when we were introduced. There was something in his eyes and something in his voice that made the room suddenly spin around me. For I could see it was the same way with Benny as it was with me. We were in love.

But, even feeling that way, he shook his head when I asked him to join my act and said he couldn't leave his partners. I found myself loving him more than ever for that—and so I took the three of them, to get Benny!

I'll never forget the night we opened in New York. Monday night at the Palace always had been like Old Home week for me, with personal friends and all the other friends I'd never met, out there in the audience, making me feel so warm and welcome. But this was the most wonderful evening I'd ever had there, because it was taking Benny right into its grand old heart, too.

It was about a year after that the four of us were having dinner one night and Benny Davis sort of cleared his throat and told Benny that he and Jack were leaving the act.

"You've weakened the act, making a place for us in it," he said. "We're just excess baggage. It's time you and Blossom were going it alone."

Benny tried to argue with them, but those friends of his were just as loyal as he was and so when we signed our contracts for that year it was as a double.

There were grand years ahead of us. Happy, prosperous years. Years that swept us along with them to Europe and to that morning in Paris . . . and then changed suddenly into years that knew fear and poverty and all the things we had thought never could happen to us.

It's funny, though, when a thing is over, no matter how horrible it's been, you find it has brought its blessings, too. Those other years brought Benny and me closer in a new way. There were the two of us, standing up against the whole world. A man and woman have to pay a big price to get that sort of closeness.

Well, we paid the price. But it brought us other things, too. Sweet things, it's hard to put in words. Such as Benny calling me "Mamma" now, instead of "Baby," the way he used to. And me liking it better than that other pet name, even. And looking deep into his heart and finding a frightened little boy there. And finding a man there, too, squaring his shoulders at the whole world for me.

After that first shock in Paris we got our second wind and I wasn't even regretting the hats and dresses and things I'd bought without a thought. We still had money enough to see us through for a few months and after the cable from our broker we knew exactly where we stood, which was exactly nowhere. But we'd get to work as soon as we reached New York and start saving for the future again. Only for a while it seemed as if there wasn't going to be any work—or any future!

Poised TO THE TIPS OF YOUR FINGERS

Hands can be slender, idle, active or relaxed . . . but really beautiful and **poised** to the finger tips. To keep them always poised, use Wigder Manicure Aids. Wigder Nail Files are specially Triple Cut with even, fast-cutting teeth for smooth and fast-filing so as not to jar the nails. The Improved Cleaner Point, a **Wigder** feature, conforms to the finger nails and enables you to clean easily and quickly. On sale at drug and 5 and 10 cent stores.

For Benny got a bad cold coming over on the boat and when he reached New York—well, it was weeks before the doctors would give me any hope at all. Afterwards we went to Lake Placid and I could see Benny was worrying about the money it was taking to stay at the hotel, so I said: "Forget it, Benny. Let's have fun spending it. Since when have we to stop and think about spending a few dollars? Let's make this a vacation and have fun!"

I suppose I remember that so well because it was the first time I had had to pick up Benny's spirits.

It was grand seeing Benny growing strong again, getting brown and healthy from the sun, and in no time at all he was his old self again and we felt like a million dollars when we walked down Broadway.

But it wasn't Broadway. It was a street we'd never known before. A frightening street . . .

One day Benny came home sort of excited.

"It's radio that's licked us," he said. "But don't worry, baby, we're going to catch it by the tail and spin it over our heads!"

Radio! Of course! That was the solution! It seemed awfully easy then. Only it wasn't. We saw people. Just a little condescendingly, at first, I must admit, because we thought that any program would jump at the chance of getting Blossom Seeley and Benny Fields. After all, weren't we Palace headliners? Hadn't we been Broadway names for years?

I can't count the times we were close to signing contracts. Looking back at it now, I see a succession of days with hope starting every one of them and defeat finishing them up. We humbled ourselves. Spread ourselves like a mat in front of the door of radio. We were the *Welcome* on that mat, but nobody realized it then!

We weren't getting any place and one day we packed and left for Hollywood. It looked as if happy days had come again. The Paramount Theatre there booked us for a week and I was optioned for an Ed Wynn picture. Then Daryll Zanuck saw my test and, since Lilyan Tashman was ill, gave me her place in a picture.

Things were looking up again for Blossom Seeley. But what about Benny Fields? Musicals were temporarily out in Hollywood and there was no place for him.

Maybe it was because he was so grand about it all, standing aside and cheering me on. Maybe it was just because he was Benny, the man I loved, but anyway, whatever it was, I couldn't take my chance at the expense of his. The day the picture was finished we took the train back to New York.

Benny never got the idea of radio out of his head. In those days there weren't the big Broadway names on the air that there are today. But Benny was looking ahead. Was seeing Radio as it was going to be. The way Mondays used to be at the Palace with all the Personalities we loved jamming the bill.

We got awfully excited, talking about it on the train, planning, building a new act for the air. But the same old locked door was waiting for us. We hadn't found the key yet . . .

Months went by and our money went

THE girl who gets the invitations is the girl who knows how to please the men!

She takes great pains to learn their likes and their dislikes.

One of the first things she learns is that nothing so quickly prejudices a man against a girl as the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her clothing and her person.

And so she runs no risk of this danger. For she knows how easy it is to avoid —with Mum!

Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Another thing you'll like—use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed.* For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Mum, you know, doesn't prevent natural perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Use Mum daily and you'll never be uninvited because of personal unpleasantness.

Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MUM

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

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WHAT ABOUT YOUR TALCUM POWDER?

Be as fussy about Talcum Powder as you are of any cosmetic. Insist on LANDER'S BLENDED TALCUM, *nothing purer!* Take your pick of our 5 Exclusive Double-Blends

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Lavender & Pine
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10¢ Each blend protected by U. S. copyright AT DIME STORES

Lander
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

P. S. Get all the features of a dollar lipstick for 10c! Ask for the new LANDER'S PERMANENT TRIPLE INDELIBLE SWIVEL LIPSTICK..made with a cold cream base!

SKIN INJURIES Burns, Blisters, Scratches, etc.
To relieve soreness—hasten healing—help prevent infection—apply at once, mild, reliable
Resinol
Sample free. Resinol, Dept. 9F, Balto. Md.

Brush Away GRAY HAIR AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

NOW, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-four years. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

with it. We had moved from our hotel to one cheap hotel after another, to wondering where our next meal was coming from. We thought we'd hit low before. Now we were beginning to find out there's always a lower low and a lower one. . . .

Finally, in desperation, I borrowed enough money to take me back to Hollywood. But when the time came I couldn't leave Benny. Even though it meant a new chance and a new stake, I couldn't go. We'd always shared everything together and we were going to share this.

So we went to Chicago instead. To Chicago and all the new hopes and all the new disappointments. To the days when we ate peanuts and the days when we ate nothing. To the dingy little night club there that offered us a job and that Benny took on alone.

"Blossom Seeley isn't singing in a cheap bar," he told me and he was so mad he sort of choked on the words.

But Benny Fields sang there. And Benny Fields sang in other places like it, too. They were small places, cheap places, that folded up one after the other, but Benny went on just the same, trying to find a place for both of us in this new strange world.

But there was that closeness building itself around us all the time. It got so that I could tell what had happened to him that day just by hearing his step on the stairs at night, by the way his key turned in the lock. And somehow when the door opened and he stood there, it wasn't hard to smile at all.

There was that Christmas morning when Benny's lips twisted at the sight of his sock hanging from the bedpost with popcorn spilling out of it and he put his arms around me and sang: *"I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby,"* in a way that song has never been sung before. And I'm not excepting the Palace, either. Somehow that was the most beautiful present even Benny has ever given me.

And there was the time we thought we were all set again, when we had an offer from a smart night club that was opening in Kansas City. But when we got there Benny was desperately sick with flu—and when the doctor came, he said he'd have to go to the hospital.

I couldn't send Benny to the hospital. His eyes were begging me not to let him go there all alone. I was awfully frightened then. We had friends in Chicago and I felt that if I could only get him back there, everything was going to be all right again.

The doctor finally consented to letting him go and Charlie Thorpe, who's been our accompanist for years and is with Benny today, helped me to bundle him up and get him on to the train and into the drawing-room we couldn't afford.

Ever since we'd been in Chicago we had been hoping for a chance to get into the *Chez Paree*, an ultra smart night club. Twice it looked as if we were going to make it, but something always happened. Benny wasn't even thinking of it any more. When he got over the flu he started working in a little club that had just opened. It didn't pay much. Enough for a cheap room, for food, for the radio he bought for my birthday.

Then one night when Benny was dressing to go to the club, I turned on the radio. A news commentator was on and as we listened he announced that the little club had just been raided and closed.

It was that old *last straw!*

Something snapped in me then and I began tearing off my dress.

"Get into your dress suit, Benny. I'm putting on that grand dress I bought in Paris. The one I've never had a chance to wear. We're going to the *Chez Paree!*"

Benny thought I'd suddenly gone crazy. We had one five-dollar bill left in the world and here I was wanting to go to one of the most expensive places in Chicago. But when he saw that I meant it, he smiled and said: "Sure, Blossom. Anything you say."

Mike Fritzell, who is loved by all show people, is part owner of the place and he came over to our table with a big smile and welcome. But as much as I adore that dear friend of ours, I wasn't going to mince words then.

"Listen, Mike," I said. "What are you going to do about Benny Fields? You need him as much as he needs you! Your show is crying for a personality like him. Put him to work here!"

I knew Mike had been wanting Benny, but he didn't have full say about the talent. But he smiled and patted me on the shoulder and then he turned to Benny.

"Come on over and see me tomorrow," he said. "Harry Richman is coming here in ten days. Maybe you can fill in, in the mean time."

Somehow I knew then that everything was going to be all right, but we had been fooled so often I didn't quite dare to hope. But the next night when Benny sang and the place went mad over him I knew he was set.

That night we both broke down. We could break down, now that everything was going to be okay again. It was all right to break down over good luck!

Funny, isn't it, how simply things come after years of waiting and hoping? That engagement at the *Chez Paree* led directly to Abe Lyman and the *Hollywood Restaurant* here in New York, to Benny Field's contract on the radio and his starring place on the popular *Ziegfeld Follies* of the air, for which Abe is responsible. I am glad to say this, because so many people have been taking the bows for it.

Since we've been back I've had offers to sing. Grand offers. But I'm going to wait awhile. To stand by until Benny really gets his success legs under him again. Until he gets the realization that everything is all right again. After all, those last years were a lifetime!

Sometimes I choke up when I see Benny Fields out there on the floor, better than he's ever been before. For all those things that have happened to him are a part of his voice now, a part of every song he sings. And behind him I see Mondays at the Palace and the Broadway we used to know . . . And an October morning in Paris . . . And the time he was sick in Kansas City . . . And his feet dragging, ever so little, when he had to come home and tell me something else had fallen through . . .

And then I cry like a fool, because that man singing out there, twirling his cane as if he'd never had a care in his life, is *my man*—my Benny! Silly, isn't it? The happiest woman in the world crying!

I'll Stick to Announcing

(*Continued from page 47*)

Lindbergh ransom was paid. The telephone rang and when I answered, I recognized Lindbergh's thin, rather high-pitched voice.

"This is Colonel Lindbergh speaking," the voice said. "I've just paid the ransom for my boy and I want to know if you have the serial numbers on the bills. If you have, I want to ask you not to broadcast them."

There was infinite weariness, infinite tragedy in the tones of Colonel Lindbergh's voice. It was the voice of a heart-broken father, for whom everything else in the world had faded away except the realization of the loss of his son. My heart felt as though it were smashed into a thousand bits, as I imagined myself and millions of other American fathers in the place of this bitterly-torn, heroic pawn of fate. As long as I live, I sha'n't be able to forget Lindbergh's brief sentence over the telephone.

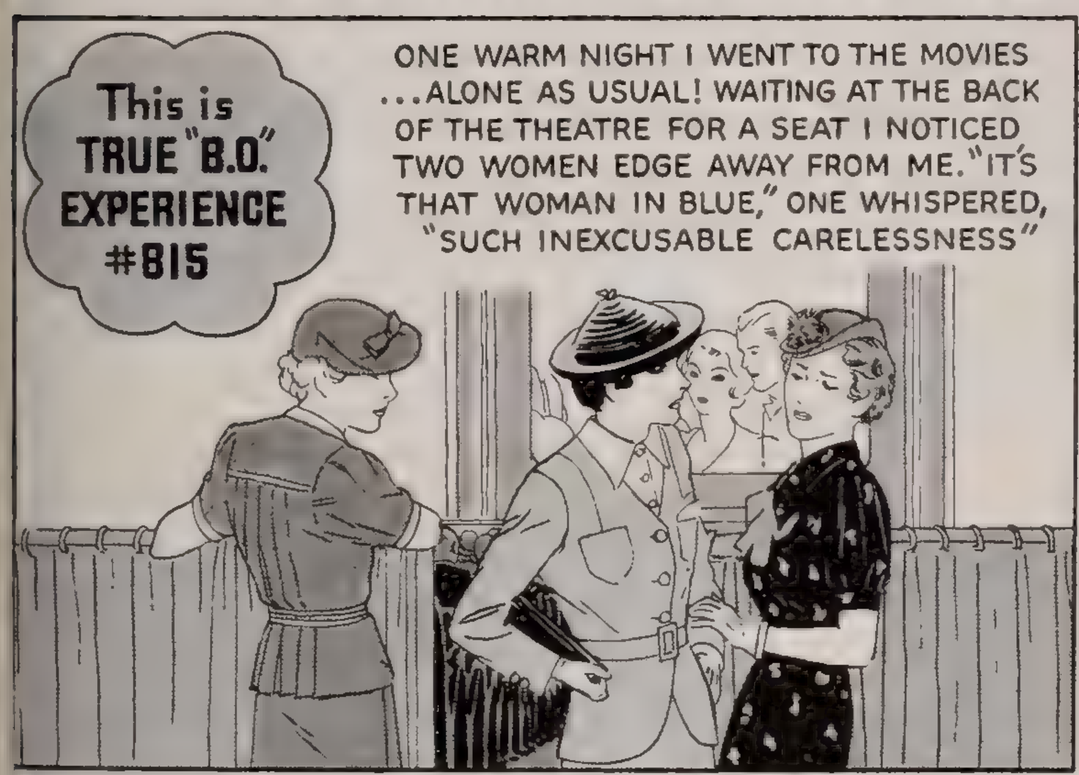
But let us skip for a moment to the blinding white sands and gorgeous blue skies of Bermuda. I was sent down there by the National Broadcasting Company in 1932 to "cover" Dr. William Beebe's first plunge into the sea in the bathysphere. That assignment was one of the most thrilling I have ever had. On the day of the big event, all of us connected with the experiment were in a state of feverish excitement. Here was an unknown sphere of research about to be opened to mankind. We did not, therefore, believe that Dr. Beebe knew what he was talking about when he shouted to us: "Boys, don't pull me up. Let me down—let me down!" He had been lowered almost 1700 feet into the ocean, and was still being lowered! We thought he was just excited. But afterward he explained to us that, at that great depth, since there is no light and all colors of the spectrum are lost, he was amazed suddenly to discover that light was being recorded again on his spectroscope. The only reason he could find for that was that, instead of being lowered, he was being pulled up again to the surface. Then it dawned on him that he had penetrated to a depth in the ocean which was so thick with phosphorescent fish that the light from their bodies made the water bright enough to record light.

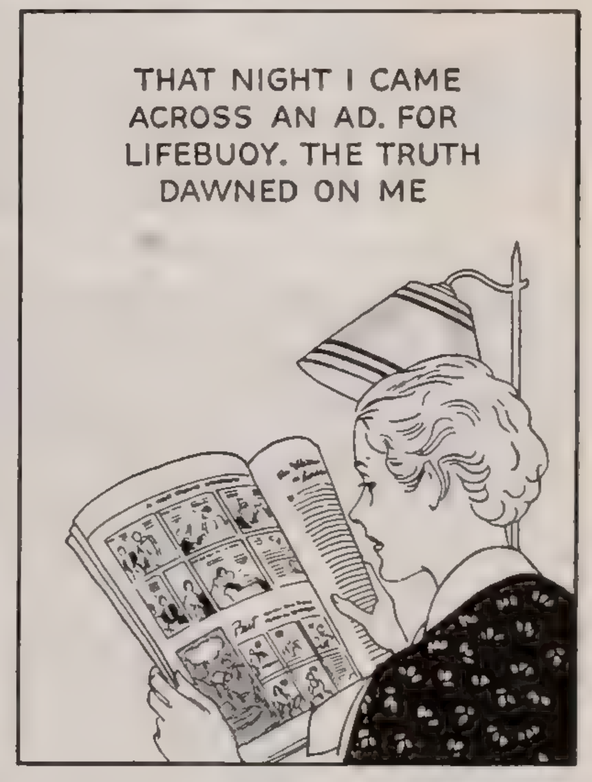
Of the artists I have come to know well through the years, Jessica Dragonette is one of my favorites. She is a very fine person and—here's something most people don't realize, she's a very shy creature, the most timid woman I ever have known in my life. The reserved and rather formal front she puts on is to hide that timidity. I remember that we had been working together on the air for three and a half years before she called me by my first name. When she slipped one day and addressed me as "Ford," she blushed like a school-girl. She exerts tremendous willpower to make herself remain calm during her broadcasts. Though she is a remarkable picture of composure when she faces the microphone, her hands always are icy-cold and she is tense until the last note of her song is off the air.

Rudy Vallee is another artist whom I number among my top favorites. I'm crazy about the guy. He has one of the finest minds of anyone I know. He's truly educated and has a delightful personality. I'll answer your question right now, before you ask it. No, I don't think he's conceited. His fault-finders do. He impresses me as a man who has a job to do, knows that he knows how to do it and always has a sure touch. If they want to call that conceit, let them.

I'll never forget the first time I heard Vallee sing. I was program director at *WHAS*, in Louisville, Kentucky. In those days, *WEAF* was just being built into a network, and George McCelland, who was in charge, was trying very hard to interest the member stations in New York talent. One day he said to me: "There's a boy singing in a New York night club who's knocking the women dead. He's sen-

"A CUTTING REMARK BROUGHT ME LASTING HAPPINESS!"



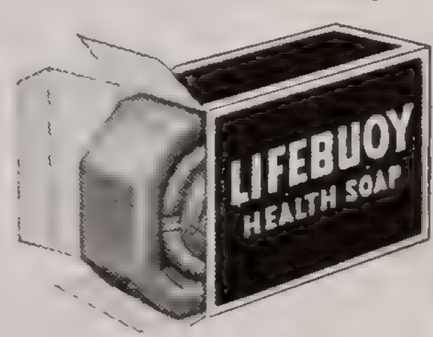


Are your friends too "considerate" to tell you?

DON'T wait to be embarrassed—like the girl whose *true* story is illustrated! If you could read the *thousands* of letters we receive you'd realize "B.O." (*body odor*) is a cunning enemy—it betrays us when we least expect it! Be *safe!* Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy! Its abundant creamy lather purifies, stops "B. O." Its clean scent rinses away.

A truly mild complexion soap

Lifebuoy protects your complexion...gives it that clear look that spells YOUTH. It cleanses more deeply, but *gently!* "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove it is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."



Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

with a glamorous South Sea red that's transparent, pasteless, highly indelible

Now... for lips... TATTOO instead of lipstick! Vibrant, exciting South Sea color . . . luscious and appealing instead of "just red!" Transparent and pasteless instead of opaque and pasty. Softening to lips instead of drying. Tattoo! Put it on . . . let it set . . . wipe it off. Only the color stays. Tattoo your lips! Never be satisfied with less than the perfection of TATTOO. Test all five of TATTOO's thrilling shades on your own skin at the Tattoo Color Selector displayed in your favorite store. TATTOO, $1 everywhere.

CORAL . . . EXOTIC . . . NATURAL . . . PASTEL . . . HAWAIIAN

TATTOO

Whispering HURTS YOU

DEW

SOMETHING ABOUT IT

● Carelessness about perspiration creates unpleasant talk—and with just cause. Only proper precautions will stop this whispering. But be sure your precautions are complete—use Dew. This effective deodorant and non-perspirant gives thorough protection against underarm odors and stains. Dew stops perspiration—*instantly*. You can apply Dew any time—just follow the simple directions. Dew costs little; a small bottle lasts for months. Sold at department, drug or chain stores.

sational—why don't you try him out?"

Well, I thought it wouldn't do any harm to give him a trial, so I booked the singer immediately. During his program, I went to the telephone and called Mr. McCelland.

"Say, George," I said. "What do you mean, that man's a sensation? Why, he's just a guy singing through his nose!"

With that, I hung up the telephone and gave the order to cancel Rudy Vallee at *WHAS*. But, afterward, I began thinking it over. The fellow must have something, I reasoned, to have caused such a panic among the women. I decided to listen to him again. Something about his soft, effortless style at the microphone, that I had overlooked before, convinced me he *was* a sensation! I booked him for the next night. Since then, I've been a number-one Rudy Vallee fan.

Among the top-notch artists on the air, I think Helen Jepson is one of the loveliest, and greatly deserving of credit for her fine work and rapid rise to stardom. Her husband, George Possell, is a well-known flautist and they have an ideally happy home life. About five years ago, George and I were working together on an *NBC* program. George was a confirmed bachelor. One evening he came in, beaming from ear to ear.

"Ford," he said, "I'm going to get married."

"Go on," I kidded him, never dreaming he was serious. "Where did you find the woman with two million dollars?"

"She hasn't got a cent. She's just a voice student, but she's the finest girl in the world, and, what a voice! She'll be famous some day—you wait and see!"

I didn't have to wait long. After Helen's marriage, she found stardom on Paul Whiteman's hour, soon followed by a contract at the Metropolitan. I was the announcer for the Whiteman hour and came to know this beautiful prima donna as one of the most delightful persons I ever have had the pleasure of working with.

There are many other stars, with names shining glamorously in lights today, whose early years in radio I'm proud to have known through close association. Lanny Ross, for instance. Lanny is a swell, unassuming guy. He takes his career very seriously and is one of the hardest-working persons I know. I worked with Lanny for a long time at *NBC* when we both were complete "unknowns." He had a fifteen-minute spot on Saturday nights as *The Troubadour of the Moon*.

"Wouldn't it be great, Ford," he used to say, "if we ever got a break?"

There's that Winchell guy, too. If I ever have palsy in my left arm, it will be a hang-over from the days when Winchell first went on the air, and I would stand with my left hand on his shoulder while I read the announcements. He still gets nervous, but then he shook so at the mike it gave me the jitters, too.

Those were the days . . . But today is exciting and tomorrow's stars are in the making. I wouldn't trade my job of announcing for anything else in the world!

Will Radio Rule Women Voters?

(*Continued from page 21*)

historians. Radio should have a Messiah who will talk to people, who will think out loud! I'd like to be that Messiah!

"I can see the drawbacks. I can picture the coffee company or pepper-and-salt firm shouting for Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones who can play the banjo, and saying: 'What do we want with a lady author, anyway?'

"You know, radio has not yet been educated to pay for writers. They wanted me to debate with Frances Perkins. I agree with her on a lot of subjects, but I do disagree with her on social security. I wanted to broadcast that debate. My first impulse was to say, 'yes.' I felt that, between the two of us, we could have sowed some seeds for thought. But that same speech could be turned into a magazine article. I get paid for magazine articles, while radio thinks a writer should give services free.

"Last year I had an excellent radio idea. I wanted to drive all over America. I wanted to visit the farms, the mining districts, the factories, the big cities and the little villages and broadcast what I saw. I wanted to interpret America for itself. I wanted to tell Alaska about Florida and California about Maine.

"I submitted that idea to a broadcasting chain, but I never knew what happened to it. Do you?" And Fannie Hurst stared at me, puzzled.

I told her what happened. The chain was The Columbia Broadcasting System, and the idea had been submitted to me, who was, at that time, in their employ. But Columbia was afraid to ask Miss Hurst how much money she might want.

To do Columbia justice let me say here that they had once been "burned" by a well-known gentleman writer to whom they paid a thousand dollars a script, only to have him try to fool them by hiring a *ghost* to do the job for seventy-five dollars. He didn't fool them. His contract was cancelled. But his antic did hurt other name writers, hurt them to such an extent that a Columbia executive once asked me to ask Sam Hellman, who receives thousands of dollars for his scenarios and magazine stories, to write an hour-long *Frigidaire* program for one hundred-and-fifty dollars! Another day they offered a writer who gets over five hundred dollars for a short story, *twenty-five* dollars for a radio script!

Such are conditions in the writer-broadcasting world. Chains believe that writers should provide them with free bait for advertisers, when nobody else works for nothing. They believe they should pay much less than magazines when they actually make more money than magazines. As Miss Hurst put it, they're in a rut and don't know it.

"But they'll find out," Fannie Hurst prophesied. "You'll see, and then will come improvement."

I'm waiting for that day, and when it comes I'll be the first to listen in, because then Fannie Hurst will go on the air.

Board of Review

(Continued from page 6)

39. ALEMITE HALF HOUR WITH HEIDT'S BRIGADIERS (CBS) 69.7
Horace Heidt makes the most of a note.

40. PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM (NBC) .68.6
Leo Reisman and sophistication. Program becomes irritating in commercial announcements, though.

41. AL PEARCE AND HIS GANG (NBC).68.2
The gag-house gang.

42. THE GOLDBERGS (CBS).....68.1
Life with its laughs and its tears.

43. EDDIE DOWLING'S ELGIN REVUE (NBC) ...68.1
Eddie is swell. But——

44. FIRST NIGHTER WITH BETTY LOU GERSON AND DON AMECHE (NBC)..68.1
Original radio playlets, well written, directed and performed.

45. BOB CROSBY (CBS).....67.3
Bing's popular kid brother, whose voice and orchestra are well worth the dialing.

46. MELODIANA WITH BERNICE CLAIRE AND ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC) ...67.1
Not forgetting Oliver Smith's fine tenor.

47. LOMBARDO ROAD (CBS).....67.0
Guy Lombardo and his brothers. Excellent, of course.

48. PRINCESS PAT PLAYERS (NBC)...67.0
Their popularity is gaining steadily.

49. A & P GYPSIES (NBC).....66.8
Harry Horlick and his orchestra continue to delight with sprightly arrangements.

50. SHELL CHATEAU (NBC).....66.6
Smith Ballew, radio's tallest m. c., performing effectively Al Jolson's former duties. Many enjoy him more, in fact. Victor Young's music.

51. LANNY ROSS PRESENTS MAXWELL HOUSE SHOWBOAT (NBC).....66.4
All depends on Lanny.

52. GRAND HOTEL WITH ANNE SEYMOUR AND VINNIE HAWORTH (NBC).....66.3
A stimulating change from crooners, swing music and such.

53. YOUR HIT PARADE (NBC) (CBS).66.3
The bands may come and go, but the fifteen most popular hits of the week go on forever.

54. MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY (NBC) 66.0
The human interest stories are missing, but the professional performances make up for them.

55. CHRYSLER AIR SHOW (CBS).....65.8
Lawrence Gray. Mark Warnow's tuneful music.

56. FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE "THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN WASHINGTON TONIGHT" (CBS) 65.7
With the presidential election fast approaching, Mr. Wile's listeners are increasing no end.

57. FOLIES DE PAREE (NBC) 65.3
Willie and Eugene Howard and Fifi Dorsay are featured. Certain to become an outstanding favorite, if the quality continues.

58. MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR (NBC) 65.1
Are the critics being unkind, or is the Major losing his popularity?

59. HAMMERSTEIN'S MUSIC HALL (NBC) ...65.1
Reviving the Gay Nineties.

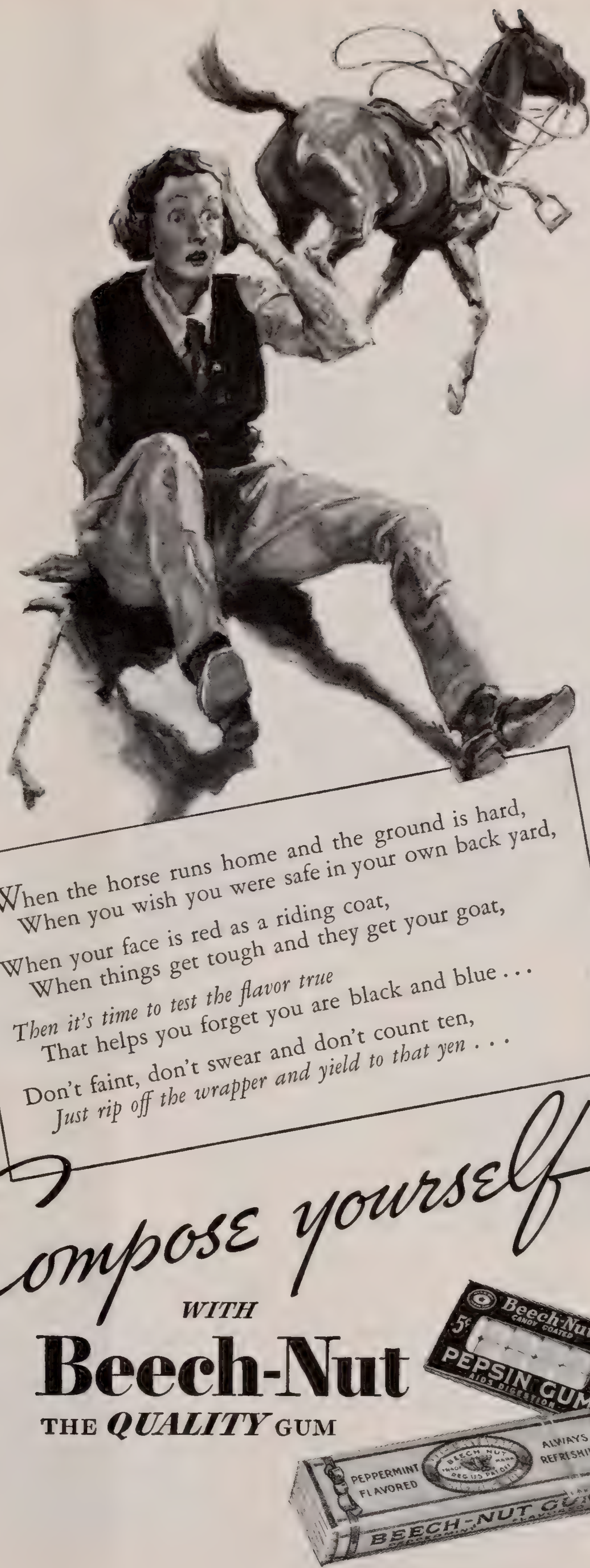
60. LADY ESTHER SERENADE (NBC).64.4
The charm of Wayne King's music.

61. BENAY VENUTA (CBS).....64.4
Songstress extraordinary.

62. TITO GUIZAR (CBS).....63.8
Romance in song.

63. SWIFT STUDIO PARTY (NBC)....63.7
Lionel Barrymore and Sigmund Romberg are the attractions.

64. THE FLYING RED HORSE TAVERN (CBS) 63 6
Beatrice Lillie, almost as good as she is on the stage—which is high praise!



NEW TATTOO CREAM MASCARA

Needs no water to apply—really waterproof!

TATTOO your eyelashes with this smooth, new cream mascara and your lashes will instantly look twice their real length; the South Sea enchantress' own way of achieving truly glamorous eyes. More waterproof than liquid darkeners; won't run or smear. Easier to apply than cake mascaras. Won't smart. Harmless. Actually makes lashes soft and curling, instead of brittle and "beady." Complete with brush in smart, rubber-lined satin vanity . . . 50c . . . at all toilet goods counters. Black, Brown, Blue.

TATTOO

FAVORITE of RADIO HEADLINERS, the Savoy-Plaza is noted for the charm and sparkle of its atmosphere, for its unexcelled cuisine, for service that rivals the smoothness and perfection of a star performance . . . Convenient to CBS and NBC studios, smart shops, theatres, and night "spots" ...Singlerooms, $5, $6, $7. Double rooms, $7, $8, $9. Suites from $10.

S·P

Henry A. Rost, Managing Director

George Suter, Resident Manager

SAVOY-PLAZA

Overlooking Central Park

FIFTH AVE • 58th To 59th STS • NEW YORK

65. FREDDIE RICH'S PENTHOUSE PARTY (CBS) 63.4
Gayety and guest stars galore.

66. U. S. ARMY BAND (CBS) 63.4
Whether or not you love a parade.

67. MELODY MATINEE WITH VICTOR ARDEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC) 63.2
It's the same Victor who makes all those music rolls for your piano.

68. MUSICAL REVERIES WITH STUART CHURCHILL (CBS) 63.0
Stuart's voice is dangerous for girls under twenty and women over twenty-one.

69. LAVENDER AND OLD LACE (CBS) .62.9
Lucy Monroe, Fritzi Scheff and Frank Munn. Much the same sort of program as "American Album."

70. HARRY RESER AND HIS CLICQUOT CLUB ORCHESTRA (NBC) 62.7
Harry continues to do unbelievable things with his banjo.

71. U. S. NAVY BAND (CBS) 62.7
Anchors aweigh!

72. ENO CRIME CLUES (NBC) 62.5
Invariably interesting.

73. FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY (NBC) ...62.3
One of the airs most humorous and entertaining programs.

74. LUM 'N' ABNER (NBC) 62.3
These boys have become so popular with their Pine Ridge characters, their listeners will be demanding that they jointly run for president.

75. EVENING IN PARIS (NBC) 62.0
Pickens Sisters, Morton Downey, Mark Warnow's orchestra. Sprightly.

76. EDWARD MACHUGH, GOSPEL SINGER (NBC) 62.0
Hymns, songs and philosophy.

77. CAVALCADE OF AMERICA (CBS) .61.7
Effective dramatic presentations of American history.

78. EDGAR GUEST IN WELCOME VALLEY (NBC) 61.7
Your favorite poet.

79. GANG BUSTERS (CBS) 61.5
Phillips Lord and his war on crime. Excitingly good.

80. MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND (NBC) 61.4
Rachael Carlay heads the cast.

81. THE SINGING LADY (NBC) 61.2
Songs and stories for kids and grownups as well.

82. DEATH VALLEY DAYS (NBC) 61.1
Convincingly done.

83. TEXACO PROGRAM (NBC) 60.8
Eddy Duchin's incomparable renditions.

84. MARY MARLIN (CBS) 60.4
Has legions and legions of feminine followers.

85. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR., PERSONALITIES IN THE NEWS (NBC) 60.4
The Park Avenue slant.

86. KATE SMITH (CBS) 60.2
On the air for over five years and still a favorite.

87. JOSE MANZANARES AND HIS SOUTH AMERICANS (CBS) 59.6
Featuring the best in Latin-American melodies.

88. BOB BECKER'S CHATS ABOUT DOGS (NBC) 59.6
Expert advice on canine problems.

89. VIC AND SADE (NBC) 59.5
Family life sketches that never grow dull.

90. FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON (CBS) 59.5
Pleasing tea time melodies.

91. GOGO DE LYS (CBS) 59 3
Popular ballads in the smooth modern manner.

92. THE ATLANTIC FAMILY ON TOUR (CBS) 59.2
Bob Hope and Frank Parker.

93. MUSICAL FOOTNOTES (CBS) 59.0
Vivian della Chiesa, soprano songstress.

94. NATIONAL BARN DANCE (NBC) ..59.0
Square dances and rustic rhythms.

95. ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE DOG DRAMAS (NBC) 59.0
Glorifying the American dog.

96. UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION (NBC) ...58.7
Rural rollicking.

97. VOCALS BY VERRILL (CBS) 58.6
Virginia Verrill. You'll enjoy her voice and selections.

98. VOX POP, THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE (NBC) 58.5
With Parks Johnson and Jerry Belcher popping the questions.

99. BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS (CBS) .58.3
Ted Malone selling enthusiasm for the books of the month.

100. TODAY'S CHILDREN (NBC) 58.1
Youth has the floor.

101. JERGENS PROGRAM WITH WALTER WINCHELL (NBC) 58.0
Keyhole kapers.

102. TED HUSING AND THE CHARIOTEERS (CBS) 57.8
More enjoyable at a football game.

103. LEO SPITALNY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC) ...57.8
Unusually fine.

104. WARDEN LAWES (NBC) 57.8
Our versatile Warden as himself.

105. BROADWAY VARIETIES (CBS) ...57.7
Carmela Ponselle goes Broadway.

106. JIMMY FIDLER AND HIS HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP (NBC) 56.7
Jimmy leaves no stone unturned.

107. VAUGHN DE LEATH (NBC) 56.6
An old favorite still going strong.

108. THE O'NEILLS (NBC) 55.7
The Goldbergs in Irish clothing.

109. CAPT. TIM'S ADVENTURE STORIES (NBC) 55.7
The human side of postage stamps.

110. MUSICAL TOAST WITH JERRY COOPER, SALLY SCHERMERHORN AND RAY BLOCK'S ORCHESTRA (CBS) 55.5
Sally and Jerry weaving harmony spells.

111. MARY PICKFORD—PARTIES AT PICKFAIR (CBS) 55.3
America's sweetheart as hostess.

112. AMERICAN PAGEANT OF YOUTH (NBC) 54.5
Juvenile amateurs.

113. SWEETHEARTS OF THE AIR (NBC) ...54.4
Breen and De Rose.

114. IRENE RICH (NBC) 54.2
The playlet's the thing.

115. SMILING ED (CBS) 54.0
Journeys through songland with Ed McConnell as tour-conductor.

116. SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC) 54.0
Gus Van heading an all star cast.

117. PARIS NIGHT LIFE (CBS) 53.6
The boulevards after dark with Armida and Pierre le Kreune.

118. LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE (NBC) ..53.6
Sometimes the kiddies disagree with the critics.

119. IDA BAILEY ALLEN (NBC) 53.6
Radio's premier chef dispensing some of her lore.

120. PICK AND PAT (CBS) 53.5
Unbeatable minstrel combination.

121. BETTY AND BOB (NBC) 52.0
Diverting domestic skits with recipes for those who like them.

122. HOME SWEET HOME (NBC) 51.7
Listen in on this typical American surburban family.

123. HOSTESS COUNSEL (CBS) 50.8
Sound advice on the gentle art of wining and dining your guests.

124. NATIONAL AMATEUR NIGHT (CBS) ...50.5
Amateur talent on display with Ray Perkins as M. C.

125. FIVE STAR JONES (CBS) 50.2
Exciting dramas in the life of a star reporter

126. MA PERKINS (NBC) 49.0
Motherly advice on the neighborhood problems.

127. PHIL COOK, LANDT TRIO AND WHITE (NBC) 48.2
Pleasant trio singing and light comedy.

128. MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH (CBS) 48.2

A favorite story character steps out of the story book.

129. JUST PLAIN BILL (CBS).....47.7
Depicting the small town good Samaritan.

130. VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS)...47.6
Experience irons out the wrinkles in human problems.

131. POPEYE THE SAILOR (NBC).....47.6
You'll like him better in the comic strip.

132. LAZY DAN THE MINSTREL MAN (CBS) 47.3
Here's a man who refuses to be hurried.

133. BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY (CBS) 47.3
A peep into a very fantastic future.

134. SINGIN' SAM (CBS).....46.0
Tunes in the popular vein.

135. HARV AND ESTHER (CBS).....44.8
Amusing and gay.

136. BILL AND BETTY (NBC).....40.2
Diverting.

Radio Ramblings

(*Continued from page 18*)

Another recruit to the ranks of pet owners is Frank Munn, veteran tenor star of the air-waves, who has a new silky black cocker spaniel puppy, named *Schnapps*. Frank says he is keeping an album of Schnapps-shots. Now in his thirteenth year of radio work, Frank is on three *NBC* programs, *Lavender and Old Lace*, *Waltz Time* and *The American Album of Familiar Music*.

A recent caller in the office whence these radio ramblings emanate was Phil Spitalny, whose story is told elsewhere in this issue. An interesting-looking dark man, his success with his all-girl orchestra is not only a gratification to him but to the eager listeners to the Hour of Charm *program. His girls, Phil says, represent a miniature league of nations, being of Russian, French, Hungarian, English, German, Canadian, Polish-Italian and American parentage. They come from seventeen different states in the union.*

Jerry Cooper, handsome Southern baritone star, apparently is, we are informed, thinking seriously of the movies. Although he has turned down three offers from movie companies, he has enrolled with one of America's most respected dramatic coaches for a course in diction and stage art. But maybe the *CBS* singer is thinking about television.

When and if television does come we may see Lois Ravel, charming *NBC* songstress, riding as she warbles. Lois is an expert equestrienne and has won many awards for her skill. In Washington, recently, she established a new high for the course over the hurdles.

Here's a program that must have a host of attentive listeners, judging by the response. Gertrude Berg, author and main character of The Goldbergs *radio script series, recently introduced a new feature one day a week in her program. It is called* Mama Talks. *Since starting it she has received an average of 3,500 letters each week from mothers, asking her advice regarding problems in their homes and in the raising of their children. Although Mrs. Berg dictates her advice per-*

Like the breath of warm spring air laden with love

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I am enclosing ____ cents. Please send me ____ pkgs. SHEILA Shampoo; ____ pkgs. SHEILA Rinse; ____ pkgs. SHEILA Wave Powder. Prepaid.
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sonally, she has had to employ three secretaries to take care of the answers to all these queries.

Speaking of listening, Dorothy Thompson, famous woman journalist and wife of the noted author, Sinclair Lewis, touches a subject close to our heart when she refers to us as "lazy listeners." And not only lazy listeners, but timid thinkers!

Every other Tuesday Miss Thompson analyzes highlights of the news on *NBC's Women's Radio Review.* And she has, she declares, "an ulterior purpose." She wants people not only to listen, but to think—to do their own analyzing, choose their own highlights and check their choices against her own.

"As a nation," we are the world's most timid thinkers," Miss Thompson says. "We act impulsively. We're never afraid of action, no matter how unwise. But whenever we suspect a public figure of thinking—then we get suspicious!"

Let's take Dorothy up on that listening and thinking. . . . We might even find something to be indignant about! We might do something about it. . . .

Eddie Dowling's mother was one who "did something about it!" We know you'll enjoy Eddie's story, on Page 28 in this magazine. . . . Mrs. Dowling listened—to many a tale of trouble and disaster. . . . And she didn't just say: "Isn't that too bad!" Or: "I'm so sorry!" She went out and did something to help—paid the rent, or called the doctor, or bought a ton of coal, or found a job for someone. . . . And she made life a grand story.

The same sort of spirit has characterized Eddie Dowling's rise to the top flight of stage and radio comedians. His program, The Elgin Review, *is worth listening to —though the material could be better. Maybe somebody will do something about that!*

Here's a novel idea for these days—though it really is old as the hills! Jan Peerce is putting it into practice however. Jan pays his physician an annual fee to keep him healthy, instead of consulting him only when he is ill. As you doubtless know, that's an old Chinese custom.

Something of a different sort has come down through the years to Frances Adair, *NBC* soprano. Frances' most cherished possession is a doll, one hundred years old. Her great-great-grandmother made it for Frances' great-grandmother.

And speaking of dolls, Ireene Wicker, The Singing Lady, *wife of Walter Wicker and mother of two tall children, looks like a brunette Dresden doll. But far from being a baby doll, Ireene has a truly amazing fund of knowledge on many widely diversified subjects, as her charmingly entertaining program, created entirely by herself, demonstrates. Despite which, when the day of television arrives, Ireene is going to find it hard to escape being cast as a Dresden doll—or, at least, a wide-eyed child!*

It's going to complicate things, isn't it? —when the program director for a dramatic script must choose his actors to stand the test of sight as well as sound!

Just to be helpful, we offer a few outstanding types:

A political campaign leader . . Ben Bernie
A college professor . . . . . Don Bestor
College sophomore (in his first long pants) . . . . . Stuart Churchill
A banker . . . . . Emil Coleman
A Wall Street broker . . . . . Jan Peerce
Genial restaurant owner . . . Mark Warnow
Society playboy . . . . . Frank Parker
Professional football player . James Melton
A radio bandleader . . . . . Hal Kemp

Now all we need is the script!

We've just heard of an unusual tribute to a radio star and her program. At Oak Lawn, Rhode Island, a children's home has been built and named the *Mary Marlin Home,* in honor of Joan Blaine, who plays the title rôle in the *CBS* story, *Mary Marlin.* The building originally was a mansion owned by an elderly couple, who converted it as a memorial to their two grandchildren. The grounds contain many flower gardens, each of which is to be dedicated to a radio star. A hedge of lilacs borders the Joan Blaine garden—since lilacs are frequently mentioned in *The Story of Mary Marlin.*

Just time to make note of the report that the romance of Jim and Marian Jordan (*NBC's Fibber McGee and Molly*) began when Jim was ten years old and Marian eight. They were attending separate schools in the same Illinois township and Molly's school gave a party, at which Molly performed an Irish jig. Jim never forgot it. Fifteen years later they were married.

"And now—" as Boake Carter would say, "I see that my time's up . . ."

So, until another month, the Radio Rambler will gather up these "seashells" —and go to press.

Keep Young and Beautiful

(*Continued from page 9*)

ever, should contain one special seaside lipstick. I know of one new lipstick, for example, which is indelible and costs a mere pittance. It comes in a handsome swivel case, which makes it all the more convenient, of course, and the range of summer shades in which it is offered will tempt you to stock up a supply in more than one color.

There's a definite orange shade which is perfect with deep sun tan, and a more vivid red one for the light sun tan. This is the first time that I have ever known a swivel lipstick to be offered at such a price and in such an extensive range of shades.

As I have mentioned before, your eyes need some special consideration as you acquire your tan, for a warmer color of the skin has a way of draining the color from

your eyes. When it comes to evening make-up, or daytime dressy make-up, you will want to counteract this tendency with eyeshadow and mascara in the shade that best brings out and intensifies your eye coloring.

I accused Rosemary and Priscilla of trying to travel around incognito by wearing dark glasses for all their pursuits under the sun.

The girls eyed me unblinkingly while I squinted at them accusingly in the bright sunlight. "There, you see!" They pointed at me gleefully. "That's why we wear glasses!"

But I was not to be discomfited. Rosemary had an extra pair of nice smoked goggles which she lent me, while I pursued the dark problems of proper eye care.

Your eyes get a lot of hard usage during your sojourns on the beach, even though you may not be conscious of the fact. They get a lot of hard usage when you're driving, too, squinting at that white ribbon of a road that winds ahead. They should certainly be bathed three or four times a day with a good eye lotion or eye wash. If they get red and swollen, pads of cotton, wrung out in a soothing eye bath, will do wonders toward bringing them back to comfortable normalcy and beauty.

There is a new kind of eye lotion that I want to tell you about, because it seems to me about the best guarantee of eye comfort and beauty that I can suggest for your vacation time needs. It is a marvelous aid toward soothing and refreshing tired and strained eyes. And it's quick as a wink. I understand that it is made from a formula recently perfected by several leading eye specialists, and I am told that it is really quite miraculous in clearing up the red bloodshot condition that we all detest and deplore, and for which we have had no quick first-aid remedies until now. It is safe, pure, and absolutely stainless.

It does make the eyes clearer and more sparkling. Now it is all very well for some well-meaning soul to say, "Your eyes look tired. You need more sleep." But what if you have an important social engagement that very evening, and a beauty nap is out of the question. Whisk out your eye lotion (it comes with a special eye dropper), and then lie down and relax for just ten minutes. You'll be amazed at the sparkling results.

And now if you want your eyes to have "it," and want to make the very most of your opportunities for summer glamour, you'll clip out this coupon and send it in today.

Mary Biddle
RADIO STARS
149 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Please send me your bulletin on "The Summer Beauty Broadcast."

Name.....

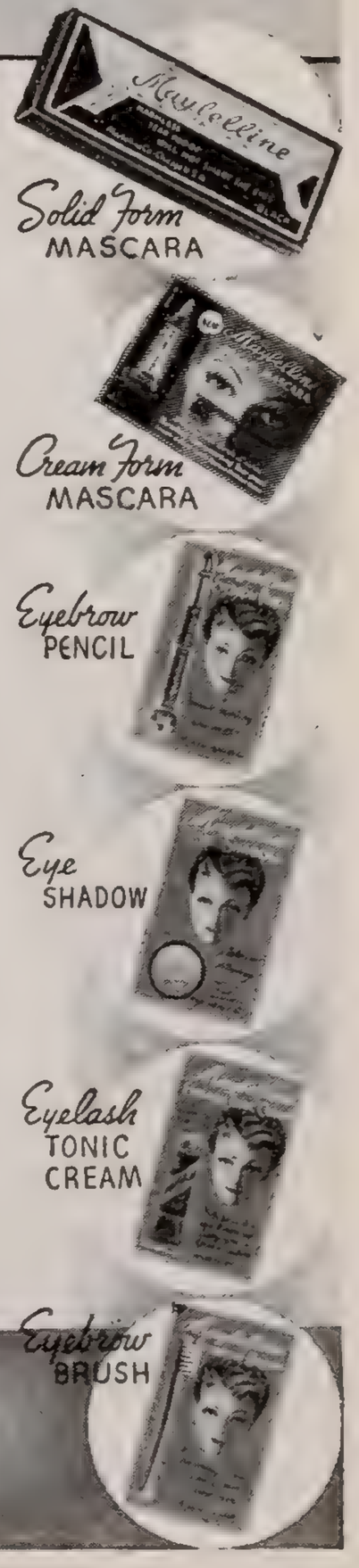
Address.....
(Kindly enclose stamped, addressed envelope)

PERSONAL QUESTIONS ON ALL BEAUTY PROBLEMS ALWAYS RECEIVE PERSONAL REPLIES.

Hat by Lilly Daché

Eye Make-up by Maybelline

Lilly Daché, one of America's foremost hat designers, creates this utterly charming daytime hat of soft blue toyo straw — with a perky oriental yellowbird set on the crown directly off center. Its striking, swooping, narrow accordian brim is a sure challenge to adventure. Says Mme. Daché: "The shallow sailor crown lifts the hat off the eyes, and to achieve real chic it is important of course to reveal the eyes at their best — in eye makeup as well as hat design.



MODERN Eye Make-up IS AS NECESSARY TO Chic AS THE SMARTEST Hat

CHIC! — elusive, magnetic quality — sweep of long lovely lashes! This most compelling of all feminine charms can be yours instantly, easily, with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Don't deny your eyes their marvelous powers—darken your lashes into long luxuriant fringe with Maybelline Mascara—the modern, non-smarting, tearproof mascara preferred by more than ten million fastidious women throughout the world. Try it in either the famous Solid form or the new Cream form—lightly for the smoothest, most silken effects; or more heavily for a deep rich appearance. In Black, Brown and Blue.

Encased in a beautiful red and gold vanity, the modern Solid form Maybelline Mascara is priced at 75c at all leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—including the new Cream form mascara—may be had at leading 10c stores. Try them today!

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WORLD'S FINEST AND LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

It's a beauty crime to dry and age your mouth with the wrong kind of lipstick.

Cutex Lipstick is warranted to contain a nourishing oil that helps to make lips alluringly smooth, moist and velvety. Your mouth looks 5 years younger!

In Natural, Coral, Cardinal, Rust, Ruby. Try it today—have younger, more fascinating lips!

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I enclose 10¢ for trial-size Cutex Lipstick as checked.
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At grocery, neighborhood, or 10c stores, or send 10c to Clopay Corp, 1224 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Lanny Looks Ahead

(*Continued from page 25*)

Show Boat. I just sang some songs. Then, in 1932, the *Show Boat* was started, and I have been with it ever since. Last summer I had, in addition, the *State Fair* program."

I asked him if he still had a voice double on the *Show Boat* program, as he had at the beginning.

"No," said Lanny. "I do it all now. One of the hardest things to overcome," he went on, "is the inertia of the sponsor to believe that you can do more than one thing. If they know that you can sing, they can't bring themselves to admit that you also can talk. I had to show them."

He showed them very effectively last summer, in a play called *Petticoat Fever,* in which he played the leading rôle with gratifying success.

I asked if he thought the Show Boat program would continue in its established form, with its mixture of romance and comedy and song which has been so popular.

"It may be changed," Lanny said slowly. "But whether it changes or not, I am going to change." He looked ahead along the path he has marked out for his future course, his serious blue eyes visioning the successive steps before him.

"I am going to do a number of different things," he went on, after a moment. "I am studying for opera—music, languages, acting. . . I am going to give some concerts. . . I am going to make a movie. . . .

"And, this summer, I shall take a vacation from the *Show Boat* and go out to Hollywood, to play the leading rôle in a new musical produced by Henry Duffy. The operetta, written by Fritz Loewe, a Viennese, is called *Set to Music.* It will open at El Capitan Theatre in Hollywood and later go to San Francisco for a limited engagement. Billie Burke and Charles Butterworth will be in the cast.

"And of course," Lanny mused, "I shall be very busy with intensive study for my first concert program. I shall be back here in New York in the fall, to make my concert début at Town Hall on Sunday afternoon, November 15th. My teacher," he added, "is Cesare Sturani, who has trained many opera stars. . ."

It looks like a full program, indeed—radio—movies, musical comedy, concert, opera—with the inevitable hours of study and practise and rehearsal, as well as the actual performances. And, somewhere in between, time to visit the farm near Milbrook, New York, to attend to its reconditioning.

He likes the country, Lanny says. And so does Mrs. Ross.

"We like to go fishing together," he said, "but not in the stream on our farm—somehow those fish seem like friends. We wouldn't want to catch them! Yes, we like country life, but we like the city, too. The contacts, our friends, all seem an essential part of the picture.

"I suppose," Lanny pondered, "that I would get more done, get ahead faster toward what I want, if I spent more time away from the city, studying, working—but I don't want to cut myself off entirely from my friends and the contacts that living and working here develop. They're good. They all contribute something.

"I like travel, too," he went on. "But," and he smiled, "even in New York you can get a sense of travel in far places—in the restaurants! You can find a real corner of Italy, of France, of Russia, Sweden, the Far East, and eat the authentic food of those places. It gives you something of what travel gives you," said Lanny. "The atmosphere, the language, the food. . . It's really an adventure."

Lanny may speak with authority because he has traveled in far lands. He

Marie De Ville, lovely NBC contralto, is also a talented actress.

has made five trips to Europe. England, in a sense, is home to him, since both his father and his mother were born there. Lanny, however, was born in the United States—in Seattle, Washington, on January 19th, 1906, to be exact.

"So I am an American. I can be president," said Lanny, grinning and sticking his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest.

The restaurant where we were lunching is near Radio City. At the next table to ours sat Margaret Speaks, of the Firestone program, with William Daly, maestro of the Firestone Symphony Orchestra, and some friends.

"Quite a popular place for radio people," commented Lanny. He went on to speak of the vast audience that a radio star has, as compared with that of great stars of the theatre a generation ago.

"Take Booth," said Lanny, "or Otis Skinner in his early days, William Gillette—all those great actors who made the old Empire Theatre famous and glamorous—how few people, comparatively, ever saw or heard them. While we of the radio, of far lesser attainments, play to audiences that cover the country."

"And," I suggested, "although they never see you, how much closer to them you are than were those great ones of the stage to their audiences. You come into their homes. They know you and love you, like a son or a brother or a sweetheart. They wait each week for your home-coming."

"That makes me feel very humble," said Lanny softly. "It's a very wonderful thing. . . .

"The movies," he reflected, "bring you even more closely to people. They can see you as well as hear you. . . .

"I'd like," said Lanny thoughtfully, "to make two movies a year . . . We all would like to do that. And I'd like to give two concerts a year . . . And have a good radio program . . . And I want to write, too," he repeated. "I was an editor once, myself—of a college paper!" Again that frank, engaging grin. Serious-minded though he is, Lanny can smile at himself.

"I like to read," said Lanny. "True stories about people—how they became what they are—what hard knocks they took, without quitting. . . And I like romance, adventure, mystery. . . I like to read: *"There was a shot in the darkness. . . . A hand reached slowly around the door. . . And then—Continued in our next issue!'"* And he laughed.

One can see why Lanny Ross is in demand socially. A good companion. Thoughtful. Kindly. Interested in what others are doing. Keenly alive and alert and ambitious. At a glance he looks younger than his thirty years, but as he talks one perceives a maturity of understanding gained from varied experience.

Lanny Ross has a sound sense of values. Whatever he does, he will do it thoroughly and well. He is not complacent, not easily satisfied. His career, thus far, is one to be proud of—but Lanny makes no pose of success. He feels, as Captain Henry of the *Show Boat* used to say: "It's only the beginning, folks—onlee the bee-ginn-ing!"

So, with his birthright of music and adventure and courage, with sincerity and honor and keen zest, Lanny Ross will go onward, as his pioneer forefathers went, to new worlds of artistic success and of ample and fruitful living.

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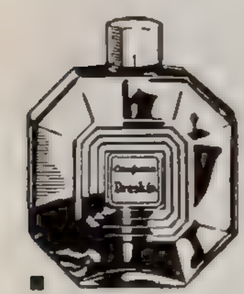

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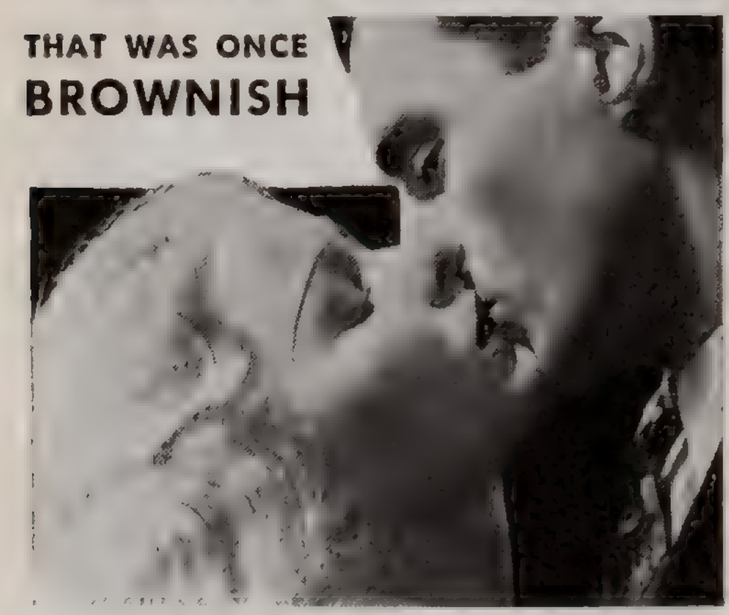
THAT WAS ONCE BROWNISH



Shampoo-Rinse Lightens Hair
2 to 4 SHADES

EVERY Blonde whose hair has faded, become brownish, yearns for the gleaming golden lights, the fascinating glints of true blonde beauty. If you are a "used-to-be" blonde—don't *yearn* for ravishingly lovely hair—have it! Use Blondex. One shampoo with this unique combination shampoo and rinse *all in one* does wonders for the dullest, most streaked hair. Use Blondex tonight. See how quickly, easily your brownish hair is washed 2 to 4 shades lighter. And *safely,* too, for Blondex is a harmless rinse, not a harsh chemical or dye. Used by a million blondes. Don't delay. Bring back glorious golden beauty to your hair today. Get Blondex today at any drug or department store.

BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE

32 Girls and a Man

(*Continued from page 49*)

play; but where is the heart, the feeling? Stop making so much noise, and think and listen. Can't you hear the composer? He is trying to say something. Wait. Let me show you . . .'

"Then she would try to show me, but her fingers wouldn't do her bidding any more and she would get angry and slam down the lid of the piano and rush from the room, hoping I couldn't see the tears in her eyes . . . but I saw them."

The little boy, Phillip, saw the tears; the man, Phillip, remembers them. The love and pity they evoked eventually were transmuted into this present-day women's musical organization, the all-girl orchestra. Of course vast changes had taken place in the world since that day in far-off Russia. Woman in America had become emancipated. Woman had the vote. She was a power in politics. She had invaded the hitherto masculine field of business and achievement. But her status there was—and still is—that of an interloper.

"Women still have a long, hard fight ahead before they achieve equality," Phil said soberly. "I know from my own experience. When I went out to sell my orchestra, agents and sponsors looked at me askance. They shook their heads. They told me a girl orchestra might be all right on the stage—if the girls had pretty faces and good figures. But the radio? It was madness, they said. No one could *see* them. Apparently it never had occurred to the agents and sponsors that anyone could *hear* them—just as well as if they were men.

"It took me two years to convince people that women, as musicians, could be as good as men; that they weren't merely decorative. Not that my girls aren't good looking," he added hastily.

"But on the air, looks don't count. It's results. And believe me, my girls had to be just ten times as good as a male orchestra, to get an even break. Let me give you an illustration. Musicians who play brass wind instruments often develop a slight abrasion around the lips. A slight cold, a tooth-ache, or any disturbance of the head or throat affects them seriously. Now the other night, the trombonist of one of the most popular male orchestras hit a sour note. No one thought anything about it. Chances are the radio audience didn't even notice it. As for musicians, they dismissed it with: 'Oh, well, the fellow had a cold, and we're all human, and so what?'

"Yet the very same thing happened to one of my trombonists some time ago and do you know what everyone said? 'Of course, what can you expect from a woman?' That's what I mean when I say women have a long way to go before they reach true equality. It's the same in business. A woman has to be ten times smarter than a man to go as far—and even then she doesn't get paid nearly as much.

"Of course," he conceded, "while a smart woman is lots smarter than a smart man, it works the other way, too. A dumb woman is a lot dumber than a dumb man! That's because women are extremists, I guess."

Now just in case you who read this chance to be a girl with musical ambitions, don't be carried away with the idea that the field isn't crowded.

Petite warbler Elinor Sherry of Chicago gives the *Mutual* listeners a treat with her lovely voice, Sundays with Jack Arthur and Harold Stern's orchestra.

"I interviewed eleven hundred girls before picking out the thirty-two for the orchestra," Phil told me. "Of course, I wanted to be sure that every girl I selected had character as well as musical ability. If I interviewed a girl and was satisfied with her playing, I'd sit and talk to her for a while. Then I'd make another appointment and talk to her again. Maybe a third time, or a fourth. I had to be convinced that they were the sort of girls who wouldn't make trouble, who'd cooperate with the other girls, not permit jealousy to disrupt the organization, play fair, work hard—and above all, realize that the good of the organization as a whole was to their own personal gain, too. I guess my judgment must have been okay, for in three and a half years, I've only replaced six girls."

But what were his methods of directing thirty-two girls? How did Phil keep temperament from rearing its ugly head?

"It's perfectly simple," he explained. "I just forgot they're girls. To me, they're just thirty-two musicians—and when I say musicians, I mean musicians. Why, come right down to it, they're less trouble than men. You never see any of my girls watching the clock at rehearsals. They are more patient and harder workers than men. And you know what makes the difference between a hack and a musician? The degree of perception. Well, that's where women have the bulge on men, because they're more emotionally sensitive."

Phil conducted auditions in every state in the union in selecting his band.

"And here's a funny thing," he said. "Of the thirty-two girls, nineteen came from small towns. Why, I found the girl from the small town more up-to-date than the big-city girl. I suppose she has more time to keep up with things. The small-town girl must have more time for practise, too, because the best musicians I found were in the small towns."

Now naturally, when you are interviewing a man who has thirty-two pulchritudinous young women working for him, there is one question, at any rate, that is what you might call a "natural." I had been watching for an opening. Phil laughed.

"When I first signed up the girls, I put a clause in all their contracts, forbidding them to marry within two years," he said, "but that clause is out now. The reason was simple enough. After all, this orchestra represented a $20,000.00 investment before it returned a penny. I had to bring these girls from all parts of the country, pay their expenses, beside living expenses and salaries, before I finally got work for them. Naturally, I didn't want them running out on me to get married. I chose single girls in the first place because I wanted their minds free from outside interests—or at any rate as free as they could be. Then, at the end of the two years, I omitted the clause."

"Why?" I asked. "Didn't you care then whether they got married or not?"

"No, it wasn't that," Phil assured me. "But you see, none of them want to get married now. They've had a taste of real independence—earning their own living and holding down a good, pleasant, well-paying job. You'll find when a girl's in that position, she doesn't think so much about marriage."

"And he learned about women from them."

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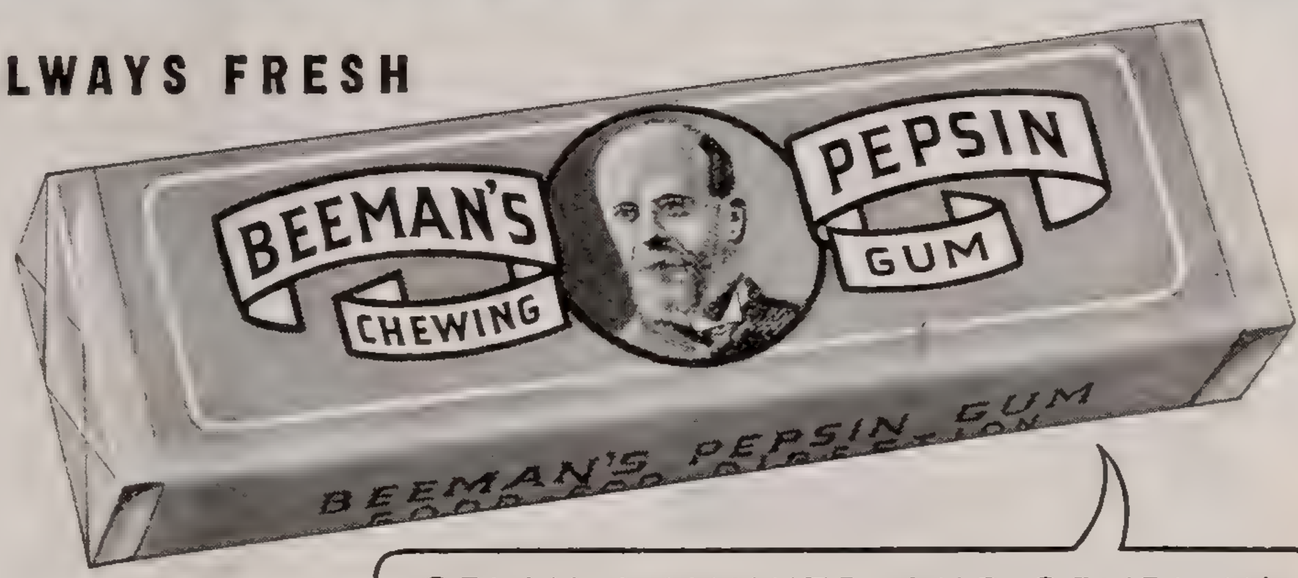

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A Boy at Last!

(*Continued from page 36*)

"Listen, kid," admonishes Eddie at luncheon, "drink your milk and eat that spinach. No, don't cut the fingers out of your good gloves for handball. I'll buy you handball gloves. Let's see you imitate Buck Jones. Come on, now. . . ."

And so it goes. The two of them fairly monopolize the conversation. Even the five talkative girls don't get a chance to speak. For once, they're reduced to silence. Occasionally, Eddie does notice us. He beams and remarks:

"It's good to have another man at the table, instead of eating three meals a day with a bunch of women!"

If we weren't so fond of Eddie and so pleased to see him happy we *might* be a little jealous! So far, however, the only member of our household who has been bitten by the green-eyed monster is Janet, our youngest daughter. She also is eight years old—just Bobby's age—and until he came along, she was the pet.

The first sign of hostility on her part came when her father wrote her a long letter about Bobby, just after they met in Hollywood. He was shouting the praises of this unusual and talented youngster.

Janet replied: "You just like him because he's a boy. I'll bet you'd be crazy about any boy!"

I think she's becoming resigned to the situation by now, however. She even grins and blushes when we tease her about her new "sweetheart." They wrangle amicably and they play together, when there aren't any adults around.

As I said before, Eddie and the Breen child met in Hollywood. My husband was working on his latest picture, *Strike Me Pink.* By chance, he heard Bobby singing at a benefit show. Impressed by the quality of his voice and delivery, he immediately signed him for the next broadcast. Bobby sang a tearful number, *Santa, Bring My Mommy Back to Me,* and followed that up, the next week, with *Treasure Island.* The fan mail began pouring in.

When we went to Hollywood Beach, Florida, last winter, Eddie sent for Bobby, who joined him there and became a regular entertainer on his weekly program. When we returned to New York, Bobby and his sister came along, too. The boy is now an established member of the cast of Eddie's show.

Before he joined us, Bobby had suffered plenty of poverty, privations and heartaches. He tells his experiences with unconsciously humorous gravity, speaking just like an adult—though sometimes he lapses into the enthusiasm and the idiom of childhood.

"Yes, it's been pretty tough, these last four or five years," says Bobby, "but everything's just fine, now!"

Sally "discovered" her brother's voice when he was only three. The Breens were then living in Toronto, Canada, where Bobby's father was a storekeeper. Ambitious for the child's success, the girl promoted his appearance at local amateur shows and even presented him at a night club, during the dinner hour.

"My sister has always given me voice lessons," the tiny star remarks. "The first song I learned was *Cryin' for the Carolines.* That went over very well. Then I sang *Sonny Boy* in black-face. Of all my songs, I guess I like *Santa, Bring My Mommy Back to Me* the best. It brought Uncle Eddie to me!"

Their parents refused to take Bobby's career seriously, so game little Sally left home with him and went to Chicago, where for a year Bobby sang at local and nearby theatres. The girl worked in night clubs to eke out their slender income. They decided New York was their next goal and made the entire trip by bus, Sally holding her brother on her knees to avoid paying a fare for him.

The boy was placed in the Professional Children's School, and Sally went back to work. They lived in dreary rooming-houses, hoping vainly for recognition. Then a big chance came. Bobby was asked to play in a picture, *Let's Sing Again.* Once more they gambled. They spent all their money on the trip to Hollywood, arriving with great expectations, but no contract. However, luck was with them. The movie was made, with Bobby in a starring rôle—and then they met my husband.

Life in Florida was a grand, glorious lark for both Bobby and Eddie. They played handball and baseball on the beach. Back in New York, Eddie had the thrill of escorting Bobby around the shops and buying *boys'* clothes!

You should have seen the two of them, when the parcels started coming in—sturdy little brown oxfords, socks, blouses and a very "grown-up" blue silk dressing-gown. Bobby immediately donned the dressing-gown and began striding nervously back and forth, imitating his "Uncle Eddie" at home.

And then there was the argument over a beret versus a cap. Sally insisted on the beret but both Eddie and Bobby favored the cap. "A beret," sneered Bobby, "is for sissies!" Bobby looks very cute in his cap!

Their favorite game is "playing cowboy." The boy has a collection of cowboy costumes—chaps, pistol belt, holster and guns. He delights in wearing them and Eddie, grinning from ear to ear, joins right in the make-believe by pretending he's a vigilante.

They also enjoy playing casino and rummy, for pennies or chips. Bobby likes to win, but he becomes absolutely furious if anyone "gives" him the game. He wants an honest victory—or none at all.

Sometimes the boy arrives at our home before Eddie is out of bed in the morning. Then what fun the two of them have. Like a small whirlwind, Bobby leaps on to the bed, playfully pummelling Eddie until he cries for mercy. They stage amateur boxing and wrestling matches.

Despite his precocity, Bobby's a real

Beatrice Lillie, hilarious British comedienne, is the star of *The Flying Red Horse Tavern.* At first some thought her humor was unsuited for radio. Beatrice proved them wrong!

boy. He's been playing with the children of the neighborhood and prides himself on being a part of the "crowd", despite his professional experiences and stage background.

"I have a nickname," he announced proudly, the other day. "The gang calls me 'Spikey.' They wanted to call me 'Butch,' but I like 'Spikey' better."

He has several ambitions right now. My husband promised he could go to military academy in the near future. Bobby adores uniforms. He's not quite sure whether he wants to attend Annapolis or West Point, when he's old enough. However, he's pretty definite about one thing.

"I intend to be a great radio and screen star," he says positively. "Oh, I know it means a lot of hard work. But I don't mind. I love to work!"

Talk about baseball has been going on for quite a while. They chatter about the Yankees and New York Giants, incurves and outfields and strike-outs and three-baggers. Whenever we venture to utter a timid query, they unite in squelching us with a scornful: "This is men's talk—you wouldn't understand!"

For years and years Eddie has been trying, hopefully but vainly, to interest the girls in baseball. He started with Marjorie, the oldest, and went down the line. They'd go with him dutifully, but they just didn't share his enthusiasm. They would yawn and look around for the hot-dog man instead of watching the game. All too obviously, they were bored and glad when the ordeal was over.

And so, even if Bobby couldn't sing a note—even if he didn't happen to be a skillful actor and a tireless worker—I know Eddie would be delighted to have him around.

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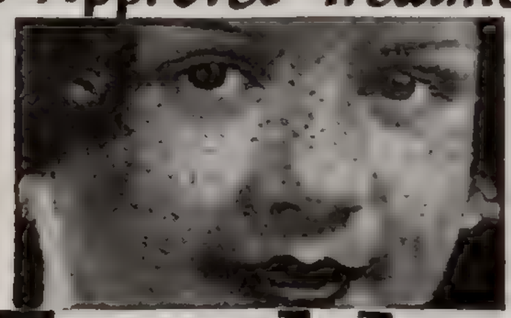

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The Break-Up of the Pickens Sisters

(*Continued from page 39*)

or stops to console a crying youngster on the street.

She is devoted to her husband. And he adores her. The most important thing in life to Helen is her marriage, her husband's happiness. Because her sisters understand and appreciate this, her work with the trio has never interfered with her marriage. But when the group breaks up, her marriage will become a full-time career. And perhaps none of the sisters will make a greater success in her chosen work than Helen.

Very often the girls are asked which one is the most popular. Their quick and smiling answer is: "Patti."

Patti is the baby of the family, the darling of their hearts. When she was fourteen she substituted at a broadcast for Grace when Grace was ill. Then Patti stayed on as the third member of the trio while Grace became manager.

Patti is barely eighteen now, and in love. Deeply, devastatingly in love! To her, at the moment, the future is a lovely golden haze, with a rainbow halo. Rather indefinite, perhaps, but very beautiful.

But to those who know her, Patti's future seems fairly well indicated. For she is a natural comedienne. She was born with a gift for making people laugh. Singing with her sisters, she has to be careful, for one funny little gesture by Patti—a toss of her head, a lift of the hand—and the eyes of the audience center on her, amused and waiting for more.

Grace, who always is present when the girls sing, says that there are more comments about Patti than about either of the other sisters. Women may be envious of Helen's dark loveliness and jealous of Jane's brilliant beauty, but they always are disarmed and captivated by the winsome Patti.

Many think Patti is very beautiful. Others say it isn't beauty, but personality. Whatever it is, Patti is a charmer! She is the adored, the well-beloved.

When the trio breaks up, there is no doubt that Patti will have a chance at acting in Hollywood if she wants it. She photographs excellently and works easily in front of a camera. But if she chooses to ignore Hollywood—well, many a Broadway producer has watched with longing eyes Patti's ability to steal across the footlights into the hearts of an audience. And many a sponsor knows that Patti, all by herself, could enchant a million listeners.

Perhaps the hardest working of the Pickens Sisters is Grace, the eldest. She was a member of the singing trio only for the first six months of its existence, undertaking to manage its affairs after Patti proved that she could take Grace's place.

The other three say that without Grace they never could have succeeded. But she vigorously denies this.

Slender, delicately featured, with soft brown hair and thoughtful wide-set eyes, hers is a quiet, well-poised beauty. Talk to Grace and you feel that, at last, you have met a woman who is just and reasonable and at all times calm.

When she and Helen and Jane were catapulted into their radio work four years ago, Grace had just begun a promising career as a writer. According to critics, she showed exceptional brilliance. When the singing trio breaks up and her sisters no longer need her, she plans to go back to her chosen work. Her ambition is to do fine writing—not the facile, popular stuff that is written swiftly and sold quickly, but something of real literary merit. She doesn't regret that the radio work has postponed the launching of her writing career. She feels that she has added the experiences of those years to her storehouse of knowledge and ideas—a storehouse to be tapped when she finally is able to retreat to the country and start work on her literary endeavors.

Nor does Grace ever regret having given her place in the singing trio to Patti. She never loved the spotlight nor an audience's admiring attention. And she feels that she is more valuable to her sisters as their manager.

As a matter of fact, Grace is more than manager. She is critic, advisor, arranger, coördinator. And that's a large order when you're handling a trio!

Here's a typical situation: The girls have rehearsed until late afternoon. They're due at the studio in four hours. Immediately after their broadcast, they are to make a personal appearance at a Broadway theater. This means that they must go to the broadcast gowned for the theater appearance and wearing stage make-up.

Helen has a six-thirty dinner engagement with her husband and a group of his friends. Patti and her pup, Spankey, were caught in a rain-storm and the shower does awful things to Patti's hair—all kinky, you know. She *has* to get to a hair-dresser. Jane, in the meantime, hasn't had a minute to get over to the costumers to have her white satin gown fitted. She was rehearsing for her own broadcast on the *Jumbo* hour when her sisters had their fittings. Jane must be at the dressmaker's before six or the gown won't be ready for the girls' appearance the following night. Grace is convinced that they should run over that new song once or twice more before the broadcast. In the midst of trying to piece together this jig-saw puzzle of time, the telephone rings. It's the press agent at *NBC*. Can he bring a photographer over for an informal picture? It won't take a minute. He's promised an important magazine the photograph at once. The answer of course is: "Yes,"—though Grace knows a photograph always takes an hour!

"When only one person is concerned," she points out, "appointments can be juggled in and it isn't so difficult to make a strenuous schedule fit into a day. But with three, no matter how careful each is, there always are mix-ups and tangles to be straightened out.

"There are problems you wouldn't think of!" Grace says. "The matter of clothes, for instance. Each of the girls has a different type of figure and different coloring.

Yet we have found that, when they sing, it is much more effective if they are dressed alike. Since they are three different heights, the dress must be designed without a belt or any horizontal lines. Such lines give a hodge-podge effect that isn't pleasing when the three girls are standing side by side. Then, sometimes, a dress that looks beautiful on Jane is unbecoming to Helen. Or if Helen can wear it, Patti can't. We design all our own clothes now, because through years of trial and error, we've learned the 'do's' and 'don'ts.' But it takes a great deal of thought and time, and endless hours of fitting, changing, and refitting.

"Life is ten times more complicated for a trio than for a soloist!" So Grace muses thoughtfully.

When you consider how very difficult it is and how very different these four girls are, you wonder that the combination has lasted as long as it has. Their life together has been as harmonious as their singing. There never has been a serious argument nor a flash of jealousy. It's partly because of the kind of people they are. For while they are widely divergent types, they all are understanding, considerate and well-bred young women. Each is proud of the others' successes and each gives the others credit for her own success in their bright career.

Furthermore, since none of the girls considered it her life's work, since each of them had plans apart from it, they've been spared the nervous strain of intense competition, the hectic scramble to stay on top, that tears at most stars in the entertainment world.

They sing at the mike with the same ease and assurance that they had always sung when grouped around the piano at home. Some families wile away long evenings playing cards or reading aloud. The Pickens girls spent their evenings singing three-part harmony. Their mother is a good musician. Their father loved music. Their grandfather was a fine violinist. Each of the girls was born with perfect pitch—a quality rare, even among musicians. Each of them could carry a tune when she was a year old. They all learned to sing before they learned to talk.

There was a fifth girl in the family, a baby who died on her first birthday. The sisters say they remember that she already had begun to take her place in the family singing, her little treble voice carrying the melody sure and true.

They always have sung for the love of singing. They happened to break into radio because, coming to New York to visit Jane, the girls gathered around a piano at a friend's house and sang some of their old favorites, just for fun. To the girls and their mother it was "just like old times, when we were all home together." But to the friend, the intricate harmonies and clear soft voices were the answer to a sponsor's prayer. She interested Paul Whiteman and Leo Reisman in the girls, *NBC* was sent a phonograph recording of one of their songs—and a contract followed. Ever since then they've been offered more contracts than they could handle.

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Meet Mr. D. and the Brat

(*Continued from page 29*)

storm-tossed, the boy's thoughts flew to the parents who needed his little monthly stipend so desperately. No thought of danger for himself, but only: "What will they do if I should die and they don't have my money to count on any more?" Forty-four dollars was an awful lot of money in those days!

But the great ships outrode the storms and when the boat he was on laid over in Boston for the week-end, Eddie went proudly home with his pay.

But there was comedy in these days, too. Eddie's father was the possessor of an enormous silver watch—with a key to wind it up. And on one of his trips home, Eddie was given the watch. There were only tiny pockets in his 'buttons' uniform, but Eddie managed to make the watch stay in one, and to draw it out upon every possible occasion.

"Especially when I met that little girl," he chuckled. "And as if that wasn't glory enough, when I got back to my ship, my uncle said I needed something on the other end of the chain, to anchor it—and he gave me a gold toothpick!" He laughed heartily over that unforgettable thrill. "A gold toothpick! It's a wonder I had any teeth left, the way I used that thing!"

It seems a big jump, from ship's monkey to the theatre, but it came about naturally enough. For Eddie had a sweet soprano voice and had his opportunity to sing at the ship's concerts. In the audience one night was George Monroe, the discoverer of Harry Lauder. He was interested in boys' voices then, planning to take the St. Paul's boys' choir of London on tour. Eddie incredulously found himself the head of a choir of sixty boys and on a tour of the world. . . .

"I'd had a taste of it by then, of seeing the world, of touring, of the theatre—it got in my blood. I had to keep on—vaudeville, stock companies—you know how it was in those days before radio!"

No quick road to fame, no easy route to success. A long hard struggle—but he woke up one day, found himself on Broadway . . . It has been a satisfying career and he has loved it all the way. He has been actor, manager, playwright and producer on the legitimate and musical stage, in vaudeville and in moving pictures. He has known success and wealth, been the friend of important people in his own and many other lines. His friendship with President Roosevelt is often commented upon, but it is because he likes and respects the man behind the title that that friendship means so much to Eddie, not because he is President.

"You'd like him, too," Eddie said simply. "He's nice to know—he's regular!"

I like Eddie for that, for his sincerity, for his loyalty to so many people. And because nothing ever has changed him from the self-styled 'corny' fellow he was when he first hit Broadway.

And he has been fortunate in that he has been able to build his life along the simple lines that mean so much to him—to have a home, to cling to the old traditions.

Early in his Broadway days he met Ray Dooley and they were married.

"I was lucky," he said devoutly, "I was lucky!" And added: "She is like my mother." And what man knows any higher praise?

"She is quiet, shy," he continued. "It's rare in the theatre—the love of home, of simple things. A bow doesn't mean anything to her, in itself. She likes her work, but then she likes to leave it, to forget about it. She keeps herself apart. For instance, in this hotel where we are living, she'll slip out the back way and go to an early mass. Nobody knows when she comes or goes or what she does. She wants it that way . . ."

She is a tiny thing, Ray Dooley, with dark hair and shining dark eyes. It is hard to imagine her the mother of a twenty-year-old son but she is infinitely prouder of that son than she is of her reputation as the famous 'brat' of the theatre.

"I guess we were the first of the 'hecklers'," Eddie mused, "but she was particularly famous for her own line. She was big—she was tops. Why, she played in nine successive Follies! She played with Will Rogers and W. C. Fields—say, some of those skits were immense—do you remember?"

She saved many a show with her clever impersonations of a brat of a child who was always in the way, always getting everyone into trouble. When they struck any kind of hitch, were in doubt what to do, Ziegfeld used to say: "Send for Ray Dooley!"

She comes of an old theatrical and circus family and is a real trouper. But though she has shared Eddie's triumphs and known repeated triumphs of her own, she still 'likes home best'.

"That's the nice thing about radio," Eddie commented. "It's just fine for Ray and me—gives us a chance to get back and work together again. She loves it and it is a fine medium for her talent. I like it, too, but the pace is different from what I'm used to. I like the little love stories, the homey songs—like the songs I've written myself: *White House, Cottage Small, End of the Road, Time Will Tell—*"

"There is a place for that kind of thing on radio," I suggested, "the old, enduring type of comedy combined with sentiment—"

He nodded. "There should be. And there ought to be some way of getting around the time limit, when one more minute would mean getting one's message across. It will slow down, we'll stumble into a way to put over our shows at a more leisurely pace. Of course I'm just feeling my way in a new field—

"I was limited in the theatre," he continued. "There was one type of thing I did best. I remember one time—my first play was a success and George Cohan was congratulating me. 'You are young,' he said, 'and you don't need my advice—but recognize your own talent, what you do best—and stick to it. Don't go literary because you think that's what the critics want!"

And he added thoughtfully: "It's strange, isn't it, how we can destroy the thing that makes us? I've written a lot of plays since then, successes, too, and I still don't know just how it is done, but I know what he meant—and how right he was—"

Utterly candid as he is, Eddie readily admits his limitations—and that is a rare and endearing trait! And as Cohan pointed out, good business, too. So, what Eddie hopes to find in radio is the opportunity to do the sort of thing he knows in his heart he still does best. Not so much gags and snappy comebacks as the combination of humor and sentiment that he put over so effectively on the stage.

This is not, however, Eddie's first acquaintance with radio. In 1932, he wrote and staged and acted as master of ceremonies for the first *Ziegfeld Follies* of the Air—with Florenz Ziegfeld in person. It was the first big show of the air, under the sponsorship of the Chrysler Corporation, and introduced among others Jack Pearl, Paul Robeson, Helen Morgan, Jimmy Durante. It was a great success, too, but when Ziegfeld died, the sponsors felt it should be withdrawn. Eddie has no connection with the present revival, under different management.

His experience has been wide, bringing him success in many fields. In 1930, he made his first picture: *Rainbow Man,* in which he sang his own song, *Sleepy Valley.* It was made on a shoestring and grossed a million! But later pictures were less satisfactory and Eddie decided the movies were not for him. Ray Dooley also was in the movies and Eddie says enthusiastically: "She was great!" (And lest you think him prejudiced, the critics said so, too!)

"But," Eddie adds candidly: "I don't photograph well—and we like to be together—we like home too well!"

Literally, home is Bayside, New York, on the shore and a lovely spot it is. But wherever they can be together and have their young son, Jack, with them—that's really home. Right now it is Chicago, with their interests centering in the Elgin program and in young Jack's new career on a local newspaper.

A few years ago, Eddie thought seriously of retiring. He had all the money anyone needs to have and he thought he might as well sit back and enjoy it. But the New Deal came along, and made a direct appeal to his imagination, to his heart.

"I'm not a politician," Eddie explained to me carefully over the coffee cups, "and I'm certainly not radical, but I knew there had to be a new order. And I felt somehow that the successful people should temper their success with a bit of generosity and consideration. I couldn't ever reconcile the east and west sides of New York Avenue A, Ninth Avenue, all the rest—with Fifth Avenue and Park Avenue right next door. The direst poverty and mink and ermine a city block apart! It's all wrong, you know. And I felt it was up to those of us who were successful to take time out from our busy affairs, our selfish interests, to help—as far as we could."

It was as practical, as simple as that, to Eddie. And so, through all the years of the depression, Eddie Dowling produced plays and gave employment to from fifty to three hundred people every week—and paid them every week. He and his wife

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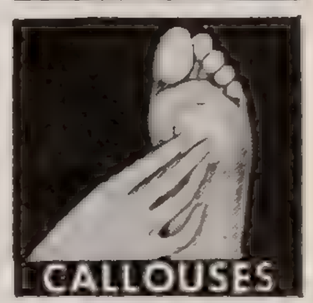

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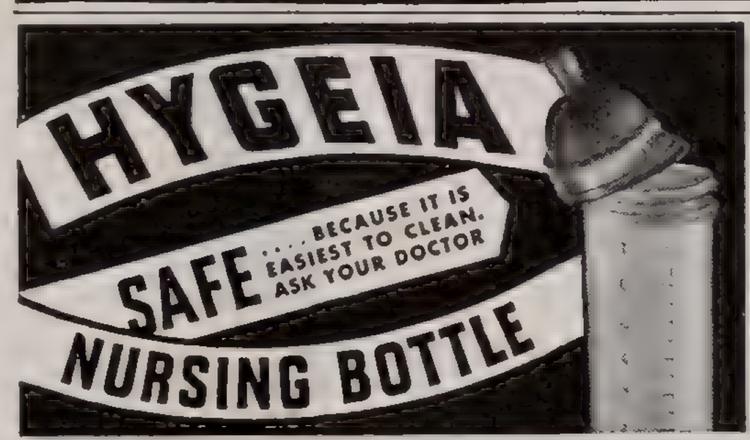

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A mere movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935 C. M. CO

Finds Way To Have Young Looking Skin at 35!

SMART, modern women no longer submit to the tragedy of "old skin" just because they are 30, 35, 40! A wonderful new creme, applied at night like cold cream, acts a scientific way to free the skin of that veil of semi-visible darkening particles which ordinary creams cannot remove after a certain age. So gentle and quick—often only 5 days is time enough to bring out a glorious rose petal softness and fineness and white, clear look of youth. And, the way it eliminates common surface blemishes—ugly pimples, blackheads, freckles—is a revelation! Ask for this creme—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at all drug and department stores.

As *The Story of Mary Marlin* goes on the air—Robert E. Griffin, as *Joe Marlin*, reads his lines with Joan Blaine, as *Mary Marlin*. This program remains one of enduring popularity with numerous listeners.

drew no salaries themselves but were content to put everything they had into their shows—*Big Hearted Herbert, His Double Life, Thumbs Up* were among them—satisfied that in this way they were doing their bit to lick the depression!

"I always had a fear of poverty—naturally enough. So we were frugal and always lived modestly—we never felt the urge to splurge, to throw money away. And we felt that by using our money this way, we were working toward a better order of things."

Idealistic Eddie! He was to learn that not one man nor a few can do much to change the existing order of things.

"It didn't work out," he said simply. "Business isn't run that way."

He had been willing to invest nearly half a million dollars to help make that dream come true, but when the money was gone, Utopia seemed little nearer! However, he has no personal regrets, for he has the satisfaction of knowing that he tried, that he did his best.

I mentioned a little while ago that Ray Dooley was shy, unwilling to talk about herself. You couldn't accuse Eddie of shyness—he is a ready, interesting talker—about everything in the world but himself! But when it comes to pinning him down, to getting him to talk about Eddie Dowling, it's another story. He loves to talk about 'Dooley'—that 'teensy' Dooley who incredibly combines the pert humor of that impossible child we know on stage and screen and radio with the enduring charm of a beloved wife and mother. He loves to talk about people he has known, in his travels and in the theatre. Of Kate Smith, whom he introduced in *Honeymoon Lane*, one of his greatest successes—it ran fifteen months on Broadway; of Benny Goodman, his orchestra leader, who is making such a success of the new swing music; of Clark and McCullough, recently tragically parted by death, who were featured in his recent *Thumbs Up* and who have been the Dowlings' friends for years. And of his mother, with her warm heart and great ways. . . .

But Eddie Dowling—why, he's only one one of the many Dowlings of Rhode Island. "Shoot a gun full of bird shot on Rhode Island," Eddie laughed, "and you'll hit a Dowling with every shot!" He's had a bit of luck and he's grateful for it—and his eyes glow as he is reminded of another story about his wife or his son. . . .

And then he tells you that when the President asked him how he liked the inaugural address, he confessed that it had moved him to tears. And the late Secretary of the Treasury Woodin said: "That's because it came from the left side, Eddie." And you know that stories from the heart will always move Eddie Dowling. Know that, in addition to a grand sense of humor, a real feeling for comedy, he has a sentimental, idealistic side that is very near the surface.

"You forget a laugh," he says, "but you never forget a tear."

Perhaps it is because he has a grown-up son, perhaps it is just because he is such an understanding sort of person. Anyway, what Eddie likes best to remember about his New York productions of the last few years is his association with the young folks starting out on the road he himself has traveled.

"I handled hundreds of kids," he said, "but I never sent one out discouraged. What's a little white lie, in a case like that? Maybe they aren't meant for the theatre, maybe they'll fail—but they'll find it out soon enough. Being curt, abrupt with them hurts them. What you leave with a youngster, that youngster never forgets. So, when you come in contact with them, when you try to give them advice—never leave them with a note of discouragement. You never know what a bit of discouragement will do to a kid. . . ."

What I've been trying to say is that he is a grand guy, Eddie Dowling! Tune in on the Eddie Dowling Revue—you'll laugh at that perverse *enfant terrible* so cleverly impersonated by Ray Dooley, and at the charm and wit of her partner, Mr. D.!

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DON: Say, Jack—you're trembling all over.

JACK: No, Don, just in New York . . . but Don, I didn't expect such a reception on my return here . . . the applause, the cheers, the flowers . . .

DON: What flowers?

JACK: Here—in my lapel.

JACK BENNY and DON WILSON, Jello Program.)

EUGENE: At last we're off for France! Willie, what time is it?

WILLIE: Half past eight bells!

EUGENE: What kind of talk is that! What's one bell?

WILLIE: Major Bowes!

(WILLIE and EUGENE HOWARD, Folies de Paree.)

PICK: Boy, where does you reside at?

PAT: Oh, I got a swell room over a vacant lot.

PICK: Boy, what you talkin' about? There ain't no room over a vacant lot!

PAT: There's lots of room over a vacant lot.

(PICK and PAT, One Night Stands.)

CANTOR: You know what a senator is?

PARKY: There's a Matador, a Picador and a Senator.

CANTOR: No, stupid—Matadors and Picadors fight the bull.

PARKY: I see . . . Senators just throw the bull!

(EDDIE CANTOR and PARKYAKARKUS, Pebeco Program.)

BOB: My little nephew is very fond of the name "Ben," and he named his puppy that. However, as the dog grew up it became evident that he had been misnamed. After a consultation with his mother, the kid changed it to "Ben Hur."

(BOB BURNS, Kraft Music Hall.)

JACK: Mary, do you think the scenery out West is better than in the East?

MARY: Sure, Jack. I think the Panama Canal is wonderful.

JACK: The Panama Canal is down south, Mary.

MARY: I know, but it's good enough to be in Hollywood.

(JACK BENNY and MARY LIVINGSTONE, Jello Program.)

DALE: I know a lot of other monkeys, too.

SMITH: I'll have you understand I'm a man who made his mark in the world.

DALE: I know you make marks . . . but can you write?

(SMITH and DALE, Vallee Varieties.)

M. C.: You certainly must know what a rivulet is. Look—what comes down out of the mountains and goes on forever?

RUBIN: Hill Billies.

(BENNY RUBIN, Variety Show.)

GOOSE: I've worked out a use for trained fleas.

ANNC'R: You certainly have a large field to work in.

GOOSE: Why, I've hardly scratched the surface!

(Design for Listening.)

KENNY: I'm still wearing my winter underwear.

JACK: Why Kenny, this is June. For heaven's sake—how long do you wear winter underwear?

KENNY: Down to my ankles.

(JACK BENNY and KENNY BAKER, Jello Program.)

PORTLAND: I got a tip on the fifth race this afternoon, Fred.

FRED: Let's hear it—is it hot?

PORTLAND: It's a cinch. The jockey has halitosis. The horse wins trying to get away.

(FRED ALLEN and PORTLAND HOFFA, Town Hall Tonight.)

PHIL: Well, Harry, I see you've got your new suit on.

HARRY: Yes, Phil. It's herring-bone.

PHIL: It smells like it.

HARRY: Yeah? Look at your suit. The pants are so short the cuffs are talking to the shoes.

PHIL: What are they saying?

HARRY: Why don't you come up and see me sometime?

(PHIL BAKER and HARRY VON ZELL, Gulf Program.)

BURNS: That's just like my aunt from Van Buren, Arkansas, who couldn't locate her stateroom on a cruise. Finally an officer asked if she could remember the number, but she said no, but would know her room if she saw it, because there was a lighthouse outside the window!

(BOB BURNS, on Kraft Music Hall.)

JOE: Vic Young is such a punk golfer that two ants climbed on top of his ball to keep from getting killed while Vic was making a shot.

(JOE LEWIS, Shell Chateau.)

PICK: Does you know anything about acting?

PAT: Sho' I does . . . I played de part of a transfusion in a big movin' picture.

PICK: A transfusion? In what picture did you play de part of a transfusion?

PAT: Captain Blood.

(PICK and PAT, One Night Stands.)

EUGENE: Gee, I hope I don't get seasick when we get out on the ocean. If I got seasick I wouldn't know what to do.

WILLIE: It makes no difference—you'll do it!

EUGENE: I even get seasick in a rocking chair.

WILLIE: Listen—it couldn't get any rougher than the last time I took a cruise. It was so rough the musicians on the boat were afraid to pass the hat around!

EUGENE: Willie, what's the idea of wearing a woman's nightgown aboard ship?

WILLIE: Suppose something happens to the ship—women and children first, you know!

(HOWARD BROTHERS and VICTOR ARDEN, Folies de Paree.)

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